WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST

BY

EMIL FUCHS

Howar - W Beal

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Colloredo Mannsfeld

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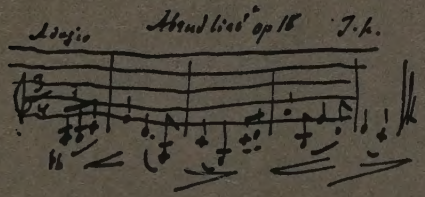

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Sam Bauer d. H.

Carl Eduard

Herzog von Coburg

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Victoria Melita

Großherzogin von Hessen

Mar Wrangel

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Großfürstin von Rußland

Lucas Velyn Warwick. Victoria Prinzessin zu Schleswig Holstein

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Albert Mensdorff Charles Reiss Marterlin

Alexandra Erbprinzessin von Lucy M. W. Clark

Edward D. Adams Hohenlohe Langenburg.

Osborne.

January
24 - 1901

My most grateful thanks
for yr touching words
in yr telegram on the
loss of our beloved
& great Queen — the
loss is too overwhelming
the sorrow unspeakable
Thank you also for
so kindly letting me

Emil Fuchs

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST

BY

EMIL FUCHS

"HOW GOOD IS MAN'S LIFE, THE MERE LIVING!"

BROWNING

WITH 150 ILLUSTRATIONS

G.P. Putnam's Sons
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by
Emil Fuchs

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A DEDICATION

I SHOULD LIKE TO DEDICATE THESE LINES, WERE I PERMITTED TO DO SO, TO THE MEMORY OF ONE OF THE GREATEST MEN OF HIS TIME. GREAT AS PRINCE, AS KING, AS DIPLOMAT, AS PATRON, AS FRIEND, AND GREAT IN THE ART OF FORGIVING. AND EVEN TODAY WHEN HIS SUN HAS SET, THE RAYS SLOWLY DISAPPEARING BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS STILL LEAVE AN AFTERGLOW OF THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING DAY THAT HIS LIFE HAS BROUGHT INTO THIS WORLD

FOREWORD

LTHOUGH Vienna was, and still is, one of the most beautiful cities in Europe with its extensive boulevards, its monumental buildings and Imperial Parks stretching to the Danube, I always felt that the world which it represented was too narrow for me. Only my father's solicitude for my welfare deterred me from tearing my bonds asunder, and it was not until he was summarily taken from me and I was thrown upon my own responsibilities, that there being no longer any tie strong enough to hold me at home, I started out.

Destiny has carried me into many countries: Germany, France, England, Italy and Holland, Canada, Cuba and America. Everywhere I have worked and met interesting people, and what I have beheld has remained imprinted on my memory.

The favor of the highest in the land has been bestowed upon me; it was my good fortune to meet some of the most exalted. But, however great their cordiality, I have always remembered that no amount of stretching my neck would help me to become a swan, and so I have been content to be what I am.

My only pride is in the consciousness that if I have achieved at all, I did it alone: and for my failures no one can blame me more than I blame myself.

EMIL FUCHS

NEW YORK, *October*, 1924

PREFACE

"I WAS born to other things." Writing is about the last I ever expected to attempt, but since I have sinned I shall at least try to offer my explanation. It is all simple and natural, as is any phenomenon after it has been elucidated.

Last January Harvey W. Corbett, while posing for his bust, asked me to speak before the Architectural League, to help them in their publicity campaign, so that the forthcoming exhibition would yield as many as possible of the needed half-dollars which are the mainstay of its existence. The friendly suggestion from the president of such an honorable institution is a command to be executed to the best of one's ability.

I therefore removed the dust from my long-hidden album and photographed its contents, to be duly thrown on the architectural screen. While I fervently longed for the moment when, after the talk, my troubles would end, I was soon compelled to admit that they had only begun. From all sides I was approached by appeals to publish my sketches and recollections. They varied from a request for a laconic statement to an encyclopedical tome. One young woman who represented a popular daily was so solicitous for my reaching the "highest heaven" that my excuses and protestations seemed to avail nothing. She even offered herself as collaborator with that smile which can make and has unmade continents. But so wholly was I imbued with the picture of failure and ridicule that for once I remained unconquered.

An ill wind must have blown in my direction a little seed which began presently to germinate. I soon saw myself as one of those fellows who, all his life having been no more than one in a large crowd, finds himself unexpectedly precipitated to the front line with an unobstructed outlook; more, I envisioned myself raised to a platform while the "numberless throng" breathlessly awaited the first words, ready to grasp the novice and relegate him into the oblivion whence he had emerged. This fired my rising ambition. At least, I thought, the game should be worth a trial.

In such a delicate situation it is not easy to know who is the somebody to consult. But I was fortunate. I took my friend Joseph Leyendecker into my confidence and showed him the material. Through his affiliation with *The Saturday Evening Post* the subject came to the attention of one of the editors, who, a few days later, came to see me. He was agreeable, perhaps a little on his guard, as a man must needs be who is constantly being asked to do things, which to decline requires all the delicacy in the art of refusal. When he saw the illustrations he became curious. He followed up the progress of my quill driving. By and by he became interested and finally even helpful.

Also George Palmer Putnam the publisher delved into my *coup de plume* and what he proposed was so tempting that I decided to ascertain first what sort of organization he represented. In the guise of a bibliophile I sauntered into their store and offices and subjected them to critical scrutiny. There I beheld a wealth of rare books and the workings of a great enterprise. To be in such company was inviting; I hurried home to sign my contract lest my publisher change his mind.

Then came the question of the serial rights. My friend of *The Saturday Evening Post* seemed pleased enough, but there still was the Supreme Court in Philadelphia to finally decide. In my mind's eye I saw a stern gentleman in a magnificent office, surrounded by countless manuscripts. An affirmative decision from him is of such

far-reaching benefit that I fancy his smile alone would cause the writer to feel like

> "A happy soul, that all the way
> To heaven hath a summer's day."

However, once more my misgivings were dissipated. I am braving the prospect of seeing myself in print in that periodical which is the coveted vehicle of all authors.

Other publications must have learned of my literary utopisms.

Perhaps in a spirit of curiosity they approached me and I saw no special reason why their inquiring minds should not be gratified. One day a very young man presented a letter from his sub-editor and asked leave to see the material. He confessed that he invoked first the assistance of the Metropolitan Museum in finding out about me and the result must have been reassuring, for—here he was, with an ample brief case and such an air of importance that I was tempted to say, like Lord Rothschild, "Please take *two* chairs."

After reading a few chapters he asked if he might take them to the sub-editor or possibly to the editor himself. I said I was disinclined to part with the manuscript, but I should be glad to welcome his sub and chief editors into the privacy of my studio.

He apparently resented my underestimating the importance of his paper, for he drew himself up and said: "Perhaps I better give you my personal opinion. I don't think your narratives would be of sufficient interest to our readers. But why not try *The Saturday Evening Post?* They sometimes handle such material." I thanked him profusely for the suggestion.

Now that all is arranged, I am like the little boy who launches his toy boat on the pond; he looks apprehensively at the sky, anxiously noting from which direction the wind comes and figuring its effect on his small craft.

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WITH PENCIL, BRUSH, AND CHISEL

With Pencil, Brush, and Chisel

CHAPTER I

"Youth—the glad season of life." (Carlyle.)

LIKE so many parents whose children's welfare is the fundamental consideration of their existence, mine also were gravely concerned about the future of their only remaining boy, who had been placed in this world just after an elder brother in an unguarded moment, playing before an open fire, caught a cinder on one of his curls and ended his young life almost before it had begun. This was probably why the newcomer was doubly surrounded with anxious care and affection after his appearance on this stage where tragedy and comedy succeed each other in endless variation, and are enacted with such elemental force that not a few of the actors look imploringly at the curtain above and wonder when it will be lowered, too often indifferent as to whether or not the exit is by the right door.

This affection of my parents was my stage. The light effects were produced only by warm colors; the words I heard spoken were modulated by the tenderness of parental love; the setting was an idyll, flowers and sunshine—the Kingdom of Dreams. Even today I live happily in that land of mystery and still enjoy each passing moment, blessing the dawning morrow.

But I have learned that just to play the part to the best of one's ability does not alone make for success. We need the collaboration of

the other actors, even the goodwill of those who do not act with us. These are essential ingredients, and their omission gives to life the flavor of unseasoned food; no matter how well it may be prepared, there is something lacking. And that something is the human element.

. . . . . .

My mother's kin had, with united efforts, made for themselves name and wealth. My father's people were poor. He was the youngest of a large number of brothers and sisters, all of whom seemed satisfied with their lot in a little village in Hungary. Not so my father. He left at an early age to mould his own destiny. He went to the nearest town and accepted a place in a small commercial house at the bottom of the ladder, whose steep steps he climbed untiringly until he reached a level where he felt he might aspire to the hand of one of the daughters of his patron. He proposed and was accepted, and they went to live in Vienna. There he established himself with nothing more than a good name, valuable experience, determination to succeed and the affection of a consort to whom he was accustomed to look up, and whom he worshiped ever more through the years.

Soon after I was sent to school, my mother's health became delicate, and she had to spend the winters in the south and the summers in the mountains. Thus I grew up at the side of my father, who became my adviser, friend and companion. In fact, he was everything to me and the gentle care with which he guarded my existence was such that I never felt the need or desire to associate with my schoolmates. My lonely childhood opened a world for me, a world which kept me unaware of the shadows which are the complement of light. I was a dreamer. Even while still very young, beautiful things caused in me an emotion of happiness. There was always the craving to express myself in some form of imagery. I would write poetry or sketch or would compose tunes which, however discordant they may have been to others, unfolded lovely pictures to my gaze. What I could not express in language of my own, I borrowed from Heine,

Goethe, Felix Dahn, Théophile Gautier and Alfred de Musset—my companions who could make me weep or sigh or spur me on to such heights of enthusiasm that I wanted to set out and conquer the world.

To lay claim to having been a good scholar would be to flatter myself undeservedly. Actually, I had difficulty to squeeze through the semesters and I seldom came out unscathed, for I bore several scratches and a few hard knocks. The one course in which I excelled was modeling. Small wonder. I spent all my spare time in that room. My first teacher was an old sculptor of animals and the quantities of dogs' heads that he made me copy would have decorated a fair-sized kennel. To me it was such joy to mess about in that fascinating clay, which yielded so pliantly to the slightest impress of my fingers, but I neglected to note that while it was excellent for my ambition, it never improved my appearance.

As I grew older, I understood better and better what my father meant to me. I saw that he deprived himself of comforts to give me luxuries. He would often speak of the pleasure it was for him to permit me to study anything I wanted to, because that was a form of patrimony from which no one could separate me. But I did not know then that my enchanted days entailed sleepless nights for him who denied me nothing.

Having built up a little business of which he was justly proud, he looked forward to the time when I should be able to help him. Nothing would have given me greater satisfaction. After leaving college I did enter his firm with the resolve to lighten his burden, but I did not know how to make myself even useful. It was painful to us both —to him because he soon saw that I had no aptitude for commerce, and it grieved me beyond compare when I knew that I could be of no service to him. And when, in later years, I might at least have returned his munificence in some small measure, it was too late—his summons had come to join the innumerable caravan.

While at school, not content to spend all my leisure time drawing and modeling, I could not resist making cartoons on the margins of

my textbooks. Aside from the infraction of discipline, it destroyed the saleability of the books to the incoming class. One of these untimely sketches was of a teacher and cost me a demerit mark in deportment at an unpropitious moment, for I had arrived at the period of my final examinations. He said nothing but simply opened a large class-book and placed a mark against my name which I was certain was not favorable. This alarmed me so much that in my despair at the ultimate penalty (the relinquishing of my privilege to serve one year instead of three years in military training), I went straight to him with my book and asked him if it was fair to punish me for making a really complimentary likeness of him. He looked at it and, in casually turning over the leaves, recognized the features of some of my schoolmates and seemed to be amused. There were others of himself, not so flattering, and it made me tremble as he approached those pages, but they too seemed to amuse him.

He invited me to come to see him at his home that afternoon and bring my books, so I journeyed forth on a pilgrimage to the outlying suburb where he lived in a small apartment at the top of a shabby house. I was shown into his study by a grumpy old housekeeper. There he sat buried in mountains of book; books everywhere—on shelves, on the floor, on chairs, on tables, even under the tables. He invited me to sit down and tell him about myself. There was little to tell; just the story of a boy who craved to be an artist, but whose family opposed it. And now this unfortunate incident in the classroom and the dreary prospect of years of military service on account of my low mark in deportment . . . all this I told him while he inspected my textbooks, occasionally breaking into hearty laughter. He was no longer the stern schoolmaster keeping his boys in order. He was natural, human.

After hearing my tale of woe he said, "Don't worry. I will do all I can to help you. No one can really know the extent of your talent, but I see enough to be convinced that the life of an artist means your happiness. So go home and keep on working."

I had made a friend that afternoon.

This was the first occasion in facing an almost insurmountable obstacle (the necessity for serving those two extra years in the Government barracks), when I felt urged by an unseen force to act promptly and without premeditation. To approach a master as I had, was an unheard-of presumption. This and other later instances taught me to act on impulse, even in important decisions, permitting myself to be guided by those unnamed powers which seem to influence the trend of our thought, just as the invisible rays or waves transmit sound, and even envisage pictures, thousands of miles away. The mere fact that we call it something, fate or destiny or providence, proves that it must have manifested itself to countless others.

My unusual action had far-reaching consequences. This unknown man spent his days in a classroom harassed by a lot of unruly youngsters, and his nights among his beloved books. In his obscurity he was one day sought and appointed secretary of the treasury for the Austrian Empire. How this came about was in itself a romance.

From time to time he had issued pamphlets on national and economic questions. It was then the only possible way of criticizing government measures by a private citizen, the welfare of whose fatherland was his chief consideration. In due course, these brochures came to the knowledge of the old emperor. Especially was Francis Joseph interested in a series of articles in which the writer undertook to prove that if the Austrian currency could be brought to a par with the currencies of France, Germany and Italy, that stabilizing act would have a lasting effect upon the prosperity of the empire. So impressed was the sovereign with these essays that, when a change in the cabinet took place, he offered to unknown Doctor Steinbach the portfolio of the Treasury.

And Steinbach proved to be the right man in the right place. What he advocated in writing, he was able to put into effect. In a few years the new system of Austrian currency proved so successful,

that even today it is still a legal tender and will probably continue so for years to come.

Having passed my examinations with the help of my new-found friend, my father allowed me to enroll at the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. After my brief business career, he was convinced that it would be better to let me follow my own inclinations.

The teacher of sculpture at the Academy was Professor Hellmer. His class was popular and crowded, so that he could give only a few minutes to each individual. The best pupils he taught in his private studio, thus removing these shining lights from our sight. But this did not matter much; to view their work would not have helped materially, as the academies reach only the humbler disciples of art. Even those who have arrived at the top of the academic ladder have rarely attained more than mediocrity. One has only to study the list of the hundreds who have won the coveted *prix de Rome* in the various countries, to be assured that this was their only achievement, if it may be designated thus rather than as a lucky chance.

The reason for this is simple. To succeed in art, more than talent is needed. That is only the foundation; the edifice itself requires many component parts, the omission of any one of which will be noticeable in the work—imagination, sentiment, perseverance, assiduity, untiring devotion. It is because of the exigencies of this profession that so few succeed, and these, indifferent to the dictates of fashion, the critics, the dealers or the public, have silently followed their own path, finding their way instinctively through the labyrinths. Even if they are not permitted to see the end of the road and the clearing beyond, their days have at least been filled with unalloyed bliss.

It was in the year 1888, while I was at the Academy, that Sarah Bernhardt, then at the zenith of her fame, was touring Europe. Her success was astounding. Although she played in French, the Vienna theater sold out every night. At the stage door hundreds of people waited for her to come out, when she would toss among them frag-

ments of the lace handkerchief which she tore so effectively into shreds in *La Dame aux Camelias*. No wonder I caught the contagious fever. Night after night I too waited in the dark passages at the stage door in the hope of catching a glimpse of her as she passed. One day I took my courage in my hands and wrote her asking if she would grant me the honor of a few sittings for a small bust, which I would be happy to offer her should she think it worthy of acceptance. To my note came this reply:

> Je vous recevrai demain, Samedi, à quatre heures et je me prêterai avec plaisir à votre fantaisie artistique.
>
> (I shall receive you tomorrow, Saturday, at four and shall lend myself with pleasure to your artistic fancy.)

This was about the biggest thing that could have happened to me. I began the bust in wax and, with the aid of photographs, worked at it day and night until I finished it—such as it was. In a turmoil of excitement I waited at my studio. The time passed but there was no sign of the divine Sarah. I waited on, until finally I took up her letter again to make sure that the engagement was written there, black on white. There really was hardly need of that since I knew the letter by heart. But as I scanned it again, and this time more carefully, I discovered that I had read the first three words "Je vous *verrai*" (I shall see you), assuming that this would mean at my improvised studio. When I realized my error, I had barely time enough to hurry to her hotel and to throw myself upon her mercy.

She was in her drawing room presiding at tea and was surrounded by a crowd of illustrious visitors. Behind her chair stood her husband, Damala, the handsome Damala, whom she had married and divorced and remarried again. Though he had no talent, he played in her company the part of the leading juvenile. But what did that matter? He looked the part and she possessed the gifts. Besides, everyone knew that he had been her dressmaker and that she had

fallen in love with him. Because of this he was more interesting to the crowd than a Charles Keane or a Henry Irving.

This throng about Madame Bernhardt I had to face, and I stammered my excuses as best I knew how. They all laughed heartily. I produced the bust I had made. It was shown around to everyone, and I suppose this must have been another cause of the hilarity. Very graciously, however, she invited me to come up on the stage that night. And when I came, hanging on her every word and gesture, she presented me, after the big love scene in *Camille*, with a piece of the coveted handkerchief and even wrote a few words on it. My state by that time can be imagined.

A little later I received another note from her, which read as follows:

Je vous en prie, cher Monsieur Fuchs, remettons la pose de mon petit joli bust à mon retour. Je me sens trop suffrante aujourd'hui. Je vais me mettre dans mon lit pour pouvoir jouer ce soir. Venez ce soir dans mon loge pour que je vous serre la main.

Si vous venez à Budapesth, je poserai bien.

Mille amities,

SARAH BERNHARDT
1888

(I beg of you, dear Mr. Fuchs, to postpone the sittings for my nice little bust until my return. I feel too unwell today. I am going to lie down so as to be able to play tonight. Come tonight to my dressing room so that I can shake hands with you.

If you come to Budapesth, I shall give you good sittings.

A thousand kind regards,

SARAH BERNHARDT
1888)

I had a wild impulse to follow in her train with my poor bust. Unfortunately I found that my means would not permit of such extravagance. For a long time my heart ached and for many days after I kept running to my door to see whether the hoped-for letter

from Madame Bernhardt had arrived. But it never came. Time is a kind friend and a great physician and it mended my broken heart.

While passionately bent upon sculpture and drawing, I was also a student of music. Thanks to the generosity of my father, who showed me no end of kindness and indulgence, I was able to study the piano at the Vienna Conservatory, and that has greatly enriched my life. At that period, Vienna was the center of music. At the Boesendorfer Hall I heard the débuts of most of the artists who have since then become famous the world over. It was here that I first heard Paderewski, Busoni, Moritz Rosenthal, Arthur Friedheim (the favorite pupil of Liszt), de Pachmann, Kreisler and, last but not least, the great Anton Rubinstein himself.

Paderewski was then about twenty-eight years old, very slender and with a mane of reddish golden hair, which made his magnificent head still more magnificent. After one of his concerts at the Boesendorfer Hall, I was asked to a Bohemian beer party at an inn nearby, where Paderewski's teacher, Leschetitzky, was the guest of the evening. It was a great gathering. Never before had Leschetitzky, perhaps the world's foremost teacher of piano, appeared so radiant. His presence in itself was an event. Once he rose and made a brief speech sketching out the future of his gifted pupil, and all his hearers felt that Paderewski's career was bound to be a glorious one. And every augury of that night has been amply confirmed.

Johann Strauss, the immortal composer of waltzes and ball-room tunes, was nightly producing his music at the Theater on the Wien. The most famous of his operettas were coming out in uninterrupted successes. *The Bat*, *The Gypsy Baron*, *The Blue Danube* all appeared at this time. He composed them, oddly enough, upon an organ which he had built in his palatial home. If there is any one instrument one does not associate with this light music, it is an organ.

It was my good fortune also to meet Johannes Brahms. The collecting of autographs of famous men is still a hobby with some

people as it was then, and I called to ask that I be permitted to add his signature to my treasured group.

Most of his later years he spent in seclusion in a fashionable suburb named Landstrasse. Like Steinbach, he was a bachelor and, if there be any truth in the words of Goethe that every genius is linked to his century by one failing, their housekeepers must have been their weak spots for these two men were completely under their dominion, and to gain admission to the presence of either, one had to resort to all sorts of devices to get into the good graces of the monitors.

It seemed inconceivable that Brahms could have written those tender songs so characteristic of him, for there was no poetic tendency discernible in the man. He was short and stout with long hair and beard, and he spoke brusquely in the hard, unsympathetic dialect of the North. He received me in the midst of his work, carelessly attired and wearing loose, felt slippers. Having succeeded in penetrating his sanctum, I accomplished my object, but judging by the manner in which he received me mine was only a Pyrrhic victory.

To listen to music, to play, to sculpt, to draw—that was my life at this period in Vienna. It was all like some delightful revel. And indeed, revels were not wanting. Upon the occasion of the marriage of the Crown Prince Rudolph the city of Vienna arranged a pageant which was the most splendid that her artists could invent. The particular author of this was Hans Makart, a historical painter whose pictures, *The Entry of Charles V into Antwerp*, *The Dream after the Ball*, and *The Hunt of Diana* (the last two in the Metropolitan Museum in New York), made his fame world-wide. He often came to visit my parents and upon one of these occasions my father ventured to show him a part of his pageant which I had copied from the illustrated booklets that were sold in the town. Hans Makart scrutinized my drawings carefully.

"The blanks are the best," he remarked after a pause.

CHAPTER II

"How happy is he born and taught that serveth not another's will." (Wotton.)

I WAS barely twenty-two when I lost both my parents. My fate was now in my own hands, and after a short stay with Professor Hellmer in Vienna I decided to try my luck with Professor Schaper in Berlin. I dismantled my studio, packed my belongings and left Vienna, never to live there again. When I came to Berlin and showed my work to Professor Schaper, he informed me that I knew nothing about sculpture. He only told me what I already suspected. But I was pained to realize that the fact was so apparent. With much persuasion I induced him to give me a trial, and he accepted me at last as one of his pupils.

Here I had my chance. I could study, and study undisturbed in Berlin, as I had never studied in Vienna. And here I may say I made the best use of my opportunities. After a year's work I was rewarded with the privilege of having a small studio of my own at the Berlin Royal Academy. Some other minor compensations which came at this time were also encouraging. It appeared to me that the best use I could make of my private studio was to compete for one of the scholarships which the Academy had it in its power to confer. And I had only just reached the minimum age for competition—twenty-four—when I was lucky enough to be the winner.

Anton von Werner was the director of the Academy at Berlin. "The great Anton von Werner," he was called. It was said of him that he could put more art into the painting of a soldier's boots than

others could put into the face. His studio at the Academy was filled to overflowing with patriotic pictures. He painted the *Proclamation of William the Great as Emperor at Versailles*, the *Negotiation of Peace at Versailles* in which Bismarck forces Thiers to sign the Treaty, and innumerable other historic canvases.

Von Werner was considered an institution in German art second only to the great Menzel, his illustrious contemporary. The Academy was proud of possessing so distinguished a leader. And excellent he doubtless was for that particular post. His speeches at the beginning and end of each term were considered classics of their kind. Even in my brief stay there, two things which he said still linger in my memory. At his opening address he took a piece of chalk, and holding it up, declared:

"Talent is one. It is the basis of art. Without it any amount of industry is of no value."

Then he added a zero and held the one beside it. "But," he went on, "talent and industry combined make ten."

At another time he said, "Academies are only for mediocrity. They are the crutches upon which art students learn to walk. But some of the students are born with wings—those are the geniuses. To them the academy is only a hindrance." When, before starting for Italy, I took leave of him, he gave me another grain from his supply of wisdom: "If the world praises you, it is good; if it abuses you, that is not bad; but beware if it passes you in silence."

Had anybody told him at that time that his pictures would be almost forgotten even before his death, he would have been astounded. So imbued was he with the sense of his own greatness and importance, with such deference was he treated by the high and lowly, that nothing but eternity could have appeared to him as a possible measure of his fame's duration.

At this period, during the Emperor William's reign, art was like soldiering, a matter of discipline. The highest form was the military picture or the monuments or memorials commemorating heroes of the

Franco-Prussian war. As in everything else the Kaiser's decision was final; here also his taste was prescriptive. From one studio to another would he go, inspecting the work; and sometimes he would even take the pencil or the modeling tool and show how he desired this or that to be done. One creation of his fertile mind was the Alley of Victory, the Sieges Allee in the Tiergarten in Berlin. There he erected at his own expense a row of marble benches, fifty or more of them, adorned with the figures and busts of all the great soldiers and statesmen from the period of Frederick the Great to his own time. Even in Berlin this Sieges Allee has been called the "alley of abominations," which one would not be surprised to see demolished one of these days.

How pernicious the Kaiser's meddling ultimately became is well illustrated by the case of Princess Lwoff Parlaghy, a painter who only recently died in New York. In 1890 she was still young and attractive and not without a certain talent. She called herself "one of the few pupils of Lenbach." When the Emperor heard of her he commanded her to paint his portrait. The result cannot have been distinguished in view of the fact that the jury of the Spring Exhibition in Berlin dared to reject it—notwithstanding the identity of the sitter. They did reject it, nevertheless, and their act caused something like consternation. Upon learning of it the Kaiser immediately ordered the portrait to be hung. When the list of medals and other honors was submitted to him for approval, a customary procedure, he cancelled the name of Wallot, the architect who had just completed the capitol at Berlin, a public building considered one of the finest in Germany. The medal of First Award which was to have gone to Wallot was conferred by the Kaiser upon Irma Parlaghy.

Among artists there was great though futile indignation at this royal action. Wallot left Berlin and settled in Dresden. There he was at once surrounded by a host of admiring and loyal pupils, and there he died with the reputation of being one of the most notable

architects of his time—without the medal. The Princess Parlaghy, upon the other hand, despite all her honors and decorations, could not make a living. She died some months ago in New York in poverty, just when the sheriff was about to seal up her house and studio.

One day I received a commission to make an equestrian statuette of the Kaiser, in silver. This was to be given as a racing trophy. The commission came in the ordinary course of events from the Court jewelers, who had inquired at the academy concerning a student sculptor competent to do the work. So many portraits were constantly being done of the "all highest war lord," that artists of my modest standing could obtain their sittings only from the uniform which was held for such purposes and the loan of the "Vice-Kaiser." This person was a servant in the Imperial household whose figure, weight and proportions came as near as possible to the Emperor's. The man also knew how to wear the uniforms with the endless trappings and decorations. For the use of the model horse I had to apply to the royal stables for permission.

Those royal stables were in themselves a vast affair. They were L shaped, each side several hundred feet long. In one part was a long row of carriage horses, all black with the exception of the spans of bay horses, Hanoverians, with long, bushy tails; these were used only for notable state functions. Fine animals they were, of all sizes, from the giants of eighteen hands to a number of the "double ponies," used for riding and driving by the numerous princes. The royal stables were in the charge of Baron von Reischach, an officer of the Guards, and kept with meticulous care and military precision. The Kaiser himself used many horses of all builds and colors depending upon the occasion. For instance, when he wore the uniform of a Death's Head Hussar, he would ride a lighter horse, one with a long and bushy tail, in order to appear the more picturesque. When he was a cuirassier of the Guards a large animal was needed to give him that overawing dignity which he so craved.

Because of his short left arm, which he could scarcely use, all the horses were especially trained to obey the slightest impulse from the rider's thigh. The moment a horse returned to the stables from a ride with the Kaiser, it was taken in hand by the head trainer and soothed back to its normal form after the uncertain treatment of its august master.

Very often the training would be supplemented by such distractions as a concert in front of the horse. Musicians would appear and play trumpets, bugles and other wind instruments. At other times a crowd of stable boys would rush up and shout "hoch!" "hurrah!" or even discharge a gun in its proximity. All this would leave these animals unperturbed. They knew too well that their good behavior would be rewarded with sugar and other delicacies, which they must not risk by shying. It was one of these horses, a beautiful and gentle animal called Meteor, which the Kaiser rode most frequently, which was assigned to me as my model.

One day as I was working on my statuette there was great commotion in the paddock behind the palace. My model and my work were hurriedly thrust aside. The Empress was coming to look on at the riding lesson of her two eldest boys. As she passed my corner she threw a glance at the strange group, and a few minutes later I was called and my statuette was brought before her.

She was a woman of striking appearance, considerably taller than the Kaiser, and her customary smile was very becoming to her. She was an ideal wife and mother, devoted to her family and her children and so patriotic that she would order her clothes only of German dressmakers—an example by no means followed by the German aristocracy. Upon this particular occasion she wore a rather tightly fitting tailor-made costume of beige-colored cloth which emphasized her tall slender figure and gave her a Junoesque appearance.

Not being accustomed to royalty I felt a little embarrassed in her presence. She seemed not to notice it, asked me many questions about my work and myself and was very condescending. The

Master of the Horse helped me in answering her questions. He explained to the Empress the purpose of the statuette, and told her that I was still a student at the Academy. Fortunately, she seemed to like the work, and especially the fact that I should have been able to get a likeness of the Kaiser without having seen him close by She was kind in her criticism. She thought, moreover, that I ought to have better opportunities for studying my subject. She accordingly gave orders to have it arranged that I be allowed to see the Emperor mounting and dismounting from his horse.

In the meantime the ponies were brought in and she kindly invited me to watch her boys at their riding lesson. The exercises through which they were put made me gasp. Again and again they were drilled in mounting and dismounting, in sudden wheeling, in jumping series of hurdles, and all this under commands from the riding master precisely like the sharp military orders of an officer to a private. Their ponies had no saddles and more than once the boys had falls while jumping over the hurdles. But all this they took in good part as a portion of their lesson. Another set of ponies would be brought out to replace the first and they would go through their discipline all over again. These were the exercises which made all the young German princes such experienced riders.

The Crown Prince was the slenderer and more alert of the two. His brother, Eitel Frederick, was the handsomer and more sympathetic. The horses they rode were full of vitality and spirit. I could not help comparing those splendid animals with the worn-out and decrepit hacks they gave us whenever we had to stage the pageants which the students of the Academy arranged upon great occasions. I even had the temerity to mention this fact to the Empress. She smiled when I described the little tricks we resorted to in order to put life into our horses. When giving me leave to go she did a gracious thing. She had a message sent to the Court jewelers which was so effective that their order was followed up by several others and with an advance in price.

Among the many visitors who came to see the royal stables and mews during the time I was working there, was a gentleman with his small son. He stopped before my model and seemed to take more than ordinary interest in the sculpture. Several days later, he looked me up at my studio and asked if I would undertake to do some work for him even though it was not of a nature as artistic as that which he had seen at the royal mews. I told him I should be glad of any opportunity, whereupon he invited me to his hotel. There he explained that his son, then a lad of about six, had some trouble with his foot for which he needed a cast. He did not wish to entrust the work to a moulder and he hoped that I would find it convenient to oblige him. When the cast was delivered he came to see me again, looked round my studio and chose the bust of a child in plaster. This he asked me to execute for him in marble. It was my first commission for a sculpture in stone.

Later, when the papers announced that I had won the traveling scholarship to Rome, I received a letter embossed with a coat of arms, and in it a check for a thousand marks, accompanied by best wishes for my welfare in Italy. The writer was the father of the little boy for whom I made the cast in plaster, Count von Bentinck and Waldeck Limpurg. The little boy is the present Count who extended the Kaiser his hospitality in Holland for so many months after William's abdication.

The racing trophy I had made at the Kaiser's stables was followed by a likeness of Prince Waldemar, the Kaiser's youngest brother, who had died as a boy. This bust was to be a gift from my patron, a loyal and admiring subject, to the Hohenzollern Museum at Berlin. In order to have all the material available I was permitted to work at the palace of the Empress Frederick, Unter den Linden.

Situated opposite the Royal Academy of Arts, it was since the death of the Emperor rarely inhabited. The Empress spent most of her time at the castle in Friedrichsruhe which she had built for herself as a retreat. The estrangement between her and her son,

the Emperor, was another reason for her constant absence. The house showed all the desolation of inoccupancy. It was guarded only by an aged domo and the military sentinel. No carpets lay on the floors; all had been taken up and rolled in long cartridges. The curtains were down. The furnishings were a quaint mixture of the heavy gilt and carved "official" style with massive damasks and velvets, interspersed with some dainty pieces which the Empress had brought with her from her English home across the Channel. The pictures on the walls, some of them done by the hand of his Excellency, Anton von Werner, were mostly glorifications of the old Emperor's deeds on the battlefield — canvases of vast dimensions. Their banishment to that uninhabited house indicated plainly how the finer taste of the Empress had judged them. There were, too, innumerable models of memorials to the Emperor, to his father, to Moltke and Bismarck—in bronze, marble and even in silver. The corridors and passageways were covered with numberless addresses, mostly illuminated by second-rate artists, commemorating endless official visits and occasions. To obtain permission to remove some of these photographs and pictures across the street to the Academy would have been such a complicated affair of red tape, that I chose the shorter and more expedient way and worked in the palace.

As my two years' stay at the Academy in Berlin was drawing to a close, I looked back over my experiences and could not help feeling that I was progressing. Although art there doubtless moved in the good old channels which were emphasized by a Schaper and a von Werner, there was nevertheless a distinct current of fresh air and fresh ideas noticeable. It must be owned that to the more enlightened the Academy appeared stuffy and they left it. Personally, I felt otherwise. I had never looked upon it as other than those crutches by the help of which I might learn to walk. The thoroughness of the teaching appealed to me.

By way of illustration of the method one may cite the fact that no student was allowed to pass a certain class unless he could produce

a certificate of a successful examination in anatomy and perspective. For anatomy the Academy had a lecture room adjoining the medical school. Professor Virchow, the son of the famous scientist, was assigned as lecturer to the art students. A part of his duties was to visit the studios whenever there was the need, to examine the work and the models of the artists, and to point out their errors in drawing first upon the living model and then to demonstrate in the dissecting room. In no other art school have I ever known of such thorough training. When I sent in my exhibits on the occasion of the scholarship competition, that training in anatomy stood me in good stead. It gave me what I needed. Now, looking back to those distant student days, I am heartily grateful to that institution which equipped its students with so solid a foundation.

The time was now at hand when I must make ready to leave for Italy.

This was in 1890. My friend Doctor Steinbach had just been made a member of the Austrian cabinet. One day I received a letter from him suggesting that I arrange my itinerary in such a manner that I might pass through Vienna.

When I came to see him at the Treasury, there was still all the elaborate pomp and circumstance which the tradition of pre-war days required. The great rooms were in a style of rich baroque, highly over-decorated. All the servants were in brilliant uniforms. Busy counselors kept running back and forth with an expression of importance which increased with the descending scale of their rank. The Minister's anteroom was full. Finally my turn came. I was ushered in.

The man himself, seated in the midst of this pomp, was unchanged. He was the same as before, the same kind friend, simple, cordial and glad of my progress. He bade me sit down near him and tell him all about myself. Time and again he grasped both my hands and said, "Splendid! Splendid!" And he did make me feel so happy!

I could not tell him enough about myself and my training. At last, when one of the officials timidly opened the door, it dawned upon us both how fast the time had flown. But there was so much more to be told. He asked me to dine with him that night. "But," he added, "no ceremony, just like in the olden days."

At first I did not quite understand what he meant. But as he explained, I learned that he was not occupying the official residence which was his perquisite. He still continued to live in his three rooms in the little house in the suburbs. The same little house, the same crotchety housekeeper, the same atmosphere. The only difference I could detect was an increase in the multitude of books surrounding him there. When the time came for me to take my departure, he bade me Godspeed with all the old cordiality and gave me this parting advice:

"Fortune rolls a ball once to everybody during his lifetime. . . . Hold fast to yours."

When Doctor Steinbach had finished revising the currency system of Austria, he again received an autograph letter from the Emperor which read:

Dear Doctor Steinbach,

You have completed to my entire satisfaction the task upon which you set out. I consider your services so valuable that I should like to ensure their permanency. I appoint you therefore First Lord of the Court of Appeals.

This was an appointment for life. Steinbach, who was first of all a lawyer, greatly preferred his new position, and filled it with entire success for many years.

CHAPTER III

"Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?"

(Goethe—Browning.)

I CONTINUED my journey from Vienna and my first stop was Venice—Venice, the city of "sweet fancies let loose."

All my dreams of this magical sanctum, however, were soon shattered. After a week's sojourn there, where I experienced nothing but cold, rain, mist and all the inconveniences of a chilly boarding house, I felt unhappy and disappointed. At the *Pension*, I always found myself at the wrong end of the table, where the dishes reached me almost empty. Nor was I as yet accustomed to the little Italian charcoal fires, or *scaldini*, which people held under their hands, as if they expected the heat to radiate all over their bodies. I was miserable and I moved on.

I have since often returned to the abode of my dreams and have enjoyed the poetry which envelops this city of enchantment—the majestic Lido, the Canale Grande, with its countless gondolas gliding silently over the waters which reflect the moon a thousand times in their mirrorlike waves.

My next stop was at Pisa. I wished to see Carrara. I was eager to visit the marble quarries there, those famed quarries which supply the sculptor with the snow-white stone, ready to accept the most subtle of emotions. But Carrara is a misnomer for the marble. The

mountain which Pope Julius the Second gave to Michael Angelo for use as a quarry for the papal works was situated at Seravezza. For almost two hundred years the position of that quarry was lost, until a Frenchman by the name of Henreaux rediscovered it by the aid of certain documents which he had unearthed. Once the exact location was established, the fortunate Frenchman was able to buy the ground for a moderate sum. To-day the family of Henreaux still possesses the virtually exclusive monopoly in that rare marble which artists universally prefer to all others.

At Pisa I lingered only long enough to get a glimpse of the famous leaning tower, the Baptistery and the others of that group of celebrated ivory colored buildings and to get the train for Carrara. Without further delay I continued my way to the Eternal City.

The government studios to which my scholarship bound me were located upon one of the seven hills, the Monte Parioli. There was nothing in these of the grandeur of the Villa Medici, which Napoleon created the permanent home of the French artist pensioners in tribute to Art. Nor did they even approach the splendor of the Spanish Academy. Those two were communities by themselves. Their students, well aware of their own importance, held much aloof and would not mix with the youth of the other nations. Their scholarships are known as the Grand Prix de Rome, and the deportment of their students kept pace with its dignity and pride.

Looking back after these many years I must conclude that old Anton von Werner had judged the situation correctly. Most of those who went across the Alps with glowing expectations and hearts filled with hope, ordinarily came back after a few years with little more than memories of happy hours spent in Italy.

The few German studios which the government rented were beautifully situated upon the hill in the midst of a pine and cypress grove. There were no formal gardens as at the Villa Medici, nor any sumptuous receptions for Roman society with choice music provided by the musical students. Our own humble receptions were

twice daily at the little wine shop, the Trattoria in Vicolo delle Colonette. There we had our own table at which some old artist or another, settled in Rome for thirty years or more, presided over us youngsters. These old stagers talked to us, gave us advice and helped us with much kindness in every way they could.

For many years I had been fondly harboring a theme which one day I hoped to put into form. This idea, as it framed itself in my mind, I called "Mother-Love." My conception represented a young woman bound to a pillory, faint, exhausted almost to the point of death. But still she presses her infant to her breast in an effort to nurse it. The child, unconcerned at its mother's suffering, is intent only upon its nourishment—its self-preservation. That composition I meant to be a monument to the love and unflinching suffering of motherhood. It was to consist of the main group and of a series of four bas-reliefs to be inserted in the pedestal. The front relief was to be an idyllic scene in which a boy and a girl were to form the center. The second was to be an idealistic presentation of a mother defending herself before an unsympathetic tribunal. The third was a procession scene in which the crowd escorts her to the pillory, carrying the child before her. The last was to be an apotheosis.

Now that I was in Rome with my wants provided for I saw a chance of carrying out this idea that had so long dwelt in my mind—untroubled, undisturbed. Soon, therefore, I began to absent myself from the table of convivial companions at the Trattoria and drew away into the solitude of my studio. I encountered no difficulties in finding a model in sympathy with my idea, and one who did not object to the inconveniences of an uncomfortable pose. I embarked upon my work and presently I found time slipping away much faster than my work progressed. The first year had vanished and still I was no farther on than my model in clay.

It was a condition of my scholarship that every three months I was obliged to present myself at the German Embassy to report upon

my progress in Rome. A certain Count Solm, then German Ambassador, was an old friend of Bismarck and stood high in the diplomatic corps. By virtue of the large task I had begun, I soon became known to the Embassy staff, and through these I had opportunity of meeting others of the diplomatic service in Rome. Being an Austrian, I also had a desire to meet the representatives of my own country.

Like most nations, Austria-Hungary had two ambassadors. Count Revertera represented the Emperor Francis Joseph at the Vatican, while Baron Bruck was the head of the embassy to the Quirinal. Count Revertera was indifferent to art. The social life of the eternal city and entertaining on a vast scale in the famous Palazzo Venezia was all that interested him. His staff however were ardent collectors of antiquities and art objects.

But if to Count Revertera art meant little, it was not so with his colleague at the Quirinal. Baron Bruck was one of the gentlest and kindest souls I met in Rome. Almost every day he would stop at my studio and watch the progress of my ambitious group. It seemed to appeal to him with peculiar force and he watched it with a haunting attention. He often gave out as his motto, "Stay where you're happy." And as I was happy in Rome, I could not but follow his advice.

When the time of my scholarship had lapsed, and still I was working on my large group, I left the government studio, rented one of my own nearby and began to execute my work in marble and bronze. The number of my visitors began to increase rapidly. There was, for instance, that very handsome and sympathetic young count, Charles Paar, son of the chief equerry to the old Emperor Francis Joseph. His blood was so blue and his family tree so old that he was an accepted member of the Ancient Order of the Knights of Malta. The members of this order were not permitted to marry. But when they appeared at official or social functions in their black robes with the large white maltese cross upon their breasts, they

looked so striking and picturesque that many tender hearts went fluttering.

It was so with Count Paar. Much interested in modern art, he often came to my studio and usually brought some of his numerous friends, always endeavoring to persuade them to order something. He himself could do very little. In an unlucky moment of his life he had played for very high stakes and lost everything he possessed. Nothing remained to him but his salary and an income from his Order. All this, together with his celibacy, spread about him an atmosphere of romance. A love affair with a beautiful lady of the Italian aristocracy, whom his vows made it impossible to marry, added to the condition of his pathos. It was touching to see this princess disregarding all the laws of convention and spending her days with him when he was stricken with his fatal disease; but neither her devotion nor her indefatigable care were able to arrest the slow but certain decline which his many sorrows brought on. He died in Rome with the princess at his bedside—a figure as romantic as one in an ancient legend.

Baron Bruck also brought daily some of his friends. Upon one occasion, he even brought the Turkish Ambassador, Mahmud Nehdim Bey. That poor man, who had been for many months awaiting the salary which his government was tardy in remitting, was sportsman enough nevertheless to order from the young artist a drawing of himself and a bronze of his beautiful great Dane, Achmet—who posed much more satisfactorily than his master. Bruck also brought the famous Marchesa Di Lavaggi, who was then the talk of the town, a celebrity in Rome, because she had imported her bathroom complete from England—then considered the height of bizarre extravagance.

Prince Doria Pamphily was another of my visitors and ordered a marble of his little boy who had recently died. And this order led to a friendship which lasted for many years, until the Prince's death.

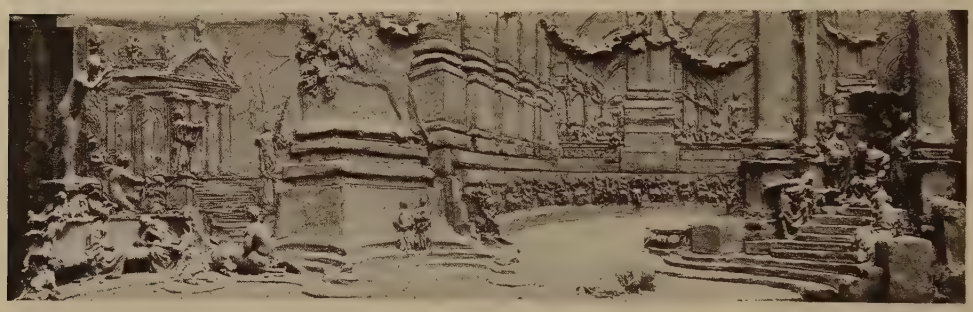
In the excitement of my studies and the work upon my group,

it never occurred to me to figure out the expenses. I was absorbed in it and in my environment. Here I was with my life before me in a wonderful land surrounded by the best that has been done in art, free to work according to my inclinations. Modern teaching in art is greatly at a disadvantage compared to the times of the Renaissance, when the eminent masters flourished. I saw my opportunity, and decided that I would not limit myself to one branch alone. I resolved to follow sculpture, indeed, but also to keep my hand in strict training for drawing, the foundation of all the graphic arts.

It was this variety of training in many fields of art which masters gave their pupils that brought about the Italian Renaissance. Students were obliged to grind colors, to enlarge small sketches to the size of the cartoons, to prepare the clay, to build the full size figure from the small model, to learn the intricate art of making the skeleton, and to prepare it so carefully that the master would not find the work collapsed upon the floor just when the finishing touches were about to be given. And they had to familiarize themselves with the difficult process of bronze-casting, an art in itself.

At the time of Benvenuto Cellini the art of the "lost-wax" (*cire-perdue*) process was generally in use. It was most ingenious. From the model in plaster a form was made composed of many sections which could be easily taken apart and put together. Into this mould was poured a very thin layer of pure beeswax mixed with a vegetable color to render it opaque. After the wax cooled and stiffened the shell was removed, section by section. This wax had to be worked over by the artist almost as carefully as the statue itself. First, the seams had to be flattened, and then were added the finishing touches to which the comparatively pliable and elastic wax lent itself better than the hard plaster. After this a liquid generally composed of brick dust and plaster, to resist fire, was poured around the model. When dry and hard the whole was put into an oven and lightly heated for forty-eight hours so that the wax could melt out without leaving any residue. The model was cooled again and

Mother-Love



Bas Reliefs on Base of Group "Mother-Love"

the bronze, composed of nine parts of copper and one part of tin, was infused, in liquid form. This was the process—full of intricate detail, so difficult that since the time of its earliest use it has been twice lost and recovered.

In Italy the student has a chance to familiarize himself with all of this technique. And this, in the midst of other preoccupations, I endeavored to do the while I was there. Though it is doubtless true that in such matters as sport or industry specialization is most to be desired, I firmly believe that in art the broadest and the most comprehensive foundation is necessary. Later in life I often had occasion for being grateful that I had early learned the elaborate technique of my craft. I studied the technique, and yet persisted at my big group. This was to be the crowning achievement of my Italian sojourn.

The more, however, it advanced, the more I realized what a foolhardy enterprise I had undertaken. Had I made portrait drawings of the entire Roman aristocracy I could never have earned enough with which to finish it, counting at the rate of one hundred francs a drawing which I was then receiving. What made the situation more serious was a change in the Austrian cabinet. Count Kalnocky, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, had resigned and the days of my kindly patron, Baron Bruck, the Dean of the diplomatic corps, were numbered. It was one of those unforeseen and unfortunate circumstances that react into a variety of channels. When I discovered that Bruck's successor was Baron Pasetti, little interested in art, it became apparent that disaster was staring me in the face.

In my desperation I took a train and rushed to Vienna to consult again my never-failing guide, philosopher and friend, Doctor Emil Steinbach. With his everlasting patience and interest he would look at my photographs; he would delve into the whole history of my sojourn in Rome; every detail of my life, my aims, my dreams, found a sympathetic echo in the soul of this great man. The near-

ness of his presence alone removed those mountains which had seemed to pile upon my troubled mind and when, after a short stay, I again boarded the train which took me back to Rome, I carried in a full and grateful heart the assurance that my group would be finished. In 1903 I received in London an invitation from the Vienna Art Association to give a special exhibition of my work; I then again saw my good friend, and rejoiced in his jesting admission that he no longer regretted having assisted in passing me through college unqualified and unmerited. Soon after my return to London I sorrowfully learned of his death—"Friend more divine than all Divinities."

After working for the best part of five years, my group was at last finished. I was obliged to do most of my own carving. This, however, in later life I did not regret. Just before the completion of the work I received an invitation from the Art Association of Munich to exhibit it at their Spring Exhibition. They offered to pay the expense of taking the piece to Munich from Rome and thence to the next exhibition. I accepted and was awarded a gold medal.

Mother-Love is a group in the round; the four bronzes in the base are reliefs—the two side panels in high relief and those adorning the front and rear somewhat flatter. There is also a form of *rilievo* so low that it might almost be termed a painting in stone. This is the most difficult. To distinguish the modeling at all, it has to be illuminated by sharp light which will throw deep shadows. Its application is particularly well suited for medals and was practiced by Roty, Dupré and Bottée to best advantage.

A *Saint Cecilia* of my own conception offered me the opportunity to express in marble all the delicate nuances the subject demanded. This I cut at the same time while I was working on my group; it was my rest and recreation.

When I left Rome the work was not entirely finished but after settling in London, its completion gave me many happy hours which were at the same time instructive.

My Roman studio consisted of the wing of a building close to the Government studios. A ground floor room contained my work in marble. From that room a staircase wound into an upper apartment where I was making drawings and models. The south wall of that upper chamber contained a huge window consisting of one plate of glass, overlooking the city of Rome, its innumerable towers and spires and the Alban hills in the distance. At any hour of the day the effect was startling. But it was at sunrise and sunset that the new and indescribable pictures were constantly being revealed through my window.

Queen Margherita, mother of the present King, Victor Emmanuel, and widow of King Humbert, was a noted lover of art and music. From some of my diplomatic friends she had learned of my group and expressed the desire to see it before it left the city.

Were that happening to-day I should know better what to do when so honored by such a visitor. But being then inexperienced I thought it best to invite also the Embassy upon the occasion of her visit. The new ambassador found the big group too sad for him. Again and again he asked me why I wasted my time upon gloomy subjects when I might do gay and cheerful little bronzes which people would readily buy. Queen Margherita, however, was warmly interested and expressed the desire to see everything. She was full of kindly and eager questions; I could hardly answer them for their rapidity. When she mounted the stairs and found herself at my great upper window just as the sun was setting, she exclaimed,

"What a beautiful and novel view of Rome you have here!"

She recognized a portrait bust I had made of Gustav Freytag, the poet, and began to discuss his works, most of which she knew in German. She was graciously delightful, and I soon realized that the presence of the diplomats was an unnecessary luxury. I was pleasantly surprised when she turned to the ambassador and asked him if he did not think the group a fine piece of sculpture. I do not remember his answer. I doubt whether he made one when he bowed,

but when she was about to leave, she turned once again to the group and said,

"I appreciate the way in which you talk with your marble, when I see the answers you elicit."

The Queen's visit was a definite landmark in my life. For, what with its attendant publicity, it brought many visitors to my studio, both Roman and foreign. One of these, Miss Alexandra Ellis, daughter of Arthur Ellis, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, desired me to make a drawing of herself as a gift for her father.

Mrs. Carl Meyer, wife of the manager for the Rothschilds, who kept open house in London and had a keen regard for art, commissioned me to model a bust of herself, which she wished me to start then and, as she had not time enough to stay in Rome until it was completed, she invited me to finish the marble in England the following summer. Indebted as I was to Mrs. Meyer for her tangible interest in my work, I was even more grateful to her for a far greater thing which she did for me at this time.

Sargent was in Rome on a visit and one day Mrs. Meyer brought him to my studio to see the bust for which she was sitting. This meeting I consider one of the epochal moments of my life. Sargent's fame was then beginning to spread over the civilized world. Not since the days of Franz Hals has such directness in conception and rendering, such dazzling, brilliant technique as Sargent's been seen. He had just finished the large canvas of Mrs. Meyer with her two children, the picture of that year at the London Royal Academy. The expectation of meeting him had keyed me up to a high pitch of excitement. From Mrs. Meyer's description of him, I had formed an image already. When he entered my studio, a man well over six feet in height, I would have taken him for almost anything but an artist. In the Latin countries, especially in France and Italy, we are so accustomed to recognize artists by their eccentricities in manner and dress, that we end by believing these to be a manifestation of talent. Were this true, Sargent could not

Old Italian Peasant Woman

From an Etching

Arabella di Saracinesco

A Charcoal Study

conceivably qualify as an artist. There is nothing of the eccentric about him. But once he begins to talk he reveals the man he is.

I still remember the flattering words he uttered as he looked at my bust of Mrs. Meyer, and also his generous comment upon the group. A few of my pencil drawings hung upon the wall, and when for these, too, he had a kind word, I could not help pointing out to him that they were lacking in that freedom for which I was striving so hard and which was his gift in abundance. Reluctantly he then admitted I was right. This I subsequently found to be part of the highmindedness of his magnanimous soul. Always he looked first for the best in everything. In the many years that I knew him afterwards I never heard him criticize adversely, except perhaps once Burne-Jones, whose art is so diametrically opposed in freshness and directness, that it could hardly have been otherwise. But this does not mean that he was intolerant of the whole Pre-Raphaelite school. On the contrary, he had nothing but sincere admiration for Rossetti. Even his averseness for Burne-Jones he expressed in a gesture rather than in words.

When he came again shortly before he left Rome, he generously offered me the use of one of his own studios when I should come to London to finish Mrs. Meyer's bust.

I began to make my preparations to leave for London, not knowing at that time that it was to be my future home. During my Roman years I had lost touch to a great extent with both Austria and Germany. Italy is a place for study and deliberation rather than a permanent abode for a young artist. What my next step was to be I did not know. Chance had brought me the commission for Mrs. Meyer's bust—and chance seemed to point toward England.

One episode, even though irrelevant, I cannot help recording here. Just before I left Rome Paderewski arrived to give a series of concerts at the Sancta Cecilia Hall. The first was to be in the afternoon at four o'clock and Queen Margherita was expected. The house was crowded to the roof. When the royal family arrived and

the master, amid profound silence, was about to begin his concert, a ray of sunlight, shining through a yellow stained glass window, crowned his head with a glow of gold so radiant that it gave the striking appearance of an aureole. The audience burst into thunderous applause which lasted many minutes. I have wondered if even today Paderewski knows the real cause of that spontaneous outburst.

CHAPTER IV

"The man must fight
Mid struggles and strife,
The battle of life;
Must plant and create,
Watch, snare and debate,
Must venture and stake
His fortune to make."
(Schiller.)

EARLY in the summer of 1897 I arrived in London with my marble bust of Mrs. Carl Meyer.

It was the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee—the sixtieth anniversary of her reign. Numbers of foreign visitors, royal and otherwise, filled the town. My prospects suddenly appeared none too bright. First of all, the picture of the rejoicing city was perhaps too dazzling for one emerging from years of retirement in a Roman studio. I was alone, and at a loss to find my bearings.

It became clear to me, too, that it would be long before Mrs. Carl Meyer would resume her sittings. The round of festivities, all crowded into the small space of three months, when all London is in a continuous revel of dinners, dances, concerts, opera and theaters, was enough to tax the endurance of any one. One day Mrs. Meyer came to the studio and she had not been there many minutes before she fell asleep in her chair. I was not surprised.

But here again Sargent was the first in that great turmoil to remember the stranger to whom in Rome he had offered his hospitality. He repeated his invitation to work in his studio. I declined as it

would have taken a long time to finish the bust and I understood also the inconvenience which my work in marble would be likely to cause him. The noise from hammering and scraping is disturbing to anyone except the sculptor. The marble dust which flies about in clouds covers everything with a coating of white. It would do the utmost harm to a wet painting.

When I knew that my stay in London was to be prolonged, I rented a small studio in Kensington, some distance out of town, but this did not prevent him from calling on me. Busy as he was, he invited me to his atelier, sometimes for lunch, sometimes to have a little music in the evening or for a quiet chat. Here is one of his notes, which are among my cherished possessions:

Vendredi.

Cher Monsieur Fuchs, Je serai heureux de vous voir ainsi que Mr. Hughes, demain a 1 heure, disons 1 heure 10, pour que mon modèle ait le temps de disparaître.

Bien a vous,
JOHN S. SARGENT.

Friday.

Dear Mr. Fuchs, I shall be glad if you and Mr. Hughes will come tomorrow at 1 o'clock; let's say 10 minutes past 1, so that my sitter has the time to leave.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN S. SARGENT.

Through the kindness of my neighbor, a portrait painter, Miss Ethel Matthews, I met at her studio Colonel Griffith, who was the inspector of prisons. His regiment, it appeared, was planning to present Lord Wolseley, then Commander-in-Chief of the British army, with a portrait statuette in silver. A gentle conspiracy was at once entered into by my new acquaintances. After Lord Wolseley's consent to sit had been obtained, I was commissioned to do the work.

Lord and Lady Wolseley were living at Grosvenor Gardens near Hyde Park where he could take his early morning rides before break-

The late Lord Wolseley
Commander in Chief of the British Army
A Statuette in Silver

La Pensierosa

Bronze

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

fast. The days when he posed, he was obliged to forego his rides. Nevertheless, he bore the new yoke bravely, and later when the wax model of his statuette was completed, I took it back to Rome where I had it cast in silver. The following year it was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Meanwhile, however, Miss Ellis, whose portrait I had done in Rome, brought one day her father, General Arthur Ellis, to my studio. As I have said, he was one of the equerries to the Prince of Wales. The other three were Sir Stanley Clarke, Seymour Fortescue and Captain Holford. General Ellis was not only a collector and a connoisseur in art but also the Prince's lifelong friend. He accompanied the Prince upon his long journeys and because of his taste in art matters the Prince consulted him frequently. The Ellis house at 29 Portland Place was like a museum filled with many pictures, bronzes, ivories, shooting trophies, collected from all over the world—an amazing assemblage of gifts from royalty accumulated during forty years of association with the most exalted in all lands. He looked me up at my out-of-the-way studio, invited me to his house, and there I met his youngest daughter, a handsome girl of whom he wished to have me make a bust in marble.

Upon his many visits to the studio he would bring friends, in his desire to help the young artist. Whenever I heard the hoofbeats of horses and looked out of my window I would generally discover the scarlet liveries of the royal carriage and Arthur Ellis descending. It was his interest in my work and in me that subsequently drew the attention of the Prince of Wales in my direction. And that opened a new life for me. Now, when the entire episode is crystallized in my memory, I cannot but look back with heartfelt gratitude at the chance that sent that young girl, Miss Ellis, when I was still a struggling student in Rome.

The summer had worn well away before Mrs. Meyer was able to give me the final sittings for her marble. The country home of the

Meyers in Surrey was a beautiful place called Balcombe. There was an excellent chef and a cellar with brands and vintages which spoke volumes to the connoisseur. Their home was exceedingly popular, and it was there that she gave me her sittings.

I still remember what an agreeable voice she had and how ready she was to oblige her guests with her art. She was always taking singing lessons from whatever teacher was most sought after. Rinaldo Hahn, a second edition of Tosti, was a relative of hers, and often came over from Paris. After a splendid meal, Hahn would sit down at the piano surrounded by picturesquely grouped "souls" and, with the room dimmed to the shade of romance, he would bring forth in a whispering voice those saccharine tunes which caused his audiences to sigh and buy his songs.

This kind of life in an English country house was new to me. To awake in the morning without having a thought or a worry for the necessities of life was so novel and comforting that I kept on finding imperfections in the bust. But I had to finish my work and at last I returned to London.

The three months which I originally planned to stay in London slipped away rapidly enough. I had accumulated commissions for a considerable variety of work, and to finish them I was obliged to await the return of people to town from their holidays. I began to look about for another studio, and soon discovered a charming place in the heart of the West End near Portland Place, where my friend, Arthur Ellis, lived.

It was becoming more and more clear to me that destiny was minded to fix London as my future home and I signed a lease for a couple of years.

Among the many friends of his whom *Sir* Arthur (he had just been knighted) in his warm kindliness was always bringing to my studio, was Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester. She was a dashing lady in those days, very ambitious and much in the fashionable life of London. By birth a Miss Ysnaga of Cuban-American origin, she to-

gether with her two sisters, Lady Lister Kay and one maiden sister, had early settled in England. Having married the then Duke of Manchester, she had three children, a boy and twin girls, both famous for their beauty. She was popular, amusing, knew how to tell a good story and the Prince of Wales was often a guest at her house in Portman Square.

It was her surviving daughter, however, who attracted me. From the moment I saw the girl, Lady Alice Montagu, I felt an irresistible desire to fix her delicate features in marble. That was no easy wish to gratify. Art was not one of the things that concerned the Duchess. It took the combined efforts of Sir Arthur Ellis and of the Austrian Embassy, all of whose members were her intimate friends, to obtain her consent for the sittings. Even so she changed her mind half a dozen times before the final decision.

The sittings were not to begin until the London season was over, that is, after the Cowes regatta, which takes place at the beginning of August. She also stipulated that the bust in marble was to be exhibited at the Royal Academy the following season, and that after the exhibition it was to be presented to her. To all these conditions I consented readily.

The girl was so beautiful, so delicate, frail and sympathetic, that I was willing to agree to any conditions at all. After my first few months in that modern Babylon, with all the clang and commotion of the Jubilee festivities, I, a stranger in a strange land, found in Lady Alice a kind soul that responded to my humors and had so subtly the gift of understanding. Art was her one passion. Every free moment she would be drawing or sketching. Again and again she expressed the wish that her vain and ambitious mother would allow her to stay quietly at home and read, sketch or play. But any such hints fell upon deaf ears. The poor girl had to be shown off and dragged about into society. Repeatedly the mother was warned that Lady Alice's health would not stand the strain. Only a few months before her twin sister, Lady Mary, had died in Rome of consump-

tion. The physician who had attended her cautioned the Duchess that if she did not treat her remaining daughter with the utmost care, the chances were that she would meet a similar fate. The mother, however, very proud of her daughter, would listen to no warnings. As the girl had red cheeks, the Duchess took this as a sign of perfect health. Her abstention from eating appeared as a pardonable desire to keep a slender figure.

In any case, word finally came that I was expected at Kimbolton, the seat of the Manchesters, where the sittings were to take place. Now, to make a bust is a vastly different matter from painting a portrait. To paint a portrait all one needs is a canvas, a paintbox and an easel, and one is ready to work. For a bust, on the other hand, one has first of all to carry the clay, and clay is pretty heavy. In order to support the modeling clay against sagging, one is obliged to make an armature or framework of lead pipes, which also are not without weight and substance. In addition I was also obliged to bring a turning-table, part of the studio equipment, which is hardly found in a private house. When I arrived with all these properties, and even succeeded in persuading a van man in the village to haul me together with my equipment to the castle (it had evidently never occurred to the Duchess that I might find any difficulty in reaching my destination), the Duchess greeted me with the announcement that she had accepted an invitation for her daughter to spend the week-end somewhere else.

My shock of keenest disappointment obviously meant nothing to her. The daughter, however, with her usual understanding, came to me and endeavored to relieve my dejection. So charming was she, so sympathetic and so anxious to see how a bust is done, so desirous of helping me in my predicament, that I very soon forgot all about the Duchess. I brought forth the clay and all the necessary implements and, despite the fact that in three days I would have to pack it all up again, I began my work.

Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, was a somewhat somber house

Lady Alice Montagu

The Sister of the Duke of Manchester, Executed in Marble for the Late Queen Victoria

The Sisters

Memorial in Marble in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

and in a desolate condition. Though the title of the Dukes of Manchester went back to the days of King James I, when Henry Montagu, then Lord High Treasurer, was elevated to a baronetcy, Kimbolton was lacking in any collections or art treasures of whatever sort. The very shelves in the library yawned gloomily empty. The house had been denuded, principally, I imagine, by the late Duke, who cared nothing for such possessions. And for the matter of that, neither did I at that particular time. I was making frantic haste to do the most with my bust in the three days allotted me—before Lady Alice departed for her week-end visit and I, with my complicated impedimenta, to London.

In the fall of that year, however, when the family returned to town, my fair sitter saw to it that my time and efforts should not have been spent in vain. Whenever she could manage, she wrote a little note asking me to come up to the schoolroom of their house in Portman Square, where she could pose for an hour now and then. Often she would, upon those occasions, complain of having to go out to a dinner, a ball, or a theater party, when she would have been so much happier messing about with clay and moulding little figures, precisely like a child.

The vanity of a proud mother, however, could not resist the temptation to show her daughter off. One night at a ball in Holland House, after numerous dances, Lady Alice went out into the grounds to cool off and caught a chill. She began to ail from that time forward, and she had to spend the winters at St. Moritz and the springs and autumns in southern climates. After a long illness and notwithstanding all possible care, she died in ineffable suffering, which she bore with that same smile which had been one of her chief charms all her young life.

To show the attachment which that girl was capable of inspiring in those close to her, I may mention that her governess and constant companion from childhood grieved so deeply over her loss that she went insane.

For some time the Duchess herself seemed inconsolable. Carried away by irremediable loss, she desired to perpetuate the memory of her daughter in some artistic form. She asked me to make some sketches for a suitable memorial to be placed in the church at Kimbolton. I designed what I thought to be an appropriate monument representing the twin sisters slumbering arm in arm upon a sarcophagus. By the time the sketch was finished, the Duchess had changed her mind. She was always changing her mind. She preferred to sink her grief in the whirl of social life. Two years later her brother, Ysnaga, died and left her his fortune, which again brought her large social possibilities. But I have not heard that any memorial was ever put up to commemorate her daughter. My own neglected design I sent to the Royal Academy, after having had it cut, in small size, in marble. I am glad to reflect that now it is in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, where it has found a permanent home.

During these same early months in London I also came to know Forbes Robertson—Sir Johnston, as he is now. He was then just coming into his own upon the stage. First, as is well known, he had begun as a painter, with some success as a pupil at the Royal Academy as well as an exhibitor. Presently, however, he discovered that his histrionic talent was greater than his talent for painting. He was making a great success in *Hamlet* and was considered a worthy successor to Sir Henry Irving. His fine and exquisitely cut features, with the square broad forehead crowned by curly hair, like those of some splendid Roman from classical times, were a great lure to artists. They were eager to have him sit for them, and I was no exception. I was so fortunate as to gain his consent, and before my departure from London I had just time enough to finish the model in clay so that I could take it with me to Rome and cast it in bronze.

By now I had accumulated a considerable number of models which were to be finished variously in marble, bronze and silver. I left London for Rome in the late autumn and there remained three or four months, just long enough to finish the different pieces. Know-

ing definitely now that London was to be my future home I packed up these as well as my other belongings—or, to be precise, half of them. During my absence in London thieves, tempted doubtless by the lonely situation of my Roman studio, had obligingly removed the other half. But it is certain these were burglars and not art collectors.

CHAPTER V

"Life . . . like a dome of many coloured glass . . ." (Tennyson.)

THE beginning of 1898 found me once again in London, this time clearly a resident.

My new workshop, although only the upper story of a stable, had its entrance upon the street through the house and distinctly resembled a studio. I moved over, installed myself as comfortably as I was able, disposed my things about and rejoiced in the feeling that I had again a permanent home.

The London of that period, the post-Jubilee London, was at a most interesting phase in its history. It was at the height of prosperity with all the advantages and disadvantages of such a condition. The discovery of gold and diamonds in South Africa had brought enormous wealth to the city, in addition to the riches already there.

People, I have found, like individuals are often adversely affected by too much wealth. England was no exception. It began to show the detrimental influence. Luxuries assumed proportions theretofore unknown. Hotels after the American fashion, such as the Savoy and the Carlton, began to spring up rapidly. Easy-going living was spreading like a rank growth. Business tended to become generally lax for want of incentive. Young men, the sons of affluent fathers, were making it a habit to begin their week-ends on Thursdays and to end them on the following Tuesday.

In the field of art Pre-Raphaelitism was dying out. Rossetti was dead and the influence of Burne-Jones was waning. People

Sancta Cecilia

In the Collection of Edward D. Adams, Esq.

Mother and Child

were losing interest in all the exponents of Pre-Raphaelitism. The era of Sargent was beginning. His art and the art for which the new groups and associations stood, their bold and direct manner, had an effect like the invigorating air on a mountain-top.

My new studio was quite near Pagani's, the famous Italian restaurant in Great Portland Road, just behind Queen's Hall. As all the important concerts took place in Queen's Hall, a table was reserved for the artists who wished to meet there. Here it was that I first met Tosti, the famous song writer—then in his glory. Small and dapper, with his snow-white hair and beard, he achieved fame because Queen Victoria, who was fond of his songs,

often invited him to sing before her and a small circle of her friends. His popularity in England was enormous and he was said to receive extravagant sums for his tunes as well as for the lessons he gave. Some of the members of the Royal Family were among his pupils. Consequently he was greatly sought after. To take lessons from Tosti, it used to be said, one had simply to hand over one's bank-book, and let him help himself. His dress, always in the height of fashion, as well as his manner, certainly gave the impression that he helped himself generously. His self-assurance came at times to border on rudeness, as often in life when we receive more than we are entitled to.

And so it was with Tosti. The ease with which he earned his money tempted him to spend it freely, even extravagantly. He indulged in speculations. With the passing of Queen Victoria his

songs and his lessons lost their vogue. He died, I believe, a poor and forlorn man.

At every luncheon and dinner one was sure to meet a number of interesting people at Pagani's. Sometimes when the artists' table was overcrowded, a number of us would adjourn to the so-called "artists' room" upstairs, the walls and woodwork of which were covered with autographs and drawings by those whose emotions, when mixed with Chianti, had imperious need of expression.

Here it was that I saw Paderewski again, that ever-gallant gentleman. Then and always he was an idol and a grand seigneur. Always he was fond of company, fond of having his friends about him, a spirit eternally young and eternally popular. His society was always an irresistible delight.

Busoni, too, was a frequent visitor at Pagani's—Feruccio Busoni, that giant among musicians, who transposed the whole of the organ works of Bach for the piano. In many respects I consider Busoni one of the greatest pianists of our time. When Liszt died and the music school at Weimar was seeking a new head, it selected Busoni as the successor to Abbé Liszt.

One day, at my studio, Busoni and Paderewski met. Busoni courteously suggested that Paderewski play something for him. Paderewski refused to touch the piano before so renowned a figure among musicians. Whereupon Busoni also refused to play. The result was that with two world-famed musicians present in one room, no note of music could be heard.

Many others were frequent visitors at Pagani's. Ysaye, Caruso, de Pachmann, Kreisler, to mention only a few. Some of them came to my studio nearby and would pose for me for sketches, a number of which I still possess. It was a halcyon time, full of music and gayety, high spirits and lively conversation. On the whole, however, I found musicians, with the exception perhaps of a few of the greatest, somewhat "touchy" and difficult to deal with. Even a man like Ysaye has to be handled tenderly, "with kid gloves." Lesser lights

require even more delicate handling. I have often wondered why this should be so peculiar to musicians. Is it that contact with the public makes one lose one's sense of proportion? If so, I should infinitely prefer an art that separates me from the world by the walls of the studio, and in which my personal appearance is no essential part of my artistic equipment.

. . . . . .

When still in Rome, before I had ever come to London, I had made friends with an English watercolor painter, Edward Robert Hughes. Hughes belonged to the school of Burne-Jones, Rossetti and Walter Crane. And though waning, this school still had a considerable following. All of these men, including Holman Hunt and others, had never received any official recognition from the Royal Academy. It occurred to a number of enterprising people, therefore, that a gallery which would give those painters an opportunity to exhibit regularly would be favored by the public.

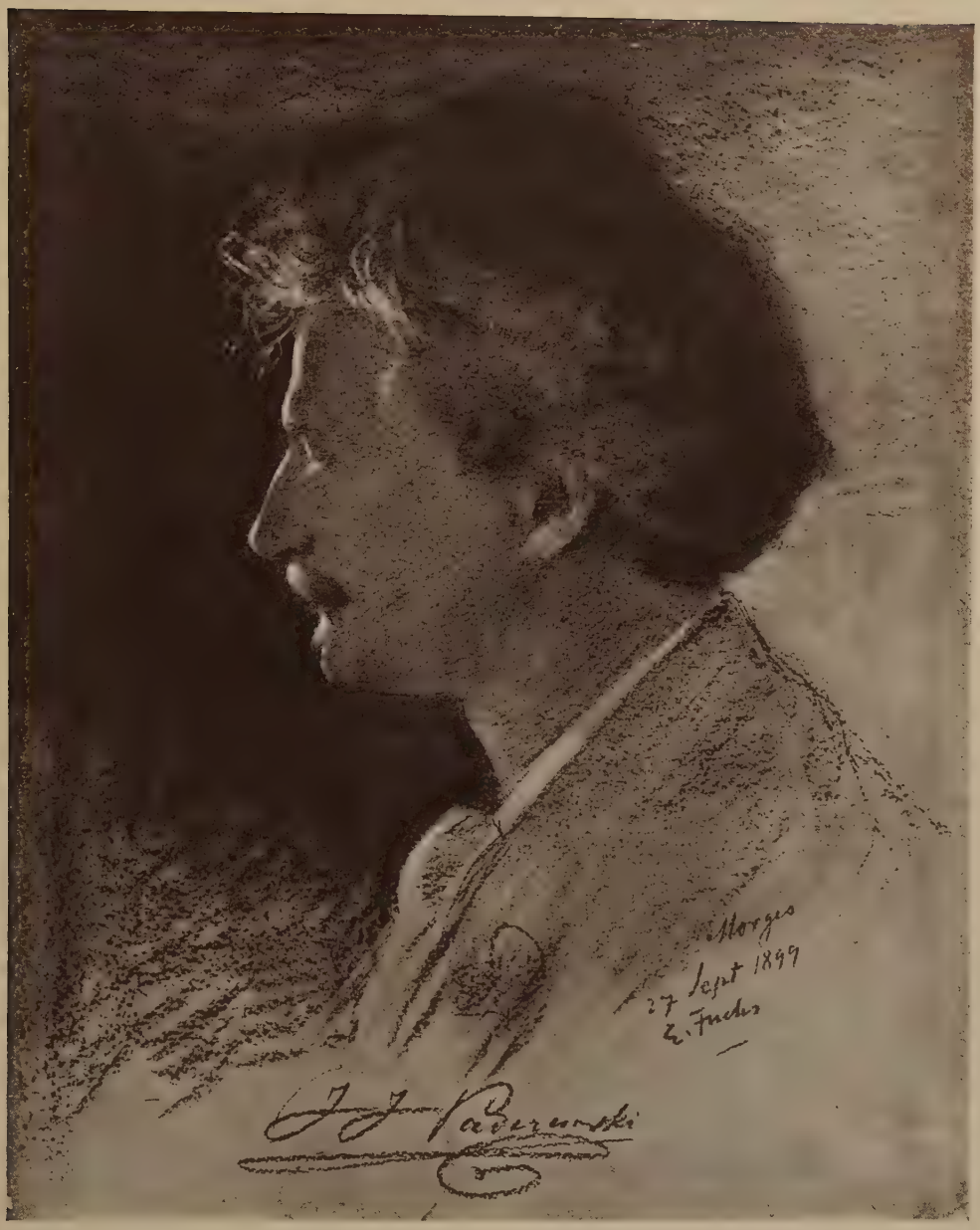
Such a gallery was soon formed. It was called the New Gallery, and for many years was considered an inferior rival to the Academy. It was very conveniently situated in Regent Street, almost in the shadow of the Academy, and the public that came to see the one, frequently visited the other also. Burne-Jones was the attraction of the new institution and drew his own public. This, however, did not prevent other artists, even members of the Royal Academy, from sending their pictures in. I recall one year when Sargent had six pictures at the Academy and four at the New Gallery. J. J. Shannon was a regular exhibitor at both. And so it went.

There was only one drawback. The management of the New Gallery was in the hands of Charles E. Hallé, a painter of a talent that produced mainly soulful portraits with large eyes, small mouths and other features to match. Hallé was not only the manager of the New Gallery but also the jury. So that while he ran after the big fish, the smaller fry ran after him—to be hung. Paintings by himself were

certain of most careful consideration and in consequence he had no dearth of sitters.

Thus, every year the New Gallery was a motley collection of sickly Pre-Raphaelites upon the one hand and vigorous Sargents, Shannons and popular Alma-Tademas upon the other. The public paid its shilling and was amused. Presently, however, the Royal Academy put its house in order and altered its position. It could not go on indefinitely closing its doors to artists who had made great names at the New English Art Club, the International Society or the Chelsea Arts Club. The Academic attitude became more lenient toward newcomers, Pre-Raphaelitism was diminishing anyway, and poor Hallé encountered the melancholy experience of finally seeing his gallery empty, nor could the great blue eyes and the brilliantly gilded frames in the center of the main wall—his own canvases—avail him. Artists ceased to send their pictures there and drifted elsewhere to other societies and exhibitions.

In the meantime, Hughes, I must gratefully record, did much to familiarize me with the artistic life of London during my early days there. Alfred Gilbert was supreme among the sculptors of those days. Hughes took me to Gilbert's studio one Sunday afternoon, and in Gilbert I discovered one of the most original of all the artists I had ever met. His style leaned towards the Gothic, and his execution was perfect. He had recently moved into a house in Maida Vale, crowded with orders that filled two enormous studios. At one and the same time he was making a memorial for the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, which was subsequently placed unfinished at St. George's Chapel; he was also preparing a set of large panels for Lord Rothschild, intended for Tring, the country place. These were never delivered. He had numerous other orders from which he was unable to disentangle himself. He worked more in the spirit of a Cellini than a Michael Angelo. He would lose himself in endless details upon a birthday spoon, which he would finish with exquisite taste, or he would fuss over a decorative chain for a Lord Mayor or an



Paderewski

A Beauty from Australia

Charcoal

Alderman and would put days and weeks into it, to the neglect of bigger work. The Clarence monument he kept on changing perpetually. And in connection with Lord Rothschild's commission it is recounted that when Lord Rothschild came to the studio to inquire reproachfully when his panels would be delivered, Gilbert, with an engaging smile pointing a finger at the door, said,

"My Lord, if my way of working does not please you, then—" and he waved a hand toward the exit.

The great millionaire did indeed go out, but he never came back. Nor did Gilbert's panels ever find their way to their destination.

Thus Alfred Gilbert, a man of genius, one of the first in his line, was literally overwhelmed by his success. Had the Royal Academy, for instance, assigned him a pension, he might have gone on working at the things he loved and thus enriched the world with his sublime art. But nothing of the sort evidently happened, and Gilbert finally resigned from the Academy and permanently left London.

At my first exhibition in the Royal Academy, in the spring of 1898, I was represented by three exhibits. First, there was the big group of *Mother-Love*, upon which I had labored so long and so hard in Rome; then there was the figure of General Lord Wolseley in silver, and finally the bust in marble of Lady Alice Montagu.

Lady Randolph Churchill, who had seen the bust of Lady Alice at the Academy, appeared at my studio one day and introduced herself.

"I saw the bust of Lady Alice," she began quite simply, "and I want to ask you whether you would care to make a similar portrait of me?"

I accepted the commission eagerly, for Lady Randolph was a central figure in the London society of that time. Striking and distinguished in appearance, with black hair and piercing eyes, she had besides a remarkable feminine charm. Her coloring was high and she had dimples in her cheeks when she laughed and one in her

chin. This piercing quality of her eyes, not unlike that of the German Emperor, was enhanced by a peculiar droop of the upper eyelid. Her speech, in English as well as in French, was particularly exquisite and seemed to belong naturally to her personality. Hers was a flashing wit and she was famous for her repartées. Nor was she less gifted in music and letters.

When I first knew her she was at the zenith of an eventful life. A widow in her prime, enormously attractive, she was surrounded by friends and admirers. Her small house in Great Cumberland Place, decorated with rare taste, was distinguished for its parties that were crowded by London society. Though lacking in wealth, invitations from her were more eagerly sought than those from the palaces in Park Lane and Grosvenor Square. That little house was a meeting place for all that was highest in art, science, music, political and social life. The Prince of Wales often dropped in for tea of an afternoon quite informally and so did many other members of the royal family, such as the Duke of Connaught or Prince Francis of Teck.

Her private and domestic life was no less picturesque. Her two chief concerns at this time were the upbringing of her two sons and the quarterly magazine she had just started, *The Anglo-Saxon Review*. Her oldest son, Winston, then in the early twenties, left for South Africa when the Boer war broke out, and the letters he wrote, some of which the proud mother read to me during the sittings, already showed quite clearly that here was the promising son of illustrious parents, who would make his mark in his country's history. Already he was gaining both his livelihood and reputation as a war correspondent, occasionally even branching out into the domain of fiction.

His brother John, upon the other hand, was almost his antithesis. His ambition was to enter the Army. But although Lady Randolph derived an income from some New York real estate on Madison Square, the site of the Manhattan Club, her funds were not sufficient to permit of John's following his bent. He became a stock broker.

When Winston returned from South Africa his mother commis-

sioned me to make a small medal with the profiles of her two boys, one on each side, which she always wore around her neck. It was considered a novel idea and led to a sort of fashion.

This meant that both the boys were obliged to pose for me. And the characteristics of both emerged markedly in the process. John, the younger, posed with all the resignation of a martyr, which though not flattering to the artist, at least gave him a chance to work. Young Winston, on the other hand, was restless, full of ideas and impulses, always in a hurry and eagerly anxious to have the sittings over. He was brimming with enthusiasm, self-confidence and plans. Shortly after the war he stood for Parliament and won his seat triumphantly. His history since then is well known.

Lady Randolph had a pleasant way of bringing many of her friends to the studio. It was so that I came to meet Paul Bourget, the French novelist, Sir Eric Drummond, the diplomat, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, "Lulu" (Lewis) Harcourt, the Sheridans, the Moreton Frewens and many others.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were among the first to come to my studio. The Duke had recently married Consuelo Vanderbilt, and they spent most of their time at Blenheim, their magnificent country seat near Oxford, which a grateful nation had presented to the first Duke. Both the Duke and Duchess appeared to be interested in art, and the Duchess posed to perhaps more artists than any other lady in England. Tall and handsome, with her small head poised upon a slender neck, a retroussé nose and a radiant smile, it was no wonder that artists eagerly sought the opportunity of painting and modeling her, even making the honorarium an afterthought.

Blenheim was being Americanized in honor of the American bride. Baths and steam heat were installed and the rooms redecorated, especially the imposing rooms of state, filled with the heirlooms and treasures of the house.

The heir to the Dukedom, the Marquis of Blandford, was then one year old. The fond parents thought it was time to begin portray-

ing him. The Duke commissioned me to make a life-size statue in bronze of the infant Marquis. It was decided that it should be a portrait in the nude resting upon a cushion. In subjects so youthful it is a question whether bronze is preferable to marble. To my view, the dark color of bronze, even with the lightest possible pattina (coloring produced upon the bronze by means of nitric or other acid), cannot compare with the delicate hue of the marble. The Duke's predilection was for bronze, and the Duchess having left the decision to him, bronze was decided upon and I undertook the commission.

I traveled down with Lady Randolph Churchill upon my first visit to Blenheim and the gathering was limited to a family party. With the Marlboroughs we found only his two sisters, Lady Nora Churchill and Lady Sybil Grenfell. We arrived late in the afternoon and when I was shown to my room in one of the wings of the vast house, I realized that I would get all the exercise I needed by merely walking to and from the living quarters—not without a guide. Considering that the steam heat and bathrooms had not yet been quite accomplished I was very comfortably installed, though one still had to content one's self with a flat tub placed upon a blanket in the center of the room and a bucket of water for the bath. The comfort of the open fire, however, was rich and abundant. A well stocked forest upon the ducal estate supplied ample fuel and huge logs diffused a glow of heat as well as light.

When I reached the drawing room (and perhaps it was the distance that made me late), I found the party already assembled. It is conceivable that unwittingly I may have committed some breach of etiquette. Or perhaps I presented too timid an appearance since at that time I had not yet learned that confidence in one's self suggests the same attitude to others. Possibly I mispronounced some English word in my foreign accent in a grotesque manner or perhaps my unfashionable clothes contrasted too markedly with those of my host. In any case, no sooner had I entered the drawing room than

The Marquess of Blandford
Eldest Son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at the Age of One
From a Lifesize Sculpture

Lady Randolph Churchill as Empress Theodora at the Devonshire House Ball on the Occasion of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee

A Statuette in Bronze

suppressed laughter surrounded me. Every effort of the Duke and Lady Randolph to be serious and to relieve my embarrassment made things only worse.

To my relief dinner was announced, and the party being so small, I was seated next to the Duchess. To ease my embarrassment she let a course pass before addressing me. When however she spoke to me again and began asking technical questions concerning bronze and pattina, her obvious effort to be serious produced shouts of laughter, and the more they laughed, the more fiery red became my face. It was one of those moments when one looks about for a convenient earthquake or a handy avalanche and regrets having ever left the silence of the studio. Since then I have learned to join in the laughter, even if it is against myself. I had other occasions to enjoy the hospitality of Blenheim. No doubt my clothes and my pronunciation had improved. In any case the laughter was not repeated and I was glad that, after all, there had been no earthquake or avalanche when first I craved them.

When the bronze of the Marquis of Blandford was finished I received one of those slips of paper which, although so small, mean so much in our civilization. I trust the Marlborough family were as satisfied with my artistic efforts, as their message was cheering to me.

Several months later upon returning to my studio from abroad, I found a small box with a kindly note from the Duchess, which read:

Dear Mr. Fuchs,

I am so sorry not to have found you as I have just come over from Paris and am only in London for today. I have brought you the little present I told you of and which I have been some time in finding as I wanted something artistic and which I hoped you might like.

Trusting that you will accept this little Tanagra figure as a souvenir from us both of the charming statue you did of our little son, and in remembrance of our thanks,

Yours sincerely,

C. Marlborough.

So exquisite was the little Tanagra figure that I decided to give it eventually a home where it would be safe from the vicissitudes of an artist's existence.

. . . . . .

Lady Randolph Churchill's venture into magazine publication did not turn out as successfully as she and her friends had hoped. Perhaps she laid more stress upon the covers than upon the contents. Each number was bound in a copy of some sumptuous specimen of bookbinding and formed a unique item to collectors of bindings. Only about twelve numbers, I believe, were issued altogether.

Her kindness, however, was continuous. Through her I met various other members of her family including her two sisters—Mrs. Jack Leslie and Mrs. Moreton Frewen. Mrs. Frewen was the mother of Clare Sheridan, since then notable in divers forms of artistic expression, but at that time only a child of about twelve. Already then she differed markedly from other girls of her age.

She showed evidence of her many gifts. Her visits to the studio were always welcome; she never developed the stage of what is called the "flapper." For a young girl, her outlook on life was rather remarkable, and despite her good looks she was never in any sense spoiled. Notwithstanding her many social engagements after having been introduced to society, she still found time for reading, writing and artistic effort. Quite close to the Frewen country place at Brede, in Sussex, was a pottery which G. F. Watts, the painter, had erected near his studio. There Mrs. Watts was wont to model, bake and glaze some unusual decorative panels and specimens in pottery. And in that studio, too, Clare Sheridan was in the habit of spending her spare time and produced some original pieces of pottery. That evidently was the source of her first training in art.

The family of her future husband, Wilfred Sheridan, I met at about the same time and have known as long. The South African

war in 1900 took Wilfred's elder brother. Wilfred himself grew up to be a splendid chap, fortunate enough to marry Clare, but alas, the late war claimed him a victim.

Among Clare Sheridan's relations by marriage whom I came to know were Mrs. William Hall Walker, whose husband's family donated the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool; and "Lulu" Harcourt. Lulu (Lewis) Harcourt was a universal favorite with gods and mortals. Coming from an illustrious family himself, tall and strikingly handsome, he married Miss Burns, a niece of the late J. Pierpont Morgan. He entered politics, and it was a proud day for Sir William Harcourt when he could introduce his son into Parliament. Young Harcourt quickly rose to cabinet rank and became a valued asset to his party.

It was a pleasant experience to contemplate his happiness. He soon converted his country seat, Nuneham, near Oxford, which had come to him in a dilapidated condition, into one of the show places of the region. His herbaceous gardens were a thing that experts came to see and it was considered remarkable that he knew the Latin and botanical name of every plant and shrub in them. To crown his happiness there came a son and heir, and also a Marquisate for the son to inherit. In addition to that, moreover, another Harcourt, a bachelor, possessed of many of the heirlooms of the French family of Harcourt, died and left them to his famous English relation. His cup of happiness seemed complete. Together with his love for art he had the gift of friendship. He often came to my studio and I had the pleasure of painting both him and his wife. At the church at Nuneham is also a memorial which he commissioned me to fashion to the memory of his father, Sir William Harcourt, who sleeps in close proximity to the son who was his pride and joy and who has carried on the work to perpetuate his name and memory. The memorial occupies the space on the main wall in the chapel which Lulu transformed with such exquisite taste from a ramshackle old building into a gem of beauty. It is but a few steps from the manor house and adjoins

the little graveyard with its quaint moss-covered tombstones testifying to days gone by.

. . . . . .

Indeed, those first three or four years of mine in London were exceedingly busy ones. Interesting people were constantly coming to the studio. Aside from the musicians, such as Paderewski, Busoni and Ysaye, of whom I have spoken, there were many others.

Sir Arthur Pinero, the dramatist, who had come to see the bust of Forbes Robertson, posed for his bust too. He was at that time at the height of his fame, and his pieces were playing all over the country, as well as in America. His *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell was starring, *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith* and *The Gay Lord Quex* were considered masterpieces of stagecraft.

Of Portuguese origin, his sharply marked, clean-shaven face and bushy black eyebrows gave him an aquiline appearance. His forehead, as the phrase is, extended all the way to his neck, and altogether made him an easy subject for caricaturists. With all that, he was always faultlessly dressed.

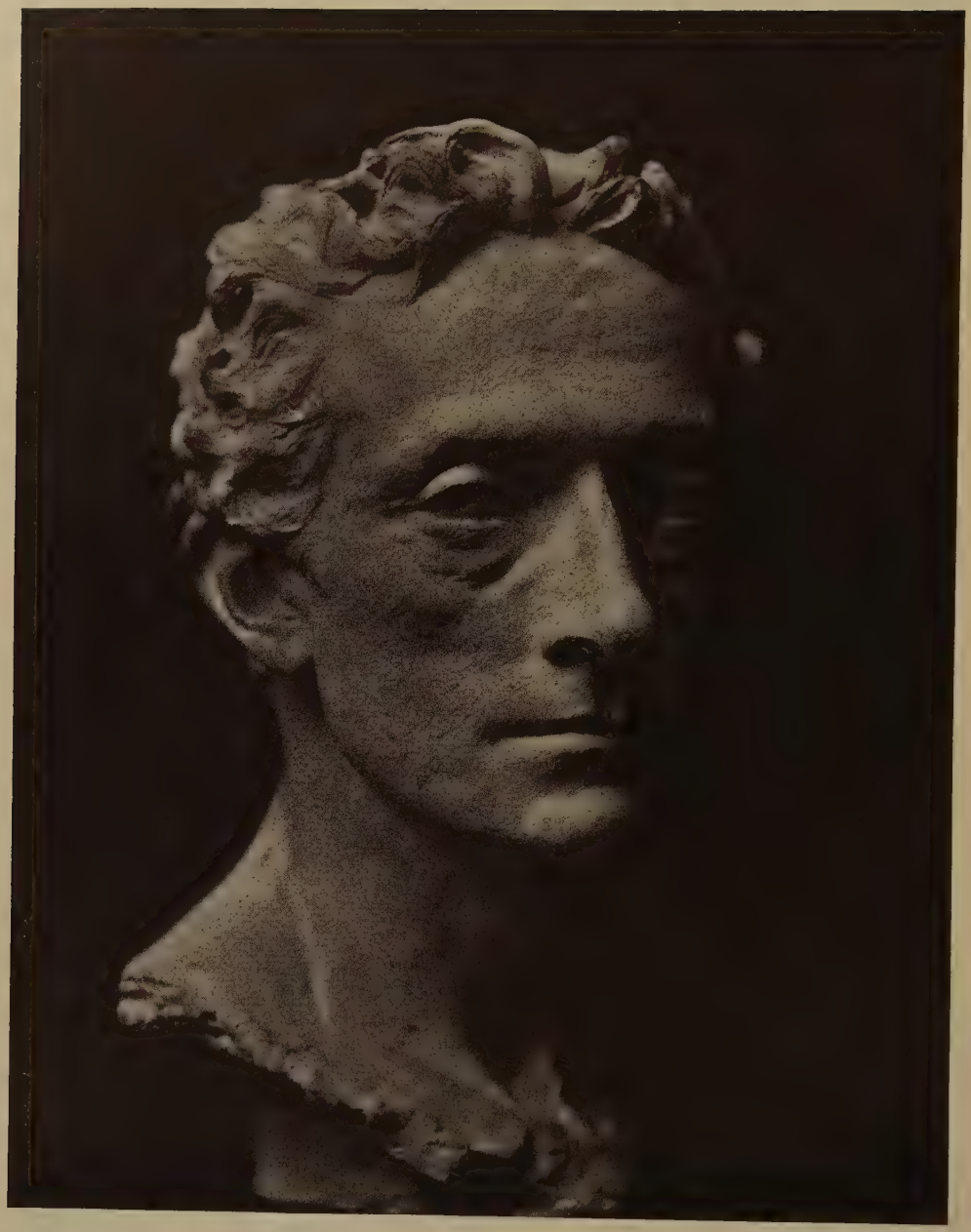
Being at times a guest at his house, I had opportunity to observe his working habits. He was accustomed to take an early dinner when engaged upon a play and to retire to his study until the early morning, with a light meal somewhere in the small hours. Of mornings he slept late and, upon arising, he would take a long walk before his next bout of work. His constant companion upon these walks was a charming girl, his step-daughter, whom he treated as though she were his own. A letter from Lady Pinero at the time when Sir Arthur was much occupied with his writing may be of interest:

Dear Mr. Fuchs,

I wonder whether you and your sister would care about coming and sharing our plain family lunch next Sunday at 1:15 or 1:30 sharp. *No party*—only just ourselves. We cannot entertain or give any functions whilst Sir Arthur is writing and as he is very busy and will be for a short time longer, it's hopeless to try and give any parties.

Pinero

Marble



Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson

Bronze

My husband so enjoys seeing a friend to lunch—therefore if you are both disengaged on Sunday, do walk 'round and eat our simple meal. My husband must rest at three o'clock. I am sure, however, you won't mind this. I don't rest and we can chat on.

Sincerely yours,

MYRA PINERO.

Nov. 24th

He took the labor of posing for his bust as seriously as everything else. Many of the stage stars of that period came to see him at my studio. The two Vanbrugh sisters, of whom Irene was by far the more gifted, often came in. And with Irene came her husband, Dion Boucicault, whose art in producing a play already assured half its success.

Sir Squire Bancroft, the actor-manager, was another friend of Sir Arthur's who sometimes drifted in—if one may speak of so grandiose a figure drifting. With his white hair, his jet-black and highly polished moustache, his black-rimmed monocle, high collar and stock and flat-brimmed silk hat, he presented the last word of dandyism. A lifelong friend of Sir Arthur Pinero's, he would come in to relieve the sitter of the tedium of posing and to take him out for walks.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, manager of His Majesty's Theater, was another personage of the theater I came to know. So ably did Sir Herbert manage his theater that not even his own acting could ruin his productions. Spectacular, and never neglecting the detail and pageantry of his stageries, he was always careful in the selection of his actors—with the exception of himself. His daughter, Miss Viola Tree, must also have presented some problems to him in the casting of her vis-à-vis, since in stature she took after her father.

Another of Sir Arthur's friends whom I came to know was Sir George Alexander, proprietor of St. James' Theater, where so many of the Pinero plays were first produced. The popularity of Sir George closely approached idolatry, and even in his worst failures he could always count upon a solid pit and balcony and a crowd of maidens

anxious to see him emerging from the stage door. I have often wondered about the reasons for this worship. The shape of his face was irregular, having nothing of the symmetry of feature which so often helps to make a stage star. His dress in private life was on the careless side rather than otherwise. Yet, upon the stage, he presented the exact reverse of all these things and was popular for his stage looks as much as for his acting. Unlike Tree, he never seemed to trouble much about the technical intricacies of his performances, he had no school connected with his theater for the cultivation of tragedy and pathos, he needed none of those things; he simply was.

Frank Schuster, brother of the banker, Sir Felix Schuster, was another figure of those days in London. Though a bachelor, he kept a delightful house with an especially built-in music-room in the oldest, most aristocratic part of London, Westminster. Every Friday night he had a dinner for the few privileged friends and music for all the rest who came in afterward. His musical evenings became celebrated. So great a mark of distinction was it to perform at those musicales, that one could be sure of hearing only the best of the talents. It was there I first heard Fauré, organist of the Madeleine, and some of his songs, famous since then, were just beginning to be appreciated in England. I have heard Fauré often since, for I never failed to go to the Madeleine whenever I was in Paris. Schuster's musicales were more sought after than even those of Mrs. Ronalds, another well-known musical hostess, because Schuster, it seemed, could select better audiences and better artists.

But no musical host or hostess in London exceeded the exclusiveness and magnificence of Mrs. Sam Lewis in Grosvenor Square.

Sam Lewis was the most successful money lender of his time—a veritable prince of money lenders. His dealings were confined almost entirely to the aristocracy. Whenever a young man of a great house would find himself temporarily embarrassed by misfortune upon the turf or at cards, he would go to Sam Lewis and make his bargain with him. How well old Sam knew how to conduct his business is proven

by the fact that when he died, he left an estate of about four million pounds sterling—some twenty million dollars. He had his good points, too. If ever a poor artist or musician came to him for a loan of a few hundred pounds, and Lewis could be convinced as to the truth of the story, he usually presented the man with the money.

The Lewis house in Grosvenor Square was a gorgeous mansion. To the right of it was the Spanish, and on the left, the Japanese embassy. Three houses farther on lived Lord Farquhar, the Master of the Royal Household, and next was the town house of the Duke of Portland. The interior was in perfect taste, decorated entirely by Frenchmen. The walls of the rooms were paneled in carved wood in the period of Louis Fifteenth and Sixteenth, some of the panels removed bodily from French palaces. Every piece of furniture was a genuine antique. The table service was of solid silver and Sèvres porcelain. The servants, giants all of them, wore an awe-inspiring black livery. The butler, in the entrance hall receiving a visitor, gave the impression of ushering one in to the Prime Minister.

Lewis had as his hobbies the turf and games of chance. But the one great hobby of Mrs. Lewis was music. She was a short lady, generously corpulent, ambitious, and had a reputation for kindness. Nightly during the season she could be seen at the opera in Covent Garden in her box and there was no mistaking her, because of her size and the magnitude of her jewels. At her own house she had frequent concerts. And as her music director, a Viennese pianist, was a friend of mine, I was sometimes asked to these performances. No rarer treat was imaginable. She had her own particular quartette, all musicians of distinction who had to practice weeks ahead. For the performance she would provide each of them with a priceless Stradivarius, or Guarnerius. And if the program demanded a soloist, she would select either Kreisler or another artist of equal rank.

Sometimes not more than four or five people would be invited to such a performance. The audience, however, consisted largely in herself. In a dark corner in the far end of the room she would sit apart

drinking in the wonderful music. At times, she was perfectly content to invite some great artist to perform for her alone, without any other audience, and pay him, so it was said, possibly a thousand pounds for his appearance. Whether it was the size of the fees or the appreciation they met with, artists were eager to perform before her and to give her the best of themselves.

In these tastes of Mrs. Lewis her husband did not share. His success on the turf was sufficient for him. After his death, at the beginning of this century, when his will was opened, it began with the words:

"I took it from the lord, I leave it to the poor."

He bequeathed one million pounds, no less, to the hospital fund which King Edward, as Prince of Wales, started upon the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee. The balance he left to his widow for life, with a reversion to the same benefaction. All London was dumbfounded. The King sent Lord Farquhar in person to express his sympathy to the widow, and his gratification at the bequest. He desired that every consideration be shown Mrs. Lewis in London thereafter. People of all ranks went out of their way to fulfil the King's desire.

In due course Mrs. Lewis was presented at Court. Upon that occasion an equerry was sent to conduct her into the presence of their majesties. Had she appeared more soberly attired, that presentation might have gone far toward establishing the general good will she craved all her life. But perhaps she was ill advised. In any case, she made her appearance in a somewhat extravagant costume overburdened with jewelry. Thereby she exposed herself to much criticism and even ridicule. Subsequently it was announced that she was about to marry a young officer of the Guards. Her marriage did not tend to expand her former life. Her solitude rather increased than otherwise, and when she died, she was as much alone as in the days when her first husband was still living.

CHAPTER VI

"He raised the mortals to the skies." (Pepys.)

IN the spring of 1899 Paderewski was in London, and with his usual bonhomie, cordially invited me to visit him that summer at Morges, his summer home near Lausanne, in Switzerland. An invitation from Paderewski is something few people could resist. I was no exception.

I arrived at Morges about the middle of September and found my host in his usual high spirits. He had recently married Madame Gorska and an atmosphere of joy pervaded the place. The house itself, as simple and unpretentious as one of the smaller French châteaux, was beautifully situated on the Lake of Geneva and surrounded by gardens perfectly kept. In one of the drawing rooms was a collection of Steinway pianos, which the manufacturers had sent to him after his American tours when he had played upon their instruments. A large staircase winding along the walls left an open space in the center, through which the light streamed from above. The house was staffed with his own Polish servants including a cook who prepared the national dishes, which featured every meal.

There were other visitors, of course, mostly members of the family and among them Hugo Gorlitz, Paderewski's manager. The house not being large enough to hold all the guests, Gorlitz and myself tenanted a little cottage nearby upon the estate, but we all took our meals at the family table.

It was in many ways a memorable visit. Paderewski, with those

about him for whom he cared, was radiantly happy. Indeed, I have never seen anyone more boyishly delightful, and this radiance he had a faculty of conveying to others. In the morning he would appear in white flannels which he wore all day. That, however, was never in the early morning, for in those hours the master was not to be disturbed. At about twelve o'clock he would begin practicing upon his piano, hours which gave me occasion for making my sketches of him. After lunch we would take long walks, or drive until dinner, at a fairly early hour, for the meal was only a prelude to a merry, delightful evening. We would improvise games, or theatricals, and sometimes his son, then still living and gifted in writing, would provide some amusing skit for us to play in. Some evenings there would be cards or dancing with Paderewski playing the tunes.

It would be idle to attempt to describe Paderewski himself in these circumstances. Everyone knows him and knows enough of him to be convinced that he is one of those super-men who would have been great in whatever he might have cared to undertake. People of his sort inevitably improve upon closer acquaintance, because only then one comes to realize the multitude of gifts and human qualities which go to make up a truly great man.

Even then the Paderewski house already contained many of the efforts of those who had tried to perpetuate his features in marble, bronze or paint. Of these the portrait by Alma-Tadema, even, did not seem to me to be successful. And to the best of my knowledge Alma-Tadema had painted only two portraits, one of his doctor and the other of Paderewski, which I saw. Another friend of Paderewski's, a certain Doctor Nossik, who could paint, write and sculpt, did a medallion of the musician during my stay at Morges which I considered good. But for the most part the efforts to portray Paderewski appeared to me ineffectual. And the most recent of them seem the least successful, not to say libelous. Not long ago I saw some busts of him in plaster, and if Michael Angelo's phrase that "clay is life, plaster is death, and marble is the resurrection" be true, then I hope

Paderewski

Marble

Portrait of an Artist

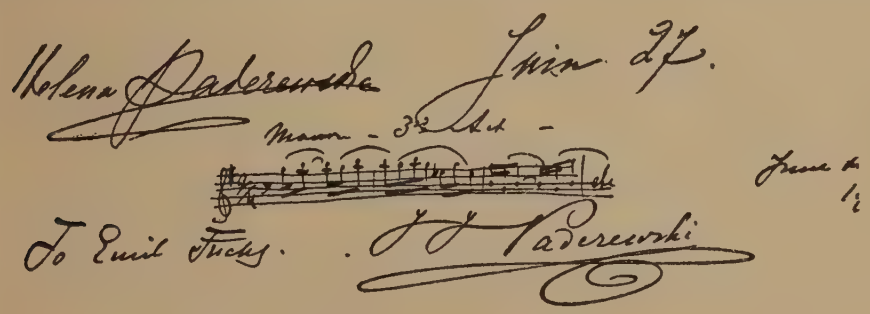
(*George Drinkwater*)

Bronze

that there will be no effort made to change those heads from their present plaster stage.

The reason for my view, if I may state it, is that most of his portrayers seem to depict him too slavishly. Paderewski, the essential man, like his forerunner, Chopin, so far transcends the frame and features which first meet the eye, that too exact a copy of his small chin and broad cheekbones, and such folds and wrinkles as he may have acquired with time, in reality belie the real Paderewski. In a portrait of him, to my mind, there must be mystery because mystery envelops the entire personality of the man and his music. Every feature in his face ought to convey that high sensitiveness which is the chief charm of his art. From the very moment he sits down at his instrument, before he ever touches it, the whole room is drenched in an atmosphere which is almost inexpressible, because it is so mysterious. That is what distinguishes him from all other musicians. There may be and I believe there are better performers, performers more even, more forceful and perhaps even more brilliant, but no one else radiates that inexplicable charm which takes hold of us the moment we come in contact with him.

First of all, it would seem to me, an artist in reproducing the features of Paderewski must stress the great forehead with the two marked



eminences over the eyebrows, said to be the storehouse of music. Then there are the eyes, so captivating with their dreamy look and peculiar for their combination of dark color and light lashes, with the lids so prominent that they give an effect of the impenetrable when

they are really meant to look kind. An emphasis laid upon the sensitive mouth and the small moustache turned in at the corners would, I think, complete the picture of the man who is so remarkable a combination of knowledge, determination, patriotism and sublime poetry. Of all the likenesses of Paderewski that I know, perhaps the one by Burne-Jones comes nearest to the idealization that one would wish to see handed down to posterity.

The visit to Morges had brought me delightful restoration after a busy and preoccupied London season. Previous to that, soon after I had finished the portrait bust of Sir Arthur Ellis' younger daughter, she had become engaged to be married. I naturally sought an opportunity of showing my gratitude for a hospitality always so cordial, and by way of a wedding present, I decided to make for Miss Ellis a small medal with her father's portrait attached to a little chain as a bracelet. At the wedding reception my little gift was displayed, and shortly after, Sir Arthur conceived the idea of having several more medals struck from the dies I had made and to insert them in small gifts, such as ash trays, ink stands, paper knives and cigarette cases. These objects he distributed to members of the Royal Family and the Royal household and friends where it was the habit to exchange Christmas gifts. This small specimen of my work it was that first came to the attention of King Edward, then Prince of Wales.

One afternoon in June, 1899, the Prince, accompanied only by an equerry, came quite unannounced to my studio. My surprise and happiness to see him thus walking in at my door would be difficult to describe. And he began with his usual genial affability:

"Mr. Fuchs, I saw your medal of General Sir Arthur Ellis—in fact, I see it every day on the ash tray he gave me for Christmas. I consider it a happy idea and a good likeness. Do you think you could make a similar one for me?"

"I am almost sure of it, Sir," I answered. "If your Royal Highness could grant me a few sittings——"

"I will, and you can begin now," said the Prince. "If you have your material at hand I will give you half an hour."

It need hardly be said that I had and without delay he mounted the model stand and sank into what I hope was a comfortable chair. I offered him a cigarette, apologizing for its quality, but he took it and smiled. I watched the expression of his face to see whether the smile would change after the first puff.

"How long have you been in England?" he inquired. I told him, and took occasion to add how happy I was in his country and that I owed my presence there to the little incident of the visit of Miss Ellis to my studio in Rome.

"Is my pose right?" he asked. "You must tell me, if it is not."

"I will, Sir," I assured him, "but for the sculptor a motionless pose is not so essential as it is for painting."

Captain Holford, the equerry, had in the meantime seated himself in the far end of the room, maintaining entire silence. Once the Prince was at ease in his pose, he began to address the equerry, who immediately came forward.

"You must remind me, George, to give Mr. Fuchs another sitting before I leave for Marienbad."

Observing that the Prince was no longer smoking, I interrupted my work and ventured to offer him another cigarette.

"Thank you very much," he smiled. "I think I had better smoke one of my own, which are milder."

But I am glad to say that was the only occasion when I was unable to offer my august sitter a smoke not to his taste. Presently he remarked,

"When you get to a point where you feel you can make a pause, please let me know."

The only reply in such a case was to assure him that that point was then and there, and I immediately laid my tool aside. Whereupon he descended from the stand, came over and looked at my work and then began, with his customary urbane smile:

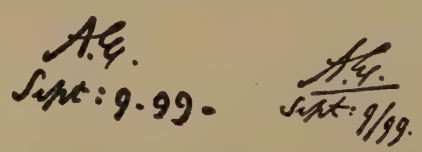
"I should like to ask you a delicate question. But I must tell you first that recently I had some unpleasant experience with an artist" (and he mentioned a name) "who kept on drawing advances without ever completing his work. How much will this medal cost?"

For a moment, I own, I was embarrassed. Finally I said to him:

"Your Royal Highness' visit and graciousness has somewhat bewildered me. If I don't express myself as I should wish, I trust nevertheless that my answer will not be taken amiss. I should have liked to beg of Your Royal Highness that I be permitted to pass over the question of money altogether. All my life it has been embarrassing to me. Your Royal Highness' visit has brought something into my life like sunshine which no amount of money could have procured, and I think this should be more than ample. But since I am asked a direct question I should suggest that"—(I mentioned a certain sum)—"would be paying me royally."

Perhaps my answer still had a foreign note about it. In any case, the Prince laughed heartily and said,

"We shall never again have occasion to discuss this subject."



Then, asking for a sheet of paper, he wrote two autographs with a date (A. E. September 9, '99) and he asked me to choose one for the reverse of the medal. "Do you think you could finish the medal by that time?" he asked.

"It will be my most serious endeavor, Sir," said I.

Then he said, "I am going to Marienbad soon. I shall try to give you another sitting before I leave, but should I not be able to do so and you desire anything, you will write me?"

He offered his hand. The equerry followed his example, and ere I was aware of his intention, had anticipated me to the studio door leading into the corridor and opened it. At the entrance, in a state

Italian News Vendor

Beatrix

closely verging on collapse my old housekeeper was waiting to do her part in gracefully honoring our royal visitor. The sturdy cob drew up with prancing step; both gentlemen quickly entered the brougham; they bowed again; the Prince smiled; instantly the rubber wheels rolled silently over the asphalt and the clang of the horse's hoofs faded into the distance.

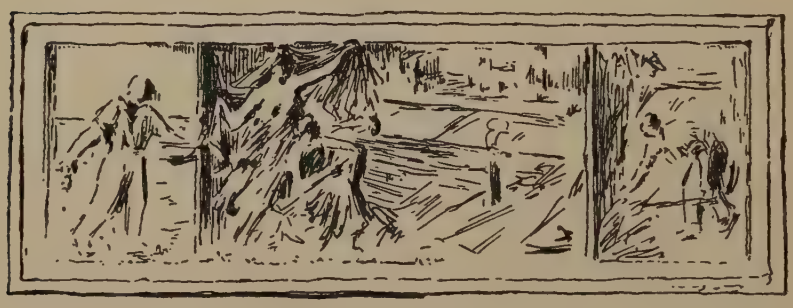
Before leaving for Marienbad, the Prince contrived to give me another sitting and upon that occasion he commissioned me to make a marble bust of Miss Louvima Knollys, daughter of his private secretary, Sir Francis, later, Lord Knollys. The name Louvima is made up from the names of the three daughters of King Edward: Louise, Princess Royal; Princess Victoria; and Queen Maud of Norway. The bust was to be a Christmas gift for Sir Francis and a surprise, which made the arrangement of sitting difficult. Lady Knollys, however, was in the plot and helped by bringing the child whenever she could.

As before, the Prince came accompanied only by a single equerry and both were in civilian dress. Unlike the custom of the German Emperor, the Prince never wore uniform or decorations except upon state occasions. He drove about town in a brougham drawn by a single horse, with no footman on the box. In public his equerry would maintain the etiquette of silence, except when addressed. In private, however, the etiquette between them was not quite so rigid.

After his cure at Marienbad, which lasted three weeks, the Prince returned to England to inaugurate the shooting season. On his way through town he gave me an opportunity of showing him the work I had done in the meantime. The idea of distributing gifts with a small medallion of himself inserted in them pleased him greatly. To use it the following Christmas he had about one hundred more of the medals struck with the reverse in another form. He also spoke of a medallion in marble which he desired me to make in memory of his brother, Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, and subsequently Duke of Saxe-Coburg, which he wished to place in the little church at Sandring-

ham. In all of these things he took keen interest even to the smallest details. As his brother's portrait was to be in the uniform of an admiral, an office he had held prior to ascending the throne of Coburg, the Prince himself explained the particular uniform and decorations he desired.

Sketches for the Panels in the Memorial for H. J. Heinz, Pittsburgh



CHAPTER VII

"Oppress'd with awe and stupid at the wondrous things he saw." (Dryden.)

THE day before Christmas that year, London was enveloped in one of those heavy, yellow fogs which can make that city gloomier than any other upon the face of the earth. My work for the Prince had all been delivered, including the marble bust of Louvima Knollys for the Prince's secretary. It was early in the afternoon, and I began to wonder how I was going to spend Christmas eve, when a messenger came with a note from Marlborough House which read:

The Prince of Wales invites you to Sandringham. His Royal Highness wishes to consult you about the position of the memorial to the Duke of Coburg about to be erected in Sandringham Church. You are asked to travel down by the 2:35 P.M. train from St. Pancras to Wolferton Station. Sir Arthur Ellis is also invited.

Signed: SEYMOUR FORTESCUE.

This was an entirely new experience to me. I was not in the least prepared for it. No time, obviously, was to be lost if I was to make the train. Hastily I unearthed my valise and my housekeeper bustled about filling it with whatever she could lay hands on.

I made the train only by flashing upon the cabman the Royal arms on the letter with one hand and the color of a gold piece with the other. I never knew which it was that impressed him the more. Those were the days before taxicabs and one had to figure with the whims of a cynical worldly wise old beast, who thought little of royal

emblems or gold. Even the whip seemed to leave that aged hackney cold. I just managed to board the train, leaping upon the first carriage that my hand could clutch.

It was one of the luggage vans, filled with the most carefully marked trunks, boxes and portmanteaux I had ever beheld. The sporting guests had their racing colors painted upon their luggage so as to make it easier to identify. And such quaint colors they were too!

I walked through the carriages until I discovered the friendly face of General Sir Arthur Ellis, the equerry, to whom I breathlessly apologized for my appearance. He was already aware of my visit and invited me to make myself comfortable in his compartment, not difficult in that luxurious private carriage which the Midland Railroad provided for the Royal Family. Our first stop was Cambridge. At the second, Ely, the station master called my name, as the Prince wished to know whether I had made the train. At Wolferton, the next station, we were met by the royal carriages which took us to Sandringham House. Before entering the Prince genially introduced the guests to one another. It was a family party with only a few old friends.

The Royal ladies were already assembled in the great living hall, a room perhaps forty by fifty feet with the dining hall and the reception rooms grouped about it. In one corner was a large piano and facing it a settee with a table, upon which tea was awaiting the guests. A log fire was crackling cheerfully in the enormous fireplace close to the tea table, near which were grouped the Princess of Wales, her daughter, Princess Victoria, and Miss Knollys. The Prince courteously presented me to them and to the members of the household and tea was served. The Princess poured it out herself.

Once the presentation was over, with the required formalities of a low bow from the gentlemen and a well managed curtsy on the part of the ladies, it seemed to become everyone's endeavor, particularly the Royal Family's, to make one feel thoroughly at ease. The Princess

King Edward VII

When Prince of Wales

Queen Alexandra
When Princess of Wales

and her daughter made conversation in which the Prince and the gentlemen joined. As for my part, I kept silent and as much as possible in the background. The Prince, upon observing this, at once invited me to draw nearer and to join them, the Princess and her daughter graciously engaging me in conversation, and the pleasant atmosphere and warmth after the long, cold drive began to penetrate me and I experienced a delightful feeling of comfort.

No sooner was tea over, than the Prince invited all the guests to the weighing machine at the other end of the room, attended by a servant, to ascertain the weights of all the arrivals. This is an old custom maintained in the house since the illustrious hosts first inhabited it. The machine was equipped with a comfortable armchair and, as the servant announced the weight of each one, a book was handed to the guest in which he inscribed his name, address, the date of arrival and, should he care to do so, some "remark" in a space specially provided. This book is a collection of perhaps the most celebrated names that any human being could assemble, with the odd addition of their weights. It was amusing to see to what extent this displayed the little weaknesses even of the great. Under the rubric "remarks" one could read apologetic notes like this: "Very heavy walking suit," or, "Soaking wet—coming in from the rain," or, "Just after dinner." Others would write down a few lines of verse, or scrawl a funny drawing. Some of these contributions were surprisingly clever and amusing.

Then an equerry came to the newcomer to show him the wing of the house where he could lounge or write, read or smoke without disturbing the hosts in their living quarters. This room is an enormous library adjoining the big hall and filled with books to the ceiling in shelves of light oak. The furniture was upholstered in red leather. No more delightful lounging room could be devised.

Once the ladies had retired to dress for dinner, the Prince joined his guests for a short while in the library. Adjoining the library was the billiard room with an immense and notable screen upon which

appeared the heads of the foremost in every profession of the realm. The walls were covered with sporting prints. The house was a mass of flowers, and the rooms were crowded with interesting furniture, bric-à-brac, and objects assembled from all over the globe, such as hunting trophies, huge elephant tusks from India and Africa, priceless gifts from Maharajahs, Kaisers, Kings, Sultans, Chieftains and lesser mortals. Each object had its inscription, date and some explanatory remark. It would take too long to attempt to describe these even superficially. The house was in reality a museum.

Upon a word from the Prince perhaps that it was time to dress for dinner, the equerry-in-waiting or the master of the household or perhaps one of the Gentlemen Butlers showed the guests to their quarters. The room assigned to me was in the bachelor quarter, which one could reach through long corridors in a wing newly added. It was simple but comfortable, and when I entered it I found a valet busily engaged over my open portmanteau distributing the contents.

"Pardon, Sir, my saying so," observed the man, "but your valet must have forgotten——" and he enumerated a number of objects he had failed to find. An embarrassment fell upon me and the closer to the bottom of the portmanteau we came, the more that embarrassment grew. There were no white ties, no white waistcoats and the shirts were innocent of cuff links. The haste, moreover, with which the clothes had been thrown into the bag neither added to the smartness of my appearance nor reflected credit on the precision of my household. I decided to make a clean breast of it all and to throw myself upon the mercy of the man. I told him that I was neither Knight nor Noble, but simply an artist without a valet, with only an old housekeeper who knew nothing of packing for such a party, and that I must commend myself to his consideration. He departed and, after evidently holding council with the proper authorities, returned, completely self-possessed and informed me that everything would be provided, by order of the Gentleman Butler. And, truly, in a short time all the things arrived and all my lacks were made good.

Queen Alexandra

When Princess of Wales

Evening at Somerley

Doubtless, that valet had reported my plight to his superior, telling it in confidence to perhaps one other friend. That friend had probably whispered it to someone else. In any case, my story must have penetrated to the highest quarters. For the next day when we were all walking to church, the Prince noted that I was wearing patent leather boots and remarked, laughing,

"I hope, Mr. Fuchs, you won't catch cold in those thin boots."

"Pardon, Sir," I answered, trying to smile too, "but I was under the impression that at Sandringham eternal sunshine reigned."

With a light tap at the door a servant announced the dinner hour that first evening, and mentioned the particular foreign orders that were to be worn. Different decorations were worn upon different occasions, depending upon whom the Prince desired to honor thus. So that upon one occasion the command would go forth, "Danish orders will be worn tonight," or, upon another, "Greek orders will be worn." As to those, however, it was a relief to know that they could not have been omitted from the contents of my bag.

If I describe the life of the Royal household at Sandringham in some detail, I do it because it calls to my memory some very delightful times and a spacious, happy period in English history which has meant much in my personal life-span.

The dinner hour was changed every night. It depended upon the program of the day. Generally the hour was eight o'clock or a quarter past, but sometimes as late as half past.

The etiquette of the house demanded that the guests assemble five minutes before the appointed time in the drawing room adjoining the hall, where the ladies and gentlemen of the household were already waiting. That first evening there was General Sir Dighton Probyn, a veteran of the Crimean War, with his picturesque, long, white beard. He was the comptroller of the Prince's household. Captain Fortescue was the equerry on duty, and then there were Sir Francis Knollys with Lady Knollys and daughter, Louvima; his sister, Miss Knollys, Lady in Waiting to the Princess of Wales; Sir Arthur

Ellis, Sir Edward Hamilton, Sir Edgar Wallace, a special correspondent of the *Times* who accompanied the Prince on his journeys and wrote the official reports; Lord Marcus Beresford, keeper of the Prince's stables, and perhaps one or two other personal friends.

SANDRINGHAM.

Dinner du 24 Decembre

Premier Service

Potages

Croutes au pot

Crème de Riz a' la Reine

Poissons

Turbot sauce Homard

Filets de Merlans frits et Poly

Entrées

Escalopes de Poulet a' la Diplomate

Releves

Aloyau a' L'Anglaise

Second Service

Rots

Becasses rotis sur Canapes

Faisans rotis a' la Casserole

Salade de Laitues

Entremets

Celeris au Jus Sce Madere

Pommes a' la Luca

Chester Cakes

Glaces

Glace a' la Vanille

The household engaged the guests in conversation and presently the equerry-in-waiting addressed each one and showed upon the chart the place he or she was to occupy at the table. In case a lady was to be escorted to the dining room by royalty she was notified at that time; and in the same manner a man singled out for such an honor was similarly apprized. The rattle of the doorknobs gave the sign

that the Royal hosts were approaching and all conversation immediately ceased. The doors were thrown open wide and the family entered in procession. First came the Prince and Princess of Wales; then the Duke and Duchess of York, who lived in York Cottage upon the estate; Princess Victoria, the unmarried daughter; Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, the former a nephew of the Princess of Wales, who had married Princess Maud; and the Duke and Duchess of Fyfe, son-in-law of the royal host and husband of the Princess Royal, with his Duchess.

The guests formed a semicircle and the hosts went from one to another, saying a few words to each, until another pair of doors was thrown open and the equerry-in-waiting announced to the Prince that dinner was served. The procession formed quickly according to the plan of the table and walked into the dining room.

That room at Sandringham is large enough to seat fifty people if necessary. It is finished in light oak with panels of tapestries in reds and blues against a light background. The sideboards were then loaded with silver ornaments, mostly cups and other sporting trophies, some of them of enormous size, and all with their appropriate inscriptions.

These were changed every day. So was the centerpiece upon the table and the whole flower arrangement, in itself a work of art and beauty. The table with its profusion of silver, flowers and candlelight was a picture difficult to describe.

Once the guests were seated the courses followed each other in a quick succession. The servants, gorgeous in their scarlet liveries braided with gold, were almost as numerous as the guests. Noiselessly, they glided about quietly directed by their superiors. The Prince was always attended by his own butler—who served him even when he dined out. The menu was elaborate and so selected that it must satisfy any taste. As may be noted from the menu reproduced there were two services, two distinctly different dinners, the courses of each being offered to the guests. A variety of ices was

served and with each course a different wine. No guest was expected to eat at a more leisurely pace than the Royal Family. As a matter of fact, notwithstanding the elaborate bill of fare, dinner never lasted more than an hour. If a guest talked too much, he found his plates changed before he had had time to taste of the dishes.

The conversation was free and animated, the household always assisting it to an uninterrupted close. The sonorous voice of the Prince carried over the entire table and dominated. When the Prince rose, all rose and two gentlemen of the household leaped to the doors and stood upon either side while the guests proceeded to one of the drawing rooms.

There the tone was easy and unconstrained. Personal friends of the family were as free here as they might be in their own homes. Royalty, like everyone else, is fond of laughter and a good joke, and knowing this, some of the guests provided themselves with funny stories. After all, laughter is the best medium by which to dispel the embarrassment inevitable when we consider the disparity in rank among those present. That particular evening Lord Marcus Beresford was so amusing that the entire party was roaring with laughter, so that the Princess was obliged from time to time to ask him to curb his pace and give the company a breathing spell. Lord Marcus had a sharp eye for the little weaknesses of others and he was able to bring them forward in a salient and amusing light. Nor did he always confine himself to the absent. Often some of those present had to listen to stories and jokes upon themselves. And if they showed any embarrassment, that only increased the general hilarity. Sometimes guests known to be musicians were asked to play or to sing while coffee was being served before bridge playing began. Soon after half past ten the ladies retired upstairs, the men adjourning to the billiard room. There the Prince engaged in conversation with some, the while others played. So far as I and my work were concerned, I found during that and other visits that no matter how preoccupied the Prince might be, he always found time to send for me and to dis-

King George V

When Duke of York

Queen Mary

When Duchess of York

cuss what he wished me to do. He arranged to be at the church at certain hours, to go over the plans on the spot and to give the matter of the memorial his undivided attention.

Often I had occasion to marvel at his extraordinary memory. A quite casual suggestion he would remember long afterward and refer to it accurately. One day while I was making a bust of his brother for the Duchess of Coburg he chanced to see it at my studio just before he left for his annual cure at Marienbad, and he made a trifling criticism concerning the coat upon the figure, which he asked me to transmit to the Duchess. At a later visit, long afterward, he asked to see the bust and the effect which his suggestion had produced.

It seemed to be customary at Sandringham for the Royal ladies to bring their pet dogs down to dinner. Both the Princess of Wales and the Princess Victoria habitually brought down their favorites, King Charles spaniels. However, the Prince's bulldog was compelled to wait until his master came to the billiard room later in the evening. That dog was devoted to his master and his master to him. Excepting at the dinner hour they were inseparable. And when the dog died, it took some time before the Prince could console himself with another pet.

As the evening wore on the Prince finally rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I bid you goodnight." Whereupon an equerry advanced to escort the Prince out of the room. The guests followed. In the hall a servant handed a lighted candle to each one, the Prince shook hands and soon the house was wrapped in silence.

Situated in Norfolk about a mile from the sea, Sandringham is said to receive the air direct and unimpeded from the shores of Denmark. The Prince bought the house shortly after his marriage to Princess Alexandra of Denmark in 1861. Originally it was quite small, but as the family increased one addition after another was made until, in 1871, it was replaced by the building as it is today, a handsome edifice of brick and stone in the Tudor style. Later, as the children married, cottages for them were erected on the estate; Apple-

ton House for Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark (now King Haakon and Queen of Norway) and York Cottage for the Duke and Duchess of York, the present King and Queen. Both of those houses are simple and unpretentious. The grounds, some seven thousand acres, are planted with pine and well stocked with birds for the shooting season. About the house are gardens carefully laid out, in long alleys with sculptures in bronze and marble, large vases, European and Oriental, some in Japanese cloisonné, all of which add much to the decorative effect of the park. Not far from the house are the orchards, the vegetable and flower gardens. There are beds calculated to produce certain effects of color at certain times of the year according to the taste of different members of the family. There are pergolas overgrown with roses and sundials of boxwood with the numerals in flowers of varied colors.

Some of the Prince's friends, upon one occasion, knowing the pleasure he took in his garden, commissioned Alma-Tadema to design a large marble bench, such as we often see in his pictures, and to supervise the laying out of the surrounding landscape. That remains a striking and effective decoration. Numerous trees have been planted about the house by the Royal family and their relations to commemorate a variety of events, such as births, marriages or foreign visits—as the inscriptions indicate. Some of the trees, when I saw them, were already grown to full size, while others were still hardly more than saplings. In addition to all this there are almost miles of hothouses of teakwood, which the Prince preferred to steel, and to which he called attention with pride—all richly stocked with flowers, fruits and ferns.

Quite close to the palace is the little stone church with its rectory, adjoining a picturesque old graveyard filled with ancient moss-covered memorials. Not far away in a secluded corner is a small burial ground for the royal animal pets with small carved stones perpetuating their memories. The little House of God shows all the affectionate care which the members of the Royal family rival one another in

lavishing upon it. Next to the seat of the Princess in the royal pew is the Saint George statuette in silver dedicated to her departed eldest son, the Duke of Clarence. That little monument is an exquisite gem from the master hand of Alfred Gilbert. Every window in the church is a memorial in stained glass, rich in colors and delicate in design, contrasting markedly with the plainness and simplicity of the interior. A small organ, new, but with the richly carved old case, completed Sandringham's place of worship.

The next day was Christmas.

At the hour prearranged with the valet, he appeared with a tray of coffee or tea. He brought with him the clothes which he had taken the night before, carefully pressed and folded, and laid out what was needed. From nine until ten breakfast was served in the dining room. For this meal the Princesses never appeared. But all the gentlemen came down and, as in other English country houses, whoever arrived was served as soon as he sat down. Generally a member of the household was present to do the honors at the table. Both sideboards were loaded with silver platters warmed by spirit lamps, and under the covers, were the many items which constitute the English breakfast—fish, eggs, fowl, bacon, porridge, sausages—a vast variety. Upon the other sideboard were spread out the cold dishes, chiefly different kinds of meat, to which one helped oneself. A servant poured the tea and coffee and changed the plates until the fruits were served. No sooner was one place vacated than it was made ready for the next comer. These elaborate meals are probably a heritage of the days when the men were wont to go forth early to hunt or to shoot without pausing for lunch.

After breakfast the entire party went to church. Everyone walked the short distance. The Princes sat in their pews, which flanked the aisle near the altar, the visitors, the household and the villagers taking the others. The service was brief. Unless the pulpit was occupied by visiting clergymen or some noted divine, the Prince always cut short

the time of the sermon to about fifteen minutes. After church the party walked in the grounds, the Prince noting and commenting upon the many changes and alterations always going on. He took the opportunity of looking them over with his clerk of the works and to explain them to his entourage and guests. Here he lived simply the life of a country squire and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

When we returned to the house everyone spent the time in his own way—writing, reading or conversing. The Prince attended to his correspondence with his secretary, until luncheon which was at two o'clock. There being no shooting on this day, the gentlemen were present at the midday meal. The Duke and Duchess of York and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark also came in. The table arrangements were as impressive as the night before.

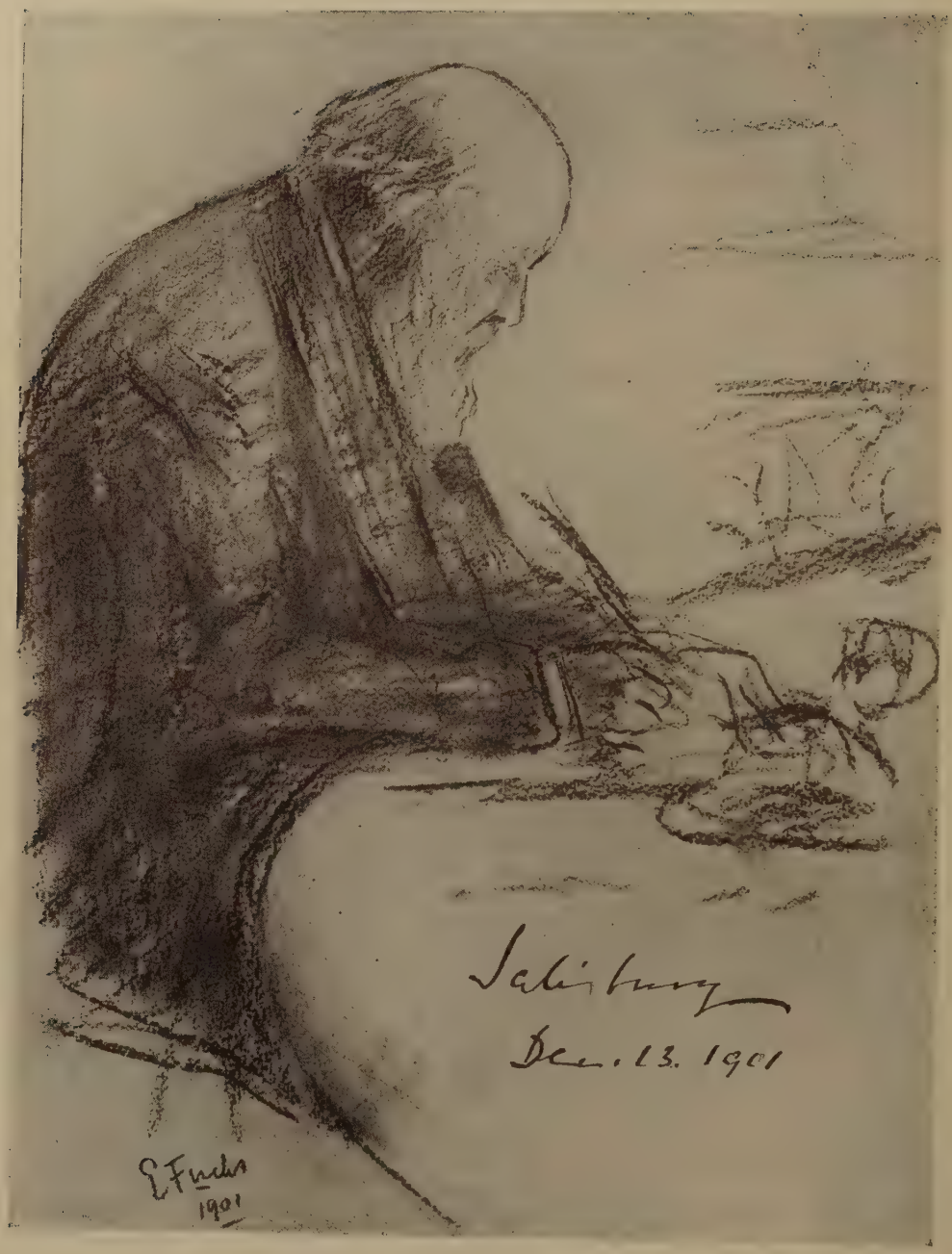
After lunch we were shown over the estate—all except the Princess, who was arranging the Christmas trees. Through the gardens and hothouses we went, then to the dairy, with its pedigreed Jersey live stock; but the chief attraction was the stables. As a special privilege we were allowed to see Persimmon, the famous horse that had won the Derby in 1896 and so many other races before and afterward.

Persimmon was cared for in truly royal fashion. He had a separate stable to himself, all lined and padded with leather. He had a particular stable boy to serve him whom he preferred to all others, and a little friend, a pony, which was always with him. He was a temperamental animal, Persimmon. To make certain that he would enjoy his food, everything was done to keep him in good spirits, and the pony added for his well-being. The Prince took a great pride in showing him off and in explaining all the details of his existence. He had the horse brought out, patted him affectionately, and showed us his racing record, engraved upon a shining bronze tablet outside his stall. It was a long list of equine achievements. Lord Marcus Beresford also came in for his share of recognition—which he truly deserved, considering the difficulty of the task of breeding racehorses.

Persimmon, however, seemed to care little for our admiration.

A Bridge Party at Sandringham

With the Princess of Wales, Georgiana Lady Dudley, the Earl of Cadogan, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Duke of Devonshire



The late Marquess of Salisbury
Prime Minister of England

He was carefully wrapped up in blankets and his legs were neatly bandaged. He became restless and, as there is always danger of a cold or a slip, it was deemed best to restore him to his quarters and to the company of his little friend, the pony. The visit to Persimmon was the culmination of our tour of inspection. Besides, dusk began to fall and, as dinner was to be earlier than usual in view of the Christmas presents to be distributed afterward, we took the path that brought us back to the house most quickly.

The dinner was, if anything, even more elaborate than the night before. Besides the Princes from the cottages, the rector, Canon Hervey, and his wife and daughter were invited. But in saying that the dinner was more elaborate, one must remember that this was not a household where the mistress put herself out to entertain distinguished guests. Here the hosts were the most distinguished of all present. And this fact seemed to guide the spirit of the household at all times. The silent question always seemed to be: "How can we best please our Royal Masters?" The devotion of everyone to the Prince and Princess was almost legendary. And the lead in that devotion was taken by the Princess herself. Her solicitude for the well-being and happiness of her consort was an outstanding fact. She seemed to subordinate not only her desires, her pleasures, her views, but her whole personality to that of the Prince. That atmosphere enveloped the entire life of the household—an atmosphere of felicity, of peace and cheer.

After the early dinner we all went into the big ballroom where the trees had been set up. This room was one of the latest additions to the house. The trees were arranged upon three tables under the vaulted ceiling and illumined by seemingly thousands of candles. One of the tables was for the grown-up members of the family, another for the children and a third for the household and the guests. Upon the tables were trees for each individual present; the largest was for the Prince of Wales and reached well to the ceiling. The others were in graduated sizes like the pipes of an organ, but still of imposing

height. Then came the row for the household, smaller trees these, and upon a long table lay sorted the gifts for the children, each lot grouped under an individual tree, which was marked with the name of the recipient.

No sooner did we enter the ballroom, than everyone rushed forward, anxious to find his place. A wealth of presents lay stacked for each one. There were not only such costly things as jewellery, but all manner of lesser objects, decorative, useful or educative and ingenious. Next to a magnificent piece of Limoges porcelain from some crowned head would be a small bit of embroidery from some humble subject, or possibly a little poem or a drawing which a schoolgirl had ventured to offer. And these small objects brought as much pleasure and happiness as the far costlier gifts from the great. Everyone was remembered with lavish generosity. Everyone received something that bore a personal touch about it. Months before it was a matter of serious reflection and devising as to what to give in order to cause the most agreeable surprise.

It need hardly be said that even under festive circumstances such as these, etiquette still surrounded the household. Inevitably, and regardless of all the goodwill of the hosts, guests and entourage would naturally still hang somewhat in the background. As the doors were opened the children, of course, were the first to rush forward toward that fairy Queen, and for the most of them their grandmother, Alexandra, Princess of Wales. The present Prince of Wales was at that time a child of perhaps five. His brothers and sisters were younger still. Little Louvima Knollys was then about ten. And there were a number of other children. It was enchanting to see all those youngsters as they surrounded the Princess standing at her table. Leaping joyously from one present to another, they shouted, exclaimed, compared gifts with one another and each kept pulling his grandmother or grandfather to his or her tree to show them how generously they had been treated.

"How could Santa Claus have guessed that I wanted a Persimmon

upon which to rock?" would cry a boy—possibly the present Prince of Wales. And a little girl would exclaim, "And look at mine! How did he know that I wanted a doll called Alexandra, whom I could carry about?"

Grown-ups received their gifts with less ostentation, perhaps, but with no smaller delight and pleasure. And even I, stranger though I

King Edward VII. Bookplate at Sandringham Library

was, found myself regally remembered. Beneath my tree lay several pieces of handsome jewellery, a blue Danish porcelain tea set upon a copper tray with a card from the hand of Princess Alexandra, and a silver ash tray especially engraved for the occasion and set with the medal I had made for the Prince—my first commission for him.

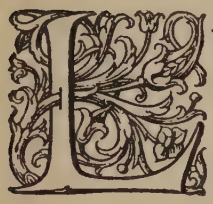
The next day there was festivity for the servants. The distribution of gifts to them was a ceremony that I did not witness. But there was a dance for them in the ballroom and every servant had the privilege of asking for the honor of dancing with some member of the Royal family. There was nothing of the atmosphere of the Admirable Crichton discernible in this ceremony. The servants were all over-

awed by the honor and there was a great display of shyness and embarrassment, much to the amusement of those present.

The day after, when my visit came to an end, the Prince sent for me shortly before the hour of departure in order to go over some of the details of the monument I was making. The Princess also gave me an opportunity of expressing my thanks and gratitude for a hospitality which had been royal indeed. When I bowed adieu to Princess Victoria she graciously handed me her album and asked me to leave a little sketch, which I can only hope was worthy of its environment.

CHAPTER VIII

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them."
(Shakespeare.)



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S habit of wearing about her neck my little medal with the portraits of her two sons created a sort of fashion which led to similar commissions on the part of many other people. One of these, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, desired me to make such a medal for her. Her husband was the youngest of the three brothers who headed the great banking house of that name in England. Mrs. Rothschild was not a Rothschild by birth, but a Perugia, a prominent family in Trieste. The Rothschilds were already beginning to frown upon a too close consanguinity, and Leopold's was one of the first marriages outside the family.

Noted for her simplicity and unpretentiousness, this Mrs. Rothschild was exceedingly popular. She disliked the atmosphere of glitter peculiar to many of the rich and inhabited a cottage at Ascot that was a model of homeliness. Much of the popularity of the Rothschilds in London was of this Mrs. Rothschild's making. For the eldest of the Rothschild brothers, Lord Rothschild, was noted for a curtness of manner that bordered upon rudeness. Of him, too, the story is told that when a certain distinguished stranger came to see him at his office, he invited him to take a seat and went on with his work. The stranger after waiting patiently for some time, arose and said, "Perhaps you did not understand, but my name is so-and-so."

"Very well, take two seats," was the answer.

Alfred, the second of the brothers, remained a bachelor all his life

and collected works of art at a time when they were still easily obtainable. Of the brothers, he was perhaps the best liked, and he had the odd hobby of keeping a private band for his own entertainment, lending it generously for charitable purposes. Leopold, the youngest, was the sporting member of the family who maintained the Rothschild colors upon the turf.

Of his two younger boys, it was, that I was commissioned to make the medal. One of them, whether Anthony or Evelyn I do not remember, has since fallen in the war, in Mesopotamia, side by side with his cousin, Neil Primrose, second son of Lord Rosebery.

Through these London Rothschilds I became acquainted with the Paris branch, where also three brothers reigned. The head of the French house was the Baron Alphonse. I was commissioned to make a portrait medallion of his only daughter, Madame Maurice Ephrussy —with her youthful face and snow-white hair, a woman of striking appearance. This portrait had to be done in France, and accordingly, in the summer of 1900, I went back and forth across the channel.

The country seat of these Rothschilds, Ferrières-sur-Marne, which they occupied the greater part of the year, was about an hour's distance from Paris. During the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, it had served as the headquarters of the old Emperor William and his staff, including Moltke and Bismarck. The family still preserves and shows to guests the visitors' book which all these personages signed before leaving the château. This record impressed me less, however, than three things which have remained vividly in my memory in connection with the house.

First, there was the famous painting by Raphael, known as *The Violinist*. This picture, formerly owned by Prince Sciarra, was by him smuggled out of Italy in spite of the strict laws which preclude the exportation of great works of art. And the reason the picture has lingered in my memory is because then and there my feeling was confirmed that Raphael's fame far exceeds his merit in comparison with his contemporary Michael Angelo.

The second object I recall was a room hung with paintings on leather, which, although very vivid, were attributed to Rembrandt—but in any case, extraordinary and unusual. The third, oddly enough, was the kitchen. That kitchen at Ferrières was a separate building, some distance from the main house. The dishes were conveyed to the house by means of a subterranean railway, with trains of heated cars to keep them warm.

The old Baron Alphonse was possessed of one eye only. He had lost the other at a shooting party where a friend of his had made the unfortunate shot. As the specialist was operating in order to save the other eye, so the story goes, the Baron was heard to moan:

"My God, what must my friend suffer!"

Possibly the story is true. But so far as I knew the French, the English and the Austrian Rothschilds, they seemed rather concerned with themselves than with others. Their point of view toward life was blasé rather than otherwise. Their lot was too easy and comfortable at birth and gave them too little to look forward to and thus bring out deep sympathy for others. The practice of close intermarriage between relations, often as near as first cousins, was also a detriment to the family. Its original purpose was to keep the fortune intact in the family. It proved harmful, however, and the practice has been since then largely abandoned.

During one of my stays at Ferrières that summer, Count Witte, then Minister of Finance under the late Czar Nicholas II, was arriving for a brief visit. That was an occasion for a display of wealth, such as even among the Rothschilds was not often indulged in. The Count was met at the station by the family with a carriage *à la Daumont*, drawn by six horses, two of which were mounted by riders. Like visiting royalty, he was shown over the estate, which was in every respect a model.

Witte himself was of an imposing, if somewhat extraordinary, appearance. Though over six feet in height and large in proportion, he struck one by the unusual narrowness and length of his head. As to

feature and beard he was the typical Slav. He spoke French fluently, and his demeanor was that of a person always conscious of his exalted position. Though my place at the table was such that I could not overhear any of his conversation, I could not help observing an air of serene dignity about him, a trait I had noticed elsewhere, in Rome as well as in London, as peculiar to all Russian statesmen and diplomats. They seemed to assume it in order to show the world what a powerful master they were serving.

The Baroness that evening was dressed in black silk and priceless lace and wore her black pearls which were famous. They were, in a manner, her Order of the Garter, worn only upon great and exceptional occasions. All the Rothschilds were present—Baron Edouard, Gustave and their families. A state dinner at Windsor could not have been more formal. Witte took in the Baroness, and she smiled as much as she was able. This was one of the rare occasions when I saw her without her habitual expression of dissatisfaction that seemed almost a perpetual weariness. Such an expression appeared ineradicable in those people owing to a satiety of all worldly things.

There were forty-eight covers and the table offered the best that any kitchen or cellar could produce. At a certain point in the dinner, when the host was about to rise and propose the health of the guest of honor, the head butler poured out for everyone a glass of Bordeaux of their own vintage. This, evidently, was such a rarity that the servant showed the label to each and every guest.

The attitude of the old Baron was very amusing. He was a sufferer from gout, for the relief of which a certain diet had been prescribed. In order to maintain his treatment scrupulously he was under the surveillance of a young physician, who would warn him when he was about to transgress the limitations of his regimen. When the priceless wine was served, however, the Baron lost patience with his young doctor. He threw him a defiant look and "told him a thing or two" which evidently proved effective, for the doctor looked down at his plate and the Baron held out his glass to the dispensing butler.

Ashley Memorial at Ramsey Cathedral

"Once didst thou shine a morning star amongst the living. Now, no more, thou shinest an evening star among the dead."

Prince Christian Victor Memorial

Erected at the Royal Chapel in Windsor

Executed for Queen Victoria

The old gentleman sipped his luscious liquor with such delight that I almost regretted my own palate was nothing more than a passageway to receive some of the necessities of our existence. I noticed that while he imbibed his nectar slowly as if to prolong the agreeable sensation, others emptied their glasses in a few hasty swallows or in one large gulp—much as we partake of the cup of life. Some greedy ones there are and short-sighted too, who dispose of the full contents rashly, indifferent as to the effects and natural consequences—first satiety, perhaps indigestion, surely starvation when there is no more forthcoming. But the wise one will drink with deliberation, premeditation even, and he will enjoy it the more for having comprehended the fact that, once emptied, the cup will never be refilled.

On another of my visits the Baroness had arranged to have a small musicale. The performer was a Mrs. Howland, an exceedingly capable violinist, the attractive wife of the American Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The time arrived for the music to begin but there was no accompanist for Mrs. Howland. Both the hostess and the performer had left that to the other. In her embarrassment the Baroness herself offered to accompany. She confessed that she had not touched a piano in many years and begged the indulgence of the guests. After the first few bars came a discord, and a stop. She tried afresh with the same result. The faces of both performers were growing purple and the situation was becoming painful. Someone suggested a violin solo—one of those bravura pieces by Bach or Paganini, where the violin itself supplies the accompaniment. This type of music appealed little to an audience that would have relished a valse. The Baroness rose in distress and asked:

"Is there nobody in the room who can accompany Mrs. Howland?" No answer. "Then," she concluded sadly, "we shall have to forego the pleasure of music tonight."

When I felt certain that there was no Paderewski in disguise in the room, I ventured to offer my services at the piano. Beginning with my early days in Rome, I had played a good deal to the violin. There one

of my neighbors, a certain Bernardelli, practiced with me every day. Several of the pieces remained in my memory and enabled us to improvise. And though my playing was not as perfect as might be wished, it had at least the charm of spontaneity; and it did count for something. For if ever in my life I have come near to being embraced by a woman, it was then and there. Mrs. Howland, who parted from her husband some time after, subsequently married Sir Edgar Speyer, London head of the international banking firm of Speyer Brothers. The Speyer house was a center of music in London. Even before his marriage Sir Edgar had much music at his own home and started the popular concerts in Queen's Hall, which drew thousands every night. Lady Speyer had ample opportunity to display her many gifts, social as well as musical, though she never again played in public except for charity.

During the War, Sir Edgar took offense at some veiled gossip and rumors which the universal spy-mania brought into being—pardonable enough at a moment when the very existence of a nation was at stake. Even in those dark moments, however, no one high in the counsels of the State either reflected upon or assailed Sir Edgar. Nevertheless he was offended and chose to give up his baronetcy and to leave the country. In my humble opinion, he had done better to leave the matter alone until a happier and more serene period returned. And if he be a true lover of England, which I believe he is, he might well have taken to heart the advice given by Edward Hanslick, the famous music critic, to his wife when she sang at a concert which he had to review. He said:

"And now comes the most painful duty that can befall a critic, but I will make it short my dear wife; let me give you some advice: Love and be silent——"

Since those days at Ferrières I have not seen Lady Speyer. Perhaps she resented my attempt to help her out of an embarrassing situation and still holds it against me. I am only too conscious of what a poor performer I am and, should these lines come under her eye, I hope they will carry to her my humble apology.

But the subject of music brings to my mind another notable musical home of those days, that of Lady Charles Beresford, wife of one of the most gallant and beloved of British admirals. Lord Charles was a popular national hero. When I knew him he had but recently returned from a mission to the far East on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, the object of which was to promote business relations between England and the East. But to remain in complete retirement was impossible for Lord Charles and he was representing a constituency in Parliament. One could readily understand why he was an idol of the masses. A great-hearted simplicity distinguished his manner, and he was always cheerful and ready to do a good turn for anybody. A medal which Lady Charles commissioned me to make of him as a pendant for herself gave me ample opportunity to study this delightful man; he was a most agreeable sitter. Music, his wife's passion, did not appeal to him, and if he was present at her musicales it was only because some visitor there interested him at the time. His joviality and his amiability nevertheless remained unabated. Because he commanded H. M. S. *Condor* at Alexandria in 1882, and later, in 1884, the naval brigade in the Soudan sent to the relief of General Gordon, he was sometimes popularly called "Condor Charlie"—a name he did not like because of its rapacious connotation.

Lady Charles Beresford kept open house at her charming villa in West Ham, near Richmond, and every Sunday during the season her many friends assembled there to an always elastic hospitality. There would be music and sometimes it was doubly enchanting to those who, after dinner, would stroll in the gardens and listen to the distant sounds in a perfect midsummer night.

Art and music, it has often occurred to me, tend to supplement each other and to blend with and relieve one another—like the cold and warm hues on the palette of the painter. Or like the major and minor chords. In fact, creation was founded on this principle of positive and negative; it pervades everything, commencing with the

colors in the rainbow, three of which are complementary and the other three opposing—night and day, summer and winter, spring and autumn—each needing its contrasting counterpart for the formation of a homogeneous entity, the structure of existence.

The ancient Greeks understood these laws and called their application the "golden rule," by which they established relationships in accordance with their advanced ideals of perfection. Concerning the human body, the golden rule fixed all its proportions—the relation of head to body, to the limbs, of hand and foot to arm and leg, of fingers and toes to hands and feet—all painstakingly and comprehensively determined.

As these fundamental rules govern all the arts, this may be the explanation of why in one man is combined the ability to express himself in many media. To the artist, music is a necessity and, though he may not know its technique, he has a love for and an understanding of it.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones often visited at West Ham. Sir Philip's father, the great Burne-Jones, believed his son to be a finer painter than himself, which shows how blinding paternal love can be.

Another conspicuous figure at Lady Charles Beresford's was Sir Claude Phillips. His talent as a critic seemed to hover between art and music. He began as a musical reviewer and turned later to art criticism. He was a devoted friend of Lady Charles, and they were often seen at concerts and the opera together. He lived much among musical people. And I often wondered how it is possible for a critic to be in daily contact with the very people he is obliged to judge and still to keep that aloofness which is necessary to make criticism completely unbiased. Yet Sir Claude seemed always popular, both as musical and art critic, and his work in the *Daily Telegraph* was held in far higher esteem than that of Mr. Humphrey Ward in the *Times*. So brilliant, trenchant and forceful was the pen of Sir Claude that he could make or unmake an artist "and stand a critic, hated yet caressed." The influence he wielded was powerful. And that brings

me to a point. Shall we ever approach a time when we shall be able to do away with critics and rely wholly upon our own æsthetic feeling and judgment? Shall we always have to be told by someone who has no more qualification than anyone else, what in art is good and what is not? What is to endure and what shall perish? Often when I went to see some of the collections in Paris of a Sunday afternoon I would overhear the watchmen and guards in the museums or visitors of the lower classes discussing art perhaps more intelligently than many a critic. With them this was a spontaneous expression of a feeling with which the whole country was imbued. With some, if not with all critics, it seems to be a process of filling just so much space with print because it is to be paid for.

The community of art critics as a rule is recruited from among disappointed artists, or art students, or from men who wield a too facile pen from which flow glittering phrases as empty as soap bubbles. Those in the first named class are the more dangerous because all their writings sound a note of disappointment, begrudging success to the fortunate ones, while every word serves but to stress the fact that "The greatest consolation for the mediocrity is that the genius is immortal only after his death."

The art critic generally knows little about proportion, color, perspective or technique, all of which are as indispensable as a knowledge of counterpoint is to the musician, even though he be a genius. How many times have I been asked to explain the difference between the lost-wax process and the sand-mould casting and why the former should be considered art and the latter only craft. Over and over have I elucidated the meaning of *chiaroscuro* or the significance of the expression "cold and warm color," so extensively used among painters and which means so much. All of which and a thousand other details should have been taught to the art critic as a part of his curriculum in his preparation for a vocation which, if exercised in the proper spirit, could be as beneficial in its scope as the words spoken from the pulpit.

Instead they are apt to live in their narrow world, not daring to look beyond its border lest the glare of light that might flood in upon their vision would completely inundate their obscure, dim corner. Usually each one is noted for the special tendency he champions, and so tenaciously does he do this that he is frequently unaware that a stronger and a cleverer man is stealing from under his nose the bone of contention, which leaves him with nothing to gnaw on and necessitates a search for another bone. Few are broadminded enough to see the good where it is instead of where they wish to find it.

The artist's resentment of the critics is comprehensible, for the harm of unintelligent criticism to an individual or a group cannot be measured. And so often the personal element enters in, the likes and dislikes of a critic for the personality and not the artist. Most of the masters have suffered like lions from the sting of annoying insects. What did not Richard Wagner endure from the barks of a crowd who did not know how to make a better noise? And how virulent were the attacks on Whistler by Ruskin? When I first went to London, the famous lawsuit still resounded in every corner where art was discussed, and the opinions of Ruskin were so highly esteemed that the defenders of the painter were in the minority. Now that time has proved Whistler's worth, the question naturally arises: Did those attacks do him any real harm? Would it not have benefited Ruskin if he had seen fit to emphasize the good in Whistler, which was undeniably there? His undeserved harsh criticisms were about as valuable as if he had cut his name in the bark of a growing tree in the hope that posterity might read it. Neither was Michael Angelo spared disparagement; it became so exasperating that he resorted to a ruse. At a place where archeologists were excavating, he buried one of his statues after first breaking off an arm. When the marble came to light and was exposed in all its beauty, they went for Angelo to point out to him how far more perfect was the work of the ancients in comparison to his own. He submitted to their sarcasm for a time, and then opening his cloak, he produced and fitted the missing arm.

Some talent is so supreme a gift that to attempt to destroy it or to damn by faint praise would be like trying to avert an avalanche or swim in the rapids of Niagara.

At the recent exhibition of Sargent's work in the Grand Central Art Galleries, the illustrated catalogue contained some reprinted opinions of former displays, eulogistic, of course. But there was one among them which contrasted sharply in its praise with the later writings from the same pen; continuous commendation had evidently proved irksome and had begun to pall—hence an almost complete "right-about" by way of variety.

A famous artist to whom recognition came late in life, upon meeting one of his now enthusiastic critics said:

"My friend, I almost believe that your praise does me more harm than your abuse has ever done me good."

Lord Charles had two brothers, Lord William and Lord Marcus Beresford, keeper of the Prince's racing stable. Lord William was married to Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough. An American by birth, daughter of Commodore Price, U. S. N., she had first married Louis Hammersley, a New Yorker, and after his death the Duke of Marlborough, father of the present Duke. Louis Hammersley had left her a respectable fortune and with this, after she became the Duchess, she embarked upon elaborate improvements at Blenheim. These were later carried on by Consuelo Vanderbilt, the next Duchess. When the old Duke died, his widow married Lord William Beresford. But still she clung to the title of Duchess which presumably had cost her too much to be lightly relinquished. Her marriage to Beresford proved a happy and congenial one and their union was even blessed with a somewhat belated son.

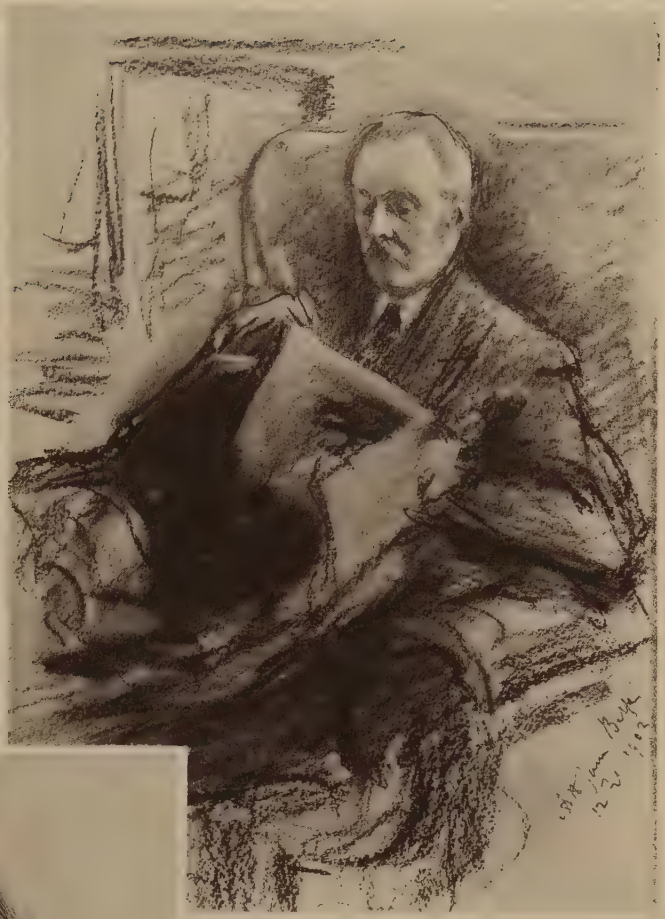
One day I received an urgent message from Lord Marcus, whom I had met at Sandringham, bidding me come to Deepdene near Dorking to make for the Duchess a death mask of his brother, Lord William, who had just died. The telegram came too late in the day for me to avail myself of the aid of a moulder and, as I did not wish to

disappoint Lord Marcus, I decided to do the work myself. It was a dreary journey from Charing Cross in an empty train past midnight. When I arrived at Deepdene Lord Marcus and the nurse in attendance were waiting up for me. The Duchess I did not see. I proceeded with my melancholy task.

The making of a death mask is no pleasant labor. First of all the face is lightly coated with olive oil. In the case of a man the brows, the moustache and beard are covered either with the skin of egg or with grease generously applied. A frame of soft clay is then laid round the head to mark the limits of the cast and to prevent the soft plaster from flowing out. The plaster has to be mixed with warm water and a little salt to make it set more quickly. In liquid form it is then applied with a brush and, as it gets harder, with the hand until the whole cools down and solidifies. To remove the mould it is simply moistened with a saturated sponge. This form the moulder afterwards uses for making the cast. All this I was obliged to do myself, with the help of only the nurse.

Once the task was done, I went upstairs to gain a little rest. To the stranger the house seemed enormous. It was early winter and outside I heard the wind soughing and moaning. So cold and lifeless was everything within and without that I could not sleep. I longed for my cozy studio and the little cheerful fire that awaited me like an old friend. Early in the morning, at the first opportunity, I fled.

Yet, in spite of all this, in spite of my desire not to disappoint the Duchess, her feeling and tenderness for her departed husband must have evaporated rapidly for I did not hear from her. I wrote her once or twice to say that the death mask was ready, but my letters remained unanswered. It was not until some time later, when I was doing some work for Sir George Lewis, the noted solicitor, a man sympathetic to artists, that I happened to mention among others of my experiences, the one with the Duchess. He desired to know all the particulars. Sir George was the solicitor of the Duchess and had the



The Duke of Roxburgh

Philomena
(From an Etching)

Lord Balfour

The Late Lord Londonderry
Postmaster General

Prince George of Greece

Edoardo de Martino
Marine Painter

Reuben D. Sassoon

Dowager Lady Londonderry

management of her affairs. Soon thereafter I finally received from her an apologetic letter with a check.

Sir George Lewis, I may add, was perhaps one of the most eminent solicitors in his day. His advice was universally sought and the most important and delicate cases were likely to be found in his hands. To have him on one's side was already in some degree an assurance of success. His principle was never to advise a lawsuit unless he was reasonably sure of the justice of the cause and the probable result. The money-lenders act, which was directed chiefly against his namesake, Sam Lewis, and intended to preclude the possibility of such vast accumulations of wealth in that business, was drafted by Sir George Lewis. The foremost contemporary names of his time, including that of the Prince of Wales, figured among his clients. His offices in Ely Place occupied two houses, which had been thrown into one.

His wife, Lady Lewis, of German origin, was a great lover of art in all its forms. She was among the first of Sargent's patrons. In his early days, before he became famous, he painted the portrait of both Sir George and Lady Lewis. An entire wall in their house in Portland Place was covered with cartoons by Burne-Jones. Sir George Frampton, the sculptor, modeled the ceiling of her drawing-room. Paderewski and Alma-Tadema were intimates and often to be met in the Lewis house. Paderewski never came to London without devoting at least one evening to his friends, the Lewises, who made this the occasion for a big dinner and reception, which strained to its utmost the capacity of even their large house.

At about this time Philip Làszló first made his appearance in England. Though a Hungarian, he had studied at the Academy in Munich and set up as a portrait painter. He had an extraordinary facility for likenesses and his first portraits, still painted under the influence of the Academy, gave excellent promise. His ease was amazing. It was the sort of ease which is far more general among the Italians and the Spaniards. Sorolla once told me that whenever one of his pupils shows signs of it, he sets him to copying Holbein until

he copies him well. Làszló was able to handle not only the brush with facility, but also his sitters. He knew how to keep in the public eye, and like a clever musician who is sometimes able to play himself into the hearts of people, so Làszló had the art of painting himself into their hearts. To my own critical judgment his work is over-facile. He has never had the impulse, seemingly, to retire from his endless portrait painting into a seclusion where he might listen undisturbed to that still, small voice, which every true artist should hear and make him long for the day when he will be able to follow its call.

I cannot remember any other instance of a celebrated portrait painter, such as Làszló gave promise of becoming, contenting himself with turning out faces day after day with a facility which in time must surely become mechanical.

Làszló first came to me with an introduction from Count Mensdorff, then the councillor of the Austrian embassy in London. I was asked to help him obtain a studio for a short period so that he could paint a score of portraits or so. As I then had, besides my own studio, another one near by, I welcomed him as my guest. I saw much of him at that time, and we often had discussions upon art. One afternoon, when his sittings were over for the day, I visited him and observed the pile of canvases in all stages of progress which he had already accumulated in a short time in London.

"Don't you feel," I asked him, "like so many of us, that portraiture is only a means to an end—but after all it does not represent the very best which is in an artist?" He seemed inclined to agree with me.

"After all," I went on, "in looking at the work of our foremost portrait painters, Velasquez, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Van Dyck and Rembrandt, giants in portraiture to be sure, they revealed the true master rather in their compositions. Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes," was his answer. "I grant you that is true. And as soon as I feel a little more independent I mean to return to my studio in

Budapest and begin on some work which I have in mind. I see a splendid decorative frieze which I am anxious to do."

"That is fine," I told him, "and I am glad to hear you say it. Because in my experience, true happiness for an artist lies only in those works which he can create in the privacy of his studio, uninfluenced by any consideration other than art in its purest form."

That was a quarter of a century ago, but I have not yet heard of that frieze of Làszló's. I sometimes wonder whether, as he looks back upon his achievements, he does not regret that he has remained so one-sided in the practice of his art.

Làszló, I need hardly say, painted the portrait of Count Mensdorff as he painted the portrait of every other celebrity. Count Mensdorff was an excellent specimen of the diplomacy of his time. The prime requisite of that diplomacy was not so much a fine mind as a strong digestion. Almost all diplomats were in those days alike. Very few stood out for exceptional ability. Baron Trauttenberg, an adherent to the old school, one day wrote in an album:

"The duty of diplomacy lies less in the achievement of great successes than in the avoidance of great difficulties."

That was the working principle of pre-war diplomacy. And it was by no means confined to the Austrian embassy, but prevailed in all the embassies I ever knew. For the statesmen of that era this was doubtless a sufficiently satisfactory motto.

Count Mensdorff came of a noble family so ancient that it even managed somewhere in its path to pick up a connection with royalty. The house of Leiningen, to which he was related, had at some time become linked with the house of Coburg. Mensdorff was therefore considered a relation of the British royal family, and was not only *persona grata* but a favorite. No dinner party, reception or house party was deemed complete without him. He was everywhere welcome, at Cowes, at Newmarket, at Chatsworth, at Sandringham and Windsor. When Count Deym, his chief, died, Mensdorff was elevated over many heads and made ambassador to the Court of St. James's. With

so popular a man, it was thought, the cordial relations between the two empires could not help but be maintained. When the War was approaching it became evident that the situation demanded someone as adroit in diplomacy as Mensdorff was socially. With that type of man in London and such a diplomat as Austria now possesses in Monsignore Seipel, the priest-statesman, the destinies of the world might perhaps have moved otherwise. The Mensdorff type had doubtless been a great asset in the days when the fates of empires were settled by a chosen few over the coffee and cigars after a good dinner. But these times had passed and they have, no doubt, passed forever. Today we live in a world where merit alone is of any account, where the humblest has the same opportunity as the highest born, where individuals can no longer decree the fate of whole nations, but humanity settles such things for itself.

And thank Heaven for that.

CHAPTER IX

"They are happy men whose natures sort with their vocations." (Bacon.)

IN the spring of 1900 word came to me from Windsor that Queen Victoria had expressed the desire to see some of my work and that I was to bring it to the castle upon a certain date. I was to include the marble bust of Lady Alice Montagu and the statuette of Lord Wolseley, both exhibited at the Academy the preceding year, and also a few of my medals. One day in March I took a train for Windsor. The selection of my work I had already despatched the day before.

When I arrived I was shown into the office of Herrn Muther, the Queen's German private secretary. He introduced me to Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, the Master of the Household, who assigned servants to help me set out my work where I thought it could be shown to the best advantage. A little salon adjoining the Queen's apartment was selected, a small room on the first floor overlooking the park. The room was finished in rosewood, with dainty medallions in *Sèvres Biscuit.* The light color of the woodwork, as I remember it, blended agreeably with the vivid color of the porcelain and produced a harmonious effect. Some of the carved wooden ornaments, careful as to workmanship, were faintly gilded. The windows were high and the portières and curtains were of thick green damask. Like most of the furniture in Windsor Castle this was ponderous and in keeping with the heavy draperies. An Aubusson carpet covered the floor. As soon as the word was given that the sculptures were ready to be inspected, the Queen came into the room, accompanied by Princess

Beatrice. Both she and the Princess, her youngest daughter, were dressed in simple black, with a touch of white batiste at neck and sleeves. The Queen wore a ruffled cap of white mousseline, and upon her left arm was a large, plain, gold bracelet which contained a medallion. She walked with a stick, leaning upon the arm of the moonshee, her Indian body servant, who always accompanied her. Princess Beatrice, who since the death of her husband, Prince Henry of Battenberg, lived with the Queen and was her inseparable companion, followed her mother into the room.

The Queen greeted me with a good-morning in a gentle, agreeable voice, and though she spoke in fluent German, her accent was distinctly English.

"We are glad to see your sculptures," she said. "The Prince of Wales has spoken to us about your work." She gazed at the bust of Lady Alice Montagu.

"She was such a sweet and beautiful girl. Did you require many sittings?"

"It did not take so many sittings, Madam," I told her, "considering that the bust had to travel about a good deal." And I related how the work was begun at Kimbolton and how I had to pack it up again and continue it in London and then finally to do it in marble in Rome and put finishing touches upon it in my London studio. This evidently both interested and amused her. There were many things she wanted to know. How good a sitter had Lady Alice been? How had I managed about the marble, and did I cut it myself? Then she turned to Lord Wolseley's statuette.

"Dear Lord Wolseley," she exclaimed. "Don't you think you made him look rather older?" And turning to the Princess Beatrice, "What do you think, Beatrice?"

"It seems so to me, too," replied the Princess.

I ventured to explain, when the Queen addressed me again, that possibly the color of the silver with its dark shades in the depths might have accentuated the heavy lines.

These two pieces interested her especially. Lady Alice had been her godchild and the Queen was very fond of her. Of Lord Wolseley she always thought highly and when the General, notwithstanding the grant from Parliament, found himself one day in a financial stringency, the Queen assigned him an apartment in the Hampton Court Palace, rent free, during his and Lady Wolseley's lifetime.

Some of my medals she had evidently seen before, because she recognized a few of them. But she mentioned particularly the one I had designed to commemorate the termination of the South African War. Upon the obverse side is a fallen soldier, dying on the battlefield and still pressing the flag to his heart. An angel of victory is bending over him. Upon the reverse is the figure of Bellona, the Goddess of War, sheathing her sword. In the distance troops are embarking. The legend runs: "To the memory of those who gave their lives for Queen and country."

That medal seemed to appeal to her most, and it was to it, doubtless, that I owed this, my first visit to Windsor.

The Queen finally spoke as she examined it. "The sentiment which you have put into the medal moves us deeply." Subsequently she had many replicas of it struck for herself, her family and friends.

She bowed slightly and I knew that the audience was at an end. I also bowed deeply, and backed out of the room toward the door as the etiquette prescribed. In Herrn Muther's room, whither I returned, a message from the Princess Beatrice was already awaiting me to the effect that the Queen wished me to leave the sculptures where they were for the present because she desired to look at them again after lunch. In later years, when I chanced to be speaking to friends of some of the recollections of this phase of my life, they would often press me to give them my impressions of the Queen. I was bound to say that, though there was nothing in Queen Victoria's demeanor to indicate her august position, and though her voice was gentle and sympathetic, one could not but feel the majesty of her personality and

that there was a gulf which separated her from the rest of the world. Call it a gulf or barrier, whatever it was, it certainly created an awe, which even those who saw her often could no more overcome than could those who beheld her for the first time.

I was invited to lunch with the household. The life at Windsor was very formal—more formal than anywhere else. There was even a Windsor uniform which the gentlemen of the court were obliged to wear for special functions. The Queen always lunched with her family alone. All guests, with the exception of a visiting prince or an ambassador, lunched with the household. The household's dining room was a huge apartment in beige color, almost as plain as a mess-room, with a few large engravings on the walls. The servants were in scarlet livery, headed by two Gentlemen Butlers in black. Their attention was as strict and disciplined as at the royal table. The menu was substantially the same.

At a certain hour the Master of the Household, Lord Edward Pelham Clinton, came in, greeted the guests and introduced the ladies and gentlemen in waiting. Among these was Lord Howe, the Queen's Lord-in-waiting, and several maids of honor. About thirty of us sat down at the table. He invited with a gesture of the hand the one who was to be placed next to him—a doubtful pleasure, for he was exceptionally dry and solemn. I never saw him laugh or smile even once. He appeared deeply conscious of the responsibilities of his position and had evidently concluded that aloofness promoted respect. Fortunately, one of the maids of honor, an agreeable young woman, chanced to sit upon my right and I had a delightful time. We found many things to talk about. There was no sense of hurry at the table because those members of the household who were in attendance upon the Queen could join us only after their services were dispensed with by their Royal mistress.

Presently, as we sat there, Heinrich von Angeli joined the party. After Winterhalter he was the Queen's favorite painter. Though his home was in Vienna, where he taught at the Imperial Academy, he

was often summoned to England to work for Queen Victoria. He painted more portraits of her than any other artist. He was also constantly painting her family and members of the court. Upon this occasion he was starting a portrait for which the Queen had just given him a sitting. Because of his jovial temperament and the position he occupied, he could afford to disregard somewhat the stringent formality of that dining room and our party suddenly brightened into life. We all became cheerful, not to say gay.

As to his work, it was doubtless sound in drawing and good in color. But it was not great. The artist himself was conscious of his limitations, for he endeavored to make up by assiduous labor what genius had denied him. His industry was tremendous. His portraits were distributed broadcast throughout Europe. Every palace held a few of them and Windsor many. Now that time begins to cast its charitable veil, these works will without doubt find their appropriate level.

Luncheon was scarcely over, when I was again summoned to the presence of the Queen. With some purpose in mind, she asked a number of further questions and details regarding the work. For instance, she desired to know more about Lady Alice's portrait. To whom did it belong now? Did I think I could obtain permission to make a copy of it, and how long would it take to make one?

I replied that if the Queen desired a replica of the bust, such a desire would doubtless be a flattering command to the Duchess of Manchester, who owned it, and certainly to myself. As I still possessed the original model in plaster, a copy could be made without any inconvenience to the owner. This copy I subsequently did make and it was delivered during the autumn of that year when the Queen returned from Balmoral. She kept it always in her own room, and when King Edward ascended the throne, he had it brought from Windsor and placed in his study at Buckingham Palace, with careful attention to the lighting which, in sculpture, is a factor of such importance.

Aside from the copy of the Montagu bust, the Queen had another idea. "It would be of interest to us," she said, "if you would design a medal by which to commemorate our reign into the new century. Will you give this work your consideration?"

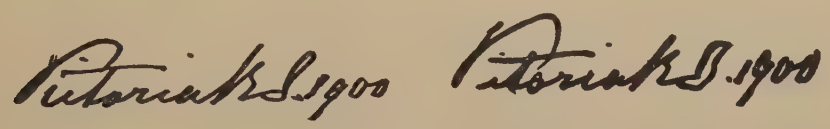
"Madam," I answered, "it will be my most earnest endeavor to produce something which will find favor in your Majesty's eyes. May I be permitted to submit that if your Majesty would consent to give me a few sittings, and afford me the chance of getting my likeness from life, it would greatly improve the work as a whole?"

"We will gladly do that," she replied. She told me how she desired to be represented, with the crown over the veil as she was wont to wear them on particular and state occasions. Should she be pleased with the likeness, she might wish to order a more intimate portrait, one with her every-day head-dress, upon a medal for her immediate family. And as if this was not more than enough for a beginning, she also ordered a portrait in *relief* of her daughter and companion.

That day I felt like walking in the woods to inhale the balmy ozone which saturated the air. Spring in the world and spring in my heart! How happy would my poor parents have been! What would I not have given had it been possible to relieve them of the anxieties they so often felt for their boy's future!

The first of the two medals, the commemorative one, seemed to preoccupy the Queen most. She was anxious to see the designs for the reverse, and indeed, that was something that demanded careful consideration. On many medals the reverse is simply an inscription with possibly a laurel wreath, and sometimes with a coat-of-arms. Perhaps it is uncharitable to say that often these are merely evidence of a lack of imagination upon the part of the designer. That, combined with the difficulties of execution in low relief, drives the artist to slur a splendid opportunity rather than to strain his artistic resources. I decided upon an angel carrying the name of the Queen around the world. I have always derived zest from difficulties and, I

may say, even sought them. Here they were plentiful without the seeking. The figure of the angel was conceived in full face, because the fine distribution of lines and masses would thus add to the grandeur and majesty. This itself presented an intricate problem in sculpture. It was rather, if I may so say, a painting in light and shade. Indeed, all my excursions into the sister arts during my years of study in Berlin and Rome, stood me in good stead in this enterprise. The angel, it occurred to me, instead of showing a tablet with the Queen's name inscribed, should bear her autograph as she signed it herself: Victoria R. I. This, I thought, would add to the importance of the picture and give it a needed touch of personality. To this she agreed and gave me some autographed signatures so that I might the better be able to study the characteristics of her calligraphy.



She also promised the necessary further sittings upon her return to Windsor.

At these subsequent sittings the atmosphere was measurably different. The Queen had already overcome a certain aversion she had for new faces and new people, a peculiarity of her later years. But I was no longer a stranger to her. Besides, the whole conception of the medal as designed seemed to appeal to her and she showed it by the graciousness with which she received me. She was wheeled in in a chair by the moonshee, accompanied as always by the Princess Beatrice. She was very anxious that the pose should be correct and now and then she would inquire:

"Is this right so?"

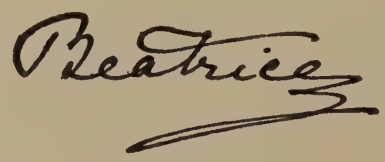
At one of the sittings after she had seen the designs and noted the progress of the medal, she observed:

"We approve of the design of the medal. Could you use the same portrait and change the head-dress for the cap?"

"Yes, Madam," I said. "This is easily done."

I still possess a letter from Muther, in which the Queen bade me come to Windsor so that I could make the necessary studies from her veil and crown placed at my disposal.

Her conversation during the sittings she addressed entirely to her daughter, so as to enable the artist to give his undivided attention to his work. At a certain point in time she would make a sign with her head, which indicated that the sitting was at an end. The moonshee would wheel her out in her chair, and then the Princess Beatrice would take her own turn at posing.



Since these medals seemed to interest the Queen so much, I am happy to think that she lived to see them completed. In August I sent the large models in plaster for her inspection at Osborne before I actually had the dies cut. In due course the medals were delivered, and on December eleventh, next, came a note from Windsor which read as follows:

DEAR MR. FUCHS,

I have just received your four medals which I duly submitted to the august ladies. They are greatly pleased, not only with the execution, but also with the prompt fulfillment of their orders. Will you kindly hold yourself at the command of Her Majesty on Saturday next between eleven and twelve, since she desires to place another commission with you.

The object in question, so far as I was able to ascertain, is an allegorical figure. (I cannot be sure whether a statue or a medal is meant.) It concerns the unfortunate Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein. I offer you these suggestions in the greatest haste, in case they might interest you. Shall expect you at eleven o'clock Saturday next, December fifteenth. Otherwise, please wire.

VON PFYFFER.

As the above signature indicates, the Queen had parted with her German secretary, Muther, who had served her for over thirty years. The ostensible cause for his resignation was that he felt, so he put it, he could no longer serve her Majesty in the manner he desired. There was however, I have reason to suspect, a little rivalry, if not jealousy, between himself and the Indian moonshee.

Upon the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee, the Queen instituted a new decoration, called the Royal Victorian Order. This she conferred in recognition of services other than political or military. The order had five classes, the first of which was assigned to her own family and immediate entourage. When Muther discovered that he and the Indian moonshee received an order of the same class, he concluded that no distinction was made between a servant and himself. That wounded his sensibilities. The Queen accepted his resignation in a most touching autograph letter, considered the highest honor she could pay anyone. He returned to his Bavarian mountains, but knowing him as I did, I feel sure that his thoughts frequently turned to the scene of his former activities across the Channel and that he often wished he were still there.

Medal for Art, Science and Music

CHAPTER X

"All is concentr'd in a life intense." (Byron.)

BEGINNING with my early days at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Berlin, I had been in the habit of spending all my free evenings in drawing from the figure. The more progress I made, the more I appreciated the necessity of it. It is much like the daily exercises which the performing musician has to do in order to keep his fingers supple. For an artist there is always plenty of opportunity for the practice of figure drawing. In Berlin there was an evening class at the Academy which the various teachers took turns in visiting and criticizing. In Rome we students had the Circolo Artistico Italiano in the Via Margutta. This was a social club in some respects, but primarily it was formed to further the study of the figure for those who either could not afford a model or did not wish to waste valuable daylight for studies that could just as well be done at night.

What made the class in Rome both important and instructive, was the fact that Mancini, the great Antonio Mancini, came there almost nightly, surrounded by a throng of admirers who watched with the keenest interest every stroke he made upon his paper. Sargent has justly said that Mancini is the unrivaled living colorist. And how sincere Sargent was in this statement is proved by the number of Mancini's studies which he possesses and by the admirable sketch he himself has made of the peerless Italian. To see Mancini work was not only instructive, but amusing as well. He had a wooden frame fixed before him with squares of thread through which he looked at

the model. His drawing paper was likewise covered with proportionate squares, and thus he was able to do his drawing easily and correctly in the masses. The only objection to this plan was that the slightest movement of the model interfered with the picture and was greeted with a shower of Mancini's oaths and invectives, in which the Italian language is perhaps the richest and most copious of all tongues.

After settling in London, I sought out a similar class and it proved to be quite near my studio. It was the Langham Artists' Society for the study of the figure and costume, at Langham Chambers, off Portland Place. Many of the forty immortals who constitute the Royal Academy have at one time or another belonged to that society which can boast over a century of existence.

There, in my time, I met a number of well-known artists. Perhaps the most gifted among them, and the most highly thought of, was William A. Brakespeare, a painter of great delicacy. His early education was obtained under Lefèbvre, in Paris. He was an excellent colorist and, had he not been exceptionally shy and modest, he could have easily found his way into the Royal Academy. To my surprise, he always worked at the Langham in color. This was new to me. I had not known that with sources of light so different as the sun and the gas-jet, results equally happy might be obtained. Brakespeare, however, explained to me that so long as the light upon the canvas and the model was the same, with a careful handling of the warm colors, and especially the yellow, one could paint as well by artificial as by daylight.

This fascinated me and brought me a new point of view as well as a new incentive. Since my stay in Rome I had looked forward to the day when I might perfect myself in color work. Here was my chance, and with an excellent teacher. I began to work night after night, but soon I felt the desire of experimenting by daylight too. I even gave up my Sundays to it. I realized that not only did this practice help me in sculpture, tending to make me see objects in a manner more soft

and mellow, but that it was in itself an occupation full of charm and thrills. My knowledge of drawing enabled me to devote all my attention to the subject of color.

It became doubly interesting to me to watch Làszló, who was then painting in one of my studios. But what I saw him doing was so at variance with what I was accustomed to see in the work of those whose talent I admired, that one day I took my courage in both hands, went to see Sargent and asked him timidly if he would allow me to make a few studies at his studio and under his eye. It must have been only the kindness of his great heart that made him acquiesce. For I myself realized the inconvenience which my presence was bound to cause him. He was just then painting the first of the mural decorations for the Boston Public Library—the one with the magnificent group of the Trinity in the center standing out so forcefully in bas-relief. This alone shows what a sculptor he would have made. I suggested that if I began at say 5:30, I should be leaving at about 10, which would give him the least possible inconvenience. Several times he came around at a very early hour to see how I progressed.

He never said much, but what he did say, one might do well to engrave upon the tablets of one's mind. One of the great man's teachings was the dominant importance of values over color.

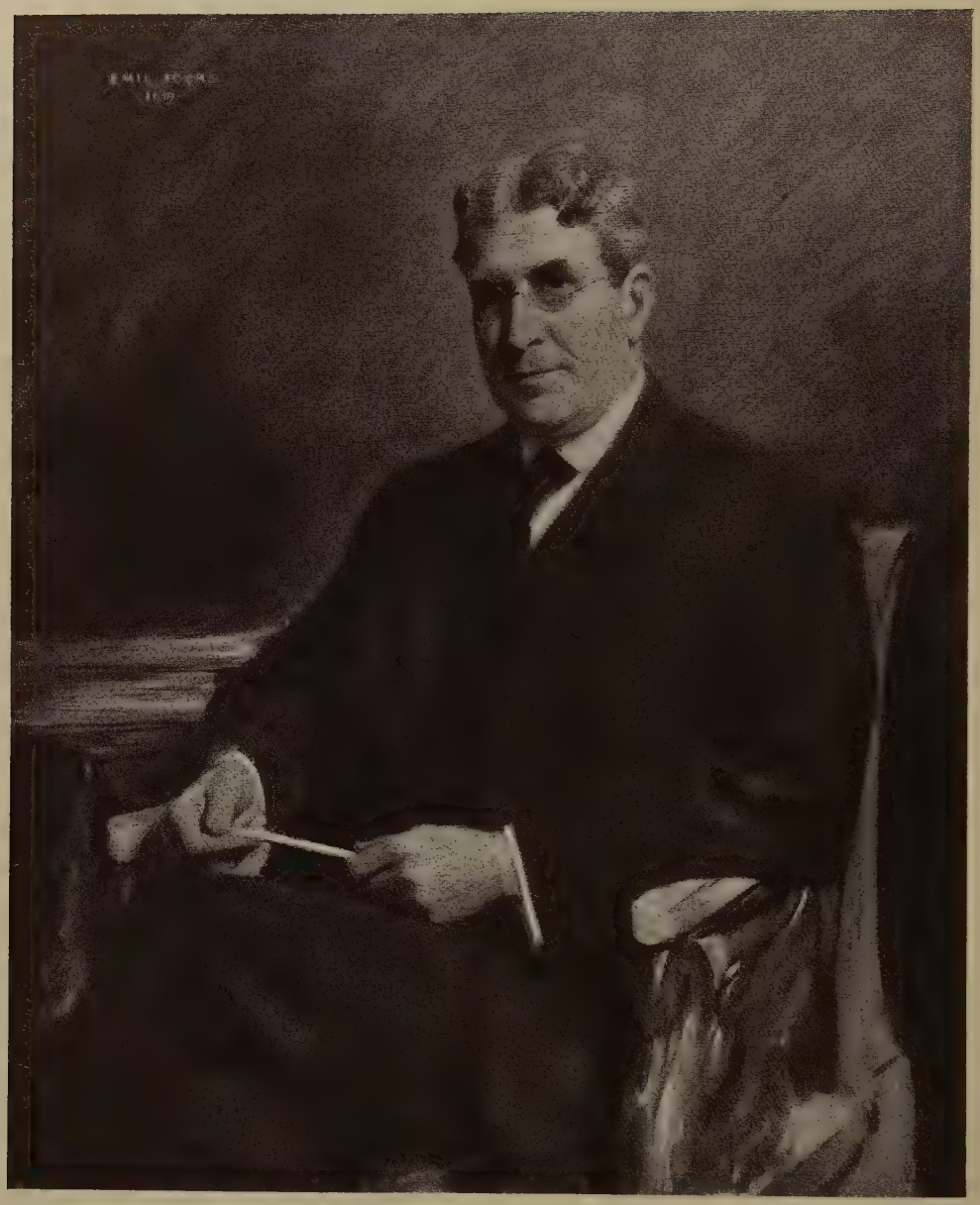
"Color," he said, "is an inborn gift, but appreciation of value is merely a training of the eye which everyone ought to be able to acquire."

Value in art, as everyone knows, simply means the relation of light to shade. Sargent referred to this idea over and over, and it occurred to me that perhaps he meant value not in pictures alone, but fundamentally in all the realms of life. His work demonstrates his ingrained belief in this. I can think of nobody who can see and render values with such delicate distinction as does Sargent.

His palette was to me a marvel. His enormous wealth of color he produces with a few simple hues, mostly earth colors—white, yellow ocher, light red or vermilion, burnt sienna, cobalt blue, emerald

The late Marquis de Soveral

Portuguese Minister at the Court of St. James and
One of the Intimes at the Court of Edward VII



Lindley M. Garrison

Painted for the War Department
Washington

green and black. His is a rare skill in using and combining them. Some mornings he would come in and, without saying much, would help me in painting a difficult passage from the model. While the direct way of painting appealed to him, he fully appreciated the more subtle methods, especially that of grisailles and glazing, by which many masters obtain their effects of brilliancy. This method, perhaps I should add, consists in painting first in black and white, and then laying on a thin film of transparent color.

Sargent's veneration for the work of the old masters was profound. But Velasquez and Franz Hals were the gods of his Pantheon. He copied both freely. Of Velasquez he had in his studio a facsimile of the dwarf Don Antonio el Ingles, and of Franz Hals several groups from his large pictures at Haarlem copied by himself. If my recollections of our discussions about artists are correct, Van Dyck seemed to appeal to him the least.

About technique it was always difficult to make him express himself in words. Rather than explain a serious problem, he would take a brush and paint that piece and the difficulties would vanish under his touch. When I worked at his studio he offered me the free use of his colors and even his palette and brushes which lay about in profusion. Few artists can bring themselves to lend these objects without feeling it to be sacrilege.

So dominant is Sargent's personality in art, that it was bound to be reflected in the work of his friends. Young Brough, Von Glehn and Harris Brown, who were seeing him constantly, all showed to some extent the Sargent influence in their paintings. How unconscious this is in some cases was shown in an exhibition of portraits painted by Harris Brown during the last few years in America and in Canada. These are markedly different from earlier canvases painted in Sargent's neighborhood. The freedom of these earlier pictures is replaced by tightness and smoothness, not to say timidity. I recall an Academy picture of his of some time back, the portrait of a Scottish peer in his robes standing beside a horse, with its head

down. So fresh and boldly was that picture painted that at a distance it might easily have been taken for a work of the Master.

With the coming of the warm weather, when Sargent was about to leave London, he advised me to go to Haarlem and copy Franz Hals. It was so I took my vacation that year, and I shall always be grateful to him for that suggestion, as for so much else that he did for me. When I returned from Holland he came to my studio to criticize the copies I had made. On the whole, I remember, these were as timid as they ought to have been bold. He criticized them and some other essays of mine in color also, and all with that indulgence and understanding, which wholly overcame the hesitation and shyness one experiences in showing one's daubs to a master.

So Sargent was really the most important guide I had in my excursions into the realm of color, and I am proud of it.

I have not seen him in many years. The fault is mine. I should never have allowed any lapse of time to come between myself and the man who to me looms so great as to be virtually a school in himself, who showed me his good will in such a generous way; but with that sensitiveness which is often peculiar to artists and which the Frenchman expresses so accurately in the phrase: *Vous cherchez toujours la bête noir*—always looking for trouble—I had at some time in the past the feeling that he had something against me, and kept away from him. But I would never willingly or knowingly have done anything to offend or hurt him.

Many years have passed. We are both approaching the summit of that mountain from which one cannot help wondering about the valley beyond. That thought brings humility. I only hope that the incident is nothing but a shadow thrown by my own imagination.

Medal which Napoleon left to his Generals after his death May 5, 1821

CHAPTER XI

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." (Shakespeare.)

THE birthday of the Prince of Wales was the ninth of November. It was the occasion for a gathering of the family and friends, for a succession of visits and for the beginning of the shooting over his preserves. At that time of the year the Prince also gave close attention to improvements, alterations and additions upon his estate. On October thirtieth, 1900, the following note came to me from Marlborough House:

DEAR MR. FUCHS,

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to invite you to Sandringham on next Saturday. Will you travel down by the train leaving St. Pancras Station at 2:35, arriving at Wolferton Station at 5:49, where a carriage will be waiting for you.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

G. L. HOLFORD,
Equerry in Waiting.

Captain Holford, one of the four equerries, was the handsomest man in the Prince's entourage. His prematurely white hair gave him an air of distinction, and in addition to that, he was the owner of Dorchester House, one of the finest houses in London. Those Americans who visited it when Mr. Whitelaw Reid, as American ambassador, occupied it, will remember the innumerable art treasures

with which that house in Park Lane was stocked. Captain Holford, though then a bachelor, often gave magnificent parties before he let it, and the Prince was not infrequently a visitor.

For two reasons I was asked to Sandringham House at this time. First, the Prince desired to go with me over the work upon the memorial of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and to rearrange it in the church. And then, the Princess herself was to give me some sittings. Recently, one of the newspapers, commenting upon her zealous work in the cause of charity had referred to Princess Alexandra as the "Princess of Pity." This phrase had been brought to her attention and the sentiment of it appealed to her. She had the idea of using it as the theme for the reverse of a plaque which she wished me to make for her and for which she was to give me the initial sittings during this visit. Her interest in this particular piece of work may be best illustrated by a series of notes from Miss Knollys, her lady-in-waiting. The first, dated December sixth, came a few weeks after the commission was given:

Dear Herr Fuchs,

The Princess' favorite flower is the rose, but H. R. H. is very anxious that you should make the background of the medal as *soft* and delicate as the one in the "War and Peace" medal, which she admires particularly. I may tell you in confidence that the Princess does not wish to have her name placed in *relief*, as in the case of the reverse of the Prince's medal, as she thinks it makes it look hard and cutting. Forgive me for making this remark and believe me,

Yours very truly,

Charlotte Knollys.

Another note from Marlborough House, of December nineteenth, reads:

If you would bring the portrait here tomorrow morning at 10:45 o'clock, I would show it to the Princess with the greatest pleasure. You must forgive me for not having written before, but I was always hoping that Her

Royal Highness might be able to give you a sitting. But unfortunately she has been almost worked to death and has never had a spare moment.

P. S. We leave London tomorrow afternoon.

This was supplemented by the following:

Since writing earlier in the evening the Princess has told me that she will see you at 1:30 tomorrow, so please be here then.

And again on December twenty-ninth:

The Princess says you were consulting together about the inscription to be put on the back of her medal, so I write one line to tell you privately that I am sure the one she would like best would be "Princess of Pity," as several of the newspapers have called her lately.

How great was Princess Alexandra's interest in this medal was proved to me by two small slips of paper which I still have, upon which she wrote out the kind of letters she wanted used and how those letters were to be arranged to spell out the inscription, "The Princess of Pity, 1900."

For the reverse of the plaque I submitted a group of the three figures, Faith, Hope and Charity, which were approved and duly executed.

When I arrived at Sandringham I found a large assembly of the guests already in the drawing room. Some had come down in the same train with me and by going into the royal carriages they knew that I was one of the invited guests and made the customary remarks about the weather. In the hall at Sandringham was the same cosy corner with the cheerful teakettle presided over by the Princess and the crackling fire in the enormous fireplace.

A few men in shooting dress were sitting comfortably on the broad fire-guard with their teacups and cigarettes. Their heavy shooting boots, however, had given place to dainty patent leather pumps, with spirited little bows, which revealed not only the aris-

tocratic legs, à la Sir Willoughby Patterne, but also gave an opportunity of displaying the last word in silk stockings.

The prosaic detail of dress calls to mind a fact which was not peculiar to Sandringham alone, but usual at all English country house parties. I mean the enormous quantity of clothes the ladies brought with them, and the number of times they would retire to their rooms to reappear in gowns that had not been worn before. A woman would come down to breakfast in a plain morning dress, only to change it directly after for a walking costume, generally very smart and tailor-made. This she would change again for a more formal gown in which to meet the royal ladies at luncheon. Immediately after, that had to give way to a costume for riding, driving or walking. And teatime of course, with its opportunities for cosy chatting with the gentlemen who had been out shooting all day, was never overlooked as a time for displaying the latest creations in teagowns. At Sandringham however, these did not reveal that character of intimacy generally implied by this dress. But dinner was the peak of the curve. There the whole art of dress combined with the contents of the jewel box and the color sense of the wearers, was fully revealed. Some of the ladies even went so far as to inquire through the medium of the backstairs channels which colors would be worn by the royal ladies and principal guests, in order to match themselves effectively against so imposing a background.

The Prince, still in his shooting costume, was the first to greet me when I entered, and then the Princess and the other members of the family and household followed suit. There was a charm and warmth in that room which made one feel one was really welcome. Whenever one had the slightest doubt upon this score, one needed only to observe the attitude of the entourage and then one could very nearly gauge where one stood.

After tea came again the quaint ceremony of being weighed. As before, the Prince saw to it that none should escape. Even mem-

bers of the family, no matter how often their weight had already been recorded in the book, were obliged to inscribe it again.

The hour was late, and the guests soon retired to their rooms to prepare for dinner. I met my smiling valet again, but this time I too was smiling. There were no omissions in my wardrobe.

At dinner I realized how large this house party was. At Sandringham the host and hostess sit opposite one another at the center of the table, instead of at the ends. This was customary with large parties. The circumference of the table as in everyday use was enough for twelve or fifteen people to be seated comfortably, but this time there were perhaps double that number.

After dinner when we assembled in one of the drawing rooms, the Prince personally arranged the grouping at the card tables, where bridge was invariably the game. The stakes were only nominal and it was the rule that small as the differences might be, they should be evened up each night, when the gentlemen retired to the billiard room. The equerry would inform the Prince of his score, and if he were the loser, would receive a banknote with which to settle it.

"Do you play bridge?" the Prince asked me.

"No, Sir; I never had the opportunity to learn nor do I possess the necessary mental concentration for the game," was my reply.

"Perhaps, then," he suggested, "it would interest you to sketch around and, if so, take your sketch book and draw whatever and whomever you like. I feel sure that nobody will object."

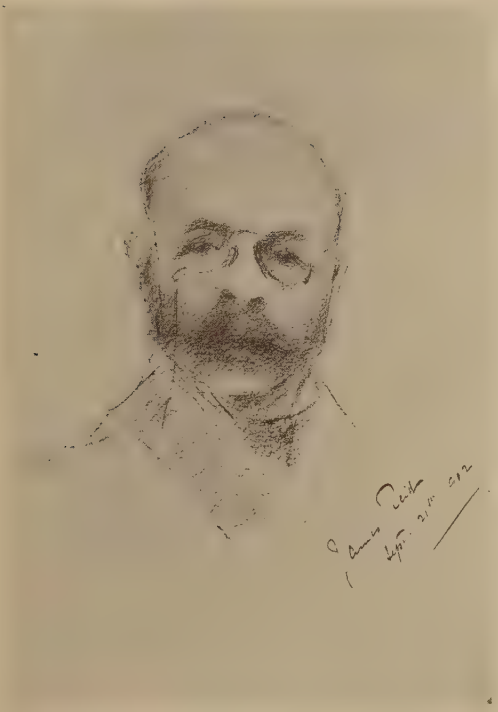
I thanked him for the privilege, the importance of which I fully appreciated, and brought down my material. Secretly I had nursed that desire, but, of course, I should never have had the courage to suggest it. Now I was relieved of all formality and I set to work.

The first group of my sitters included Prince George of Greece, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Roxburgh, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Georgiana, Lady Dudley, Mr. James Lowther and Lord Cadogan.

Prince George of Greece was the second son of the then reigning King of the Hellenes, a Danish Prince placed upon that throne by the British Government. The Princess of Wales was his sister. His eldest son, who had married a sister of the Kaiser, later ascended the throne as King Constantine and more recently died in exile in Sicily.

Prince George was a giant, some six feet six in height. When he accompanied his cousin, the Czarevitch, later Nicholas the Second, on his journey around the world, a fanatic had tried to stab the Russian heir to the throne, and Prince George succeeded in parrying the blow with his strong arm and thus saving his cousin's life. That exploit tended to add greatly to the Prince's popularity, and the manner in which he was treated showed that he was the spoiled child of that world. Having disappointed the fluttering hope of every eligible princess in Europe, he finally married Princess Marie Bonaparte, a granddaughter of M. Blanc, the owner of the casino at Monte Carlo. Princess Marie brought him a dowry considered handsome even in those circles. Prince George was the gayest of the party, bubbling with jokes and humor and contrasting markedly with the solemn face of the Duke of Devonshire, who never once smiled throughout the evening.

That Duke of Devonshire, earlier known as Lord Hartington, was the uncle of the present Duke. His long, bearded face was preternaturally serious. He spoke very slowly, and his face was an exact index of the way he looked upon himself. He was one of the foremost peers of his day. His wealth, like that of Lord Londonderry, was derived from coal mines chiefly. He was also a large landowner. The political dinners at his town house were considered the events of the season. The country seat of the Devonshires, Chatsworth, is filled with priceless books and pictures accumulated in over four hundred years of history. The house dates from 1553, when it was begun by a Cavendish and completed by his widow, Bess of Hardwick, who there enacted the rôle of gaoler to

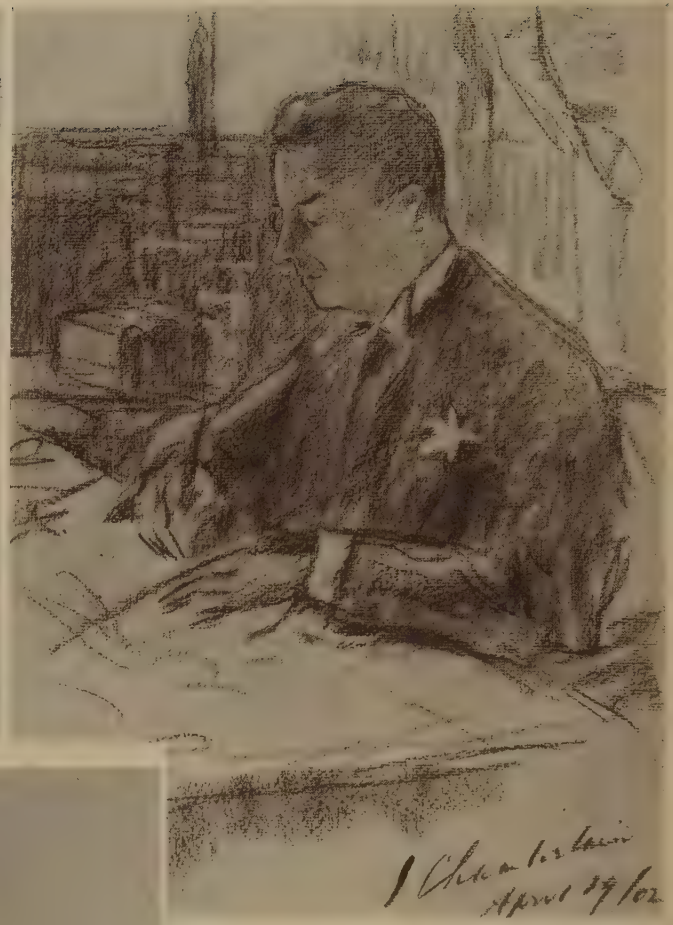


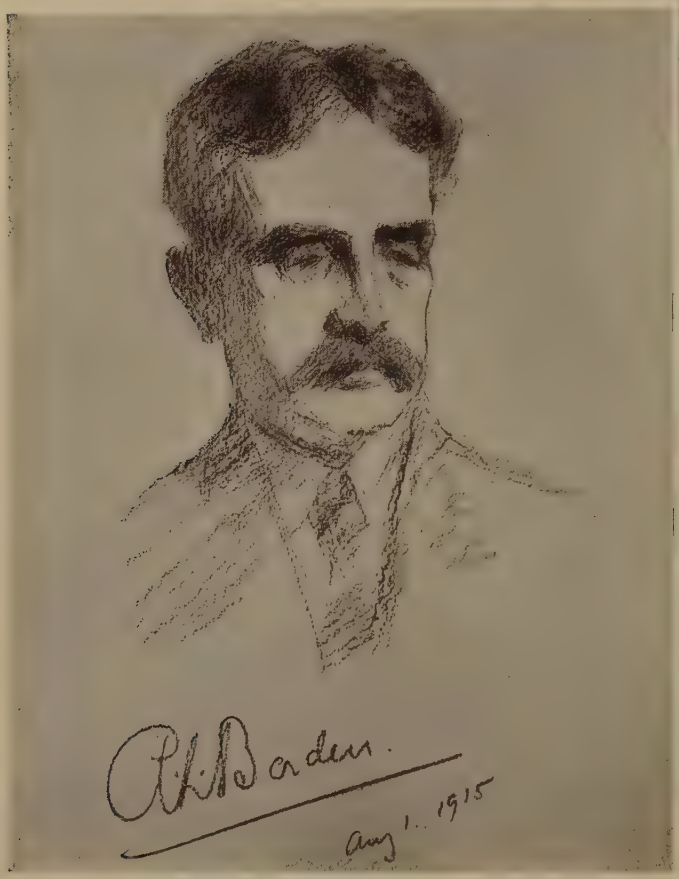
Sir James Reid
Private Physician to Queen Victoria

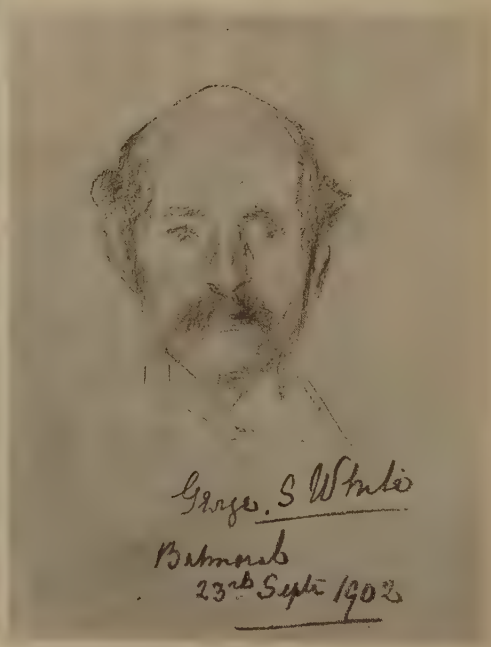
Ysaye

Princess Victoria of Wales

The Duke of Marlborough







The late Duke of Devonshire

Sir Robert L. Borden
Former Prime Minister of Canada

The late Joseph Chamberlain

The Late Sir George White
Defender of Ladysmith

Mary Queen of Scots. During the Jubilee season, the Duchess of Devonshire gave a fancy dress ball which remained for some time the talk of the town. The participants had a costly and elaborate book made of all the guests and costumes and presented it to the Duchess as a mark of their appreciation. She was the Mistress of the Robes to the Princess of Wales, which corresponds to the Prince's Master of the Horse.

The Duke of Roxburgh was one of the younger members of the party. He was an officer of the Guards, tall and handsome. His enormous estate, Floors Castle, in Roxburghshire, taxed his resources heavily. Fortunately he was later relieved from the anxiety of its upkeep by his marriage to Miss Goelet, of New York, sister of Robert Goelet.

Lady Londonderry, though she already had a grown daughter, who married Lord Stavordale, and later became Lady Ilchester, was still a famous beauty at this time. She was handsome, alert, witty and exceptionally sympathetic. Her profile was particularly beautiful and from her slanting eyelids looked a pair of piercing eyes that seemed to penetrate to the soul of her interlocutors. Both Lady Londonderry and the Duchess of Devonshire had political salons, and there was a sort of friendly rivalry between them. Lady Londonderry, however, included musicians and artists among her guests and the spirit of amity that pervaded the atmosphere of the salon was an attraction to those invited.

James Lowther was a member of Parliament but not the Speaker who bore the same name. Lord Cadogan, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, small, elegant, with a finely cut profile and thin lips, and Sir Edward Hamilton were friends and guests of many years' standing.

The day after my arrival, being a Sunday, the Prince of Wales went to church with me after breakfast ahead of the service to inspect the work so far completed; on those occasions he would be unaccompanied except perhaps by someone connected with the work. On the way to and from the church he would show his interest in the

many objects about him, singling out special ones—trees or buildings—commenting and explaining in such a cordial way that one was almost inclined to forget his exalted position.

Next morning the gentlemen went shooting. They all came down to breakfast prepared for a strenuous day. Generally, on such occasions when the weather is fine, the ladies meet them at a spot prearranged. Luncheon is sent in specially constructed vans and is served *al fresco*. Nothing could be more delightful, more exhilarating. The men arrived in high spirits, their lungs filled with the invigorating air of the hills after a morning's drive over the well-stocked preserves. Their appetites were commensurate with their healthy exertions. Everything was done to satisfy the most fastidious taste. The menu was dainty and varied as if it were served at home. The quantities were ample. Coffee and smoking materials had hardly been passed around when the sign for resuming the hunt was given and the party broke up. The head gamekeeper appeared and with a low bow informed the Prince that everything was in readiness, and soon the gentlemen disappeared behind the hillocks from where the crackling of their guns testified to the fact that their drive was not in vain.

On other days, if the weather was unfavorable, the ladies had luncheon at home. Sometimes only the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, Miss Knollys and General Sir Dighton Probyn would be at table.

Soon after I had finished my first few sketches, the Prince inquired about them and wished to see what I had done. After looking them over, he said:

"I would suggest, Mr. Fuchs, that these should be kept together intact. Perhaps you had better ask each sitter to sign his own." This remark was made aloud and was a command which no one would have cared to disobey.

After I returned to town, I consulted with Zahnsdorf, the famous binder, and had him fashion the best album that his capable

mind could conceive. Clark, in Old Bond Street, the skillful silversmith of the Prince, another artist in his profession, constructed the clasp with a protective lock and key and the four corners of the book in sterling silver, the whole a monument to English workmanship. Subsequent to this, there were other similar episodes, the evidence of which, translated into black and white, I placed in the album as a depository. Today it is more than half-filled and is my most valued possession. Twice have I been approached, in discreet manner, and asked if I could be induced to part with the book. One of these tempters was wealthy beyond the "dream of avarice," accustomed to obtaining any coveted object. A blank check was sent with the suggestion that the album might remain in my possession if only I would consent to sign a document which would attest to its ultimate ownership. Fortunately, such dazzling offers have no lure for me. I am willing to admit that the consciousness that I, a plain artist, have in my possession such a treasure fills me with pardonable pride. I hope one day to find for it a permanent abiding place where it will be safe from the vicissitudes of the world, as well as from the greedy eyes of the ever-present dealers. They are unmindful of the sufferings of the poor artists who, laboring in the sweat of their brows, have produced the masterpieces which now enrich these men.

As the book was the result of the suggestion of the Prince, I reserved one page for him which, on three of his subsequent visits to my studio, he signed.

As the time was insufficient to make all the sketches I would have liked, I asked permission to continue next morning, which was granted, and the Duke and Duchess of York invited me to go to York Cottage, where I had a splendid opportunity to work while they read their morning papers. Others of the guests I sketched during the day whenever the occasion presented itself. When evening came and the Prince saw the collection, he at once noticed that there was none of himself and commented on it. I confessed that while

I had almost literally taken his suggestion to sketch whomever I pleased, still I would not have dared to include his portrait without his consent. He smiled and, when the game started a few minutes later, he had me sit at his side while I made full use of the coveted opportunity.

Before my departure the Prince received me and spoke of a medal which he wanted in rather a hurry. It was to be a double portrait of the Duke and Duchess of York, to be inserted in the presents they were to distribute on the occasion of their forthcoming visit to the Colonies. Before leaving I spoke to the Duke about it, who promised me the sittings as soon as he should return to town after the holidays. A few days later I received the following communication from York Cottage, Sandringham:

December 23, 1900.

Dear Sir,

I am desired by H. R. H., the Duke of York, to let you know that he would like to be represented on the medal that you are designing in the full dress of a captain in the Royal Navy. T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of York hope to be able to both give you a sitting when they come to London some time after January 3rd.

Yours faithfully,

Charles Cust.

Of that medal only three hundred were struck and these for that occasion only. It is the only work I was privileged to execute for Their Royal Highnesses.

. . . . . .

Lady Randolph's bust was sufficiently advanced so that her sittings could be resumed for the marble. I was glad to have the opportunity of again seeing her often. But others shared with me the same feeling. A handsome young man, son of Colonel and Mrs. Cornwallis West and a friend of her son Winston, came to the studio almost daily while she posed.

Mrs. Cornwallis West was most ambitious. She had two beautiful daughters, the elder was even stately, and she decided to secure desirable husbands for them, in which she succeeded. The elder married Prince Pless, owner of large estates in Germany and Russia. The Kaiser was a constant visitor at the big parties given at their different palaces and estates. The other daughter married the Duke of Westminster, one of the greatest landowners in the heart of London. He owns several thousand houses in Belgravia, the most fashionable part of town, also in Grosvenor Square and a large part of Mayfair. Grosvenor House in Park Lane, the best known among the palaces in Millionaire Row, contained a picture gallery which was occasionally shown as a mark of esteem. One of its treasures, the *Blue Boy* by Gainsborough, is now in the collection of Mr. Henry E. Huntington in California.

The achievement in the marriage of her daughters more than exceeded the keenest expectations of Mrs. Cornwallis West, though the Duke and Duchess of Westminster have long since been divorced and each has married again. She now sought a wife worthy of her only son. He was so good looking that he had but to choose. Her disappointment was therefore great when she learned that he intended to marry one of her best friends, a lady of her own age. Lady Randolph wanted to show the world that this was a love match, so she immediately discarded her title and became plain Mrs. George Cornwallis West. Her husband lived at her house in Great Cumberland Place and sought other employment than shooting and visiting. Most of the troubles of the idle rich are caused by lack of occupation and too much time. When it turned out that they were ill-matched, they parted, and when they were free once more, he married Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, whom he accompanied on her tours. It was in New York that I saw him again. Mrs. West resumed the title of Lady Randolph Churchill and remarried also. Her death a few years ago terminated one of the most brilliant careers of any woman of her time.

One of the amusingly entertaining houses was that of Mr. and Mrs. Asher Wertheimer. Soon after my arrival in London, Sargent invited me to lunch. When I went to his studio in Tite Street to fetch him, he said that he had accepted an invitation for both of us to lunch with a man whose portrait he was painting. This was Asher Wertheimer. We went first to his gallery in New Bond Street, where he showed us some china. When Sargent particularly admired one piece, Mr. Wertheimer had the clerk wrap it up and send it to the studio; protestations were of no avail.

The Wertheimers kept open house at Connaught Place near Hyde Park. They needed the enormous building for their family was large and grown-up. The drawing room in white and gold extended through the full length of the house and contained the most beautiful furniture to be found. Then there was the hall in which Sargent painted the two eldest daughters in three-quarter length, and the schoolroom where the three youngest children posed for their picture. In the drawing room hung the portrait of Mrs. Wertheimer, the first of the series, which he later painted again because it did not satisfy him. In the second portrait he displayed all that mastery which he possesses in such high degree.

The Wertheimers gave elaborate dinner parties; the children attending to the preservation of their Bohemian character, artists felt quite at home there. Mr. Wertheimer gladly gave his help where he felt that it would advance a talent. Mancini did some portraits for him and so did Brough, a young artist of promise who was killed in a railway accident. Writers, musicians and actors were all welcome. Sargent was the central and outstanding figure. The Wertheimers were the most happy-go-lucky family I ever knew, but they also had their great sorrows. Of the two eldest sons, one died in London and one in South Africa. The third son was then still quite young. This deprived the house of much of its spontaneous gayety and exuberant spirit.

I was happy to read after the death of Mr. Wertheimer, that

Sargent's pictures had been left to the nation and they now occupy a room by themselves in the National Gallery.

Conditions in England were not unlike those in this country now. The discovery of gold and diamonds in South Africa brought on an undreamed period of prosperity. Taxes were small, as England maintained only a moderate standing army, and the people spent money lavishly and indiscriminately. New tendencies in art and literature were discernible, but the new art was not permitted to enter the Academy, which probably accounted for the number of smaller art societies which sprang up. They sought contact with the world without dependence on the Council of the Royal Academy. Of these societies, the New English Art Club and the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Engravers were the most important. The latter exhibited also much abroad and brought greater popularity to some artists than they could have achieved even through the Academy. A case in point is that of Sir John Lavery. He was known and appreciated long before the Academy ever considered paying him the honor he deserved; and the same was true of many others. The War has changed this; it blew like a hurricane through the antiquated institutions, cleaned them out and let air in and sunlight. And this was as it should be.

CHAPTER XII

"To live in hearts we leave behind—is not to die." (Campbell.)

ON December eleventh, 1900, I received word from Windsor that the Queen wished to see me the following Saturday between eleven and twelve o'clock. When I arrived she spoke of the death of her grandson, Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, which had occurred two months before in South Africa, where, during the war, he had contracted typhoid fever. He was the oldest son of the Queen's daughter Helene, who lived nearby at Cumberland Lodge, where her husband was in charge of Windsor Castle. The Queen wished to have a memorial of Prince Christian Victor placed in St. George's Chapel, founded by Edward III, who in 1348 instituted there the Order of the Garter.

On viewing the interior from the entrance the entire church seemed a mass of filigrée in Gothic style. The delicately joined mouldings which radiate in profusion from the columns and pilasters, blend harmoniously with the exquisite rosettes on the ceiling, producing a symphony of lines such as I have seen only in the Cathedral of Cologne. The Queen's Gallery, right up to the altar, is filled with three tiers of immense pews, skilfully carved in wood and crowned by canopies. Their daintily chiseled details look almost like lacework. They taper into a point, behind which are arranged the escutcheons and swords of the different members of the exalted order, and, towering above all, is a row of imposing flags each bearing the coat-of-arms of its Knight.

The effect is a blaze of color enhanced by the rays of the sun filtering through a thousand pieces of stained glass formed into priceless pictures by the skillful hand of the artist. And looking west, the gallery is separated from the aisle by an equally gorgeous screen whose proportions offer ample space for the magnificent organ which thunders its mighty diapason throughout the edifice.

There are several small side chapels filled with sculptures of all ages and all styles. One of these, the Braye Chapel, offered the best site for the memorial which was to take the form of a monument; its south wall was nearly bare.

I started on my sketches at once. The Queen was anxious to see them as soon as possible. Her health was none too good and her doctors advised a change of climate. They thought that the invigorating air of the sea would benefit her and when finally I was ready to submit my models, I was requested to bring them to Osborne. It was about six o'clock of an evening in the second week of January that I arrived.

Osborne House was purchased by the Queen in 1845 and converted into a pretentious villa overlooking Southampton Water. King Edward later transformed it into a home for convalescent officers of the Army and Navy, and presented it to the nation.

The day I arrived the Queen did not leave her room, but she asked to see the sketches. While I was waiting in one of the drawing rooms, Princess Christian greeted me in a low voice and asked for the model, which she took to the Queen. After a while she came back with the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg. They were pleased and had the Queen's approval; the Princesses also liked it.

That same evening I left Osborne. While crossing the Narrows the moon threw its silvery rays over the water. There was not a sound. The boat, nearly empty, glided silently through the riplets. I leaned over the rail at the bow and as I watched the dark outlines of the castle fading in the enveloping mist, an unspeakable sadness came over me. I felt lonely; I felt as though a visitation were

about to come over the world. My presentiment proved true. A week later the Queen was no longer alive.

I returned to my studio. It was gloomy there, but it was gloomy outside too. It was one of those moments when we are faced with the fundamental questions in life which make us stop and think.

Although the death of the Queen had not been entirely unexpected, the news of the actual occurrence was a stunning blow. It took time for the world to realize that the Queen, who for over sixty years had given her best to the welfare of her country, who had steered it through so many vicissitudes, who had added an empire of over 300,000,000 people in India to her domain, whose personality was such that she was the mediator of peace in the world, had closed her eyes forever.

Preparations for bringing the Queen to London were expedited. The members of the Royal Family hurried to Cowes. Mourners from all the Courts of Europe came to England. To enumerate each one would be simply to make a copy of the Almanac de Gotha. The Kaiser was one of the first and came prepared to make a long stay.

The day after the Queen's death I received a telegram which read as follows:

> Come Osborne immediately. Take necessary things along to make a sketch and a Totenmaske for a bust. Answer when arriving. Leave Waterloo 11:20, Southampton 1:30, arrive at Cowes 3:00.
>
> VON PFYFFER.

I soon had my materials packed and was in the train which was taking me back to that place where only a week ago I had been for the first time in my life, and which I did not anticipate seeing again under such tragic aspects.

Von Pfyffer, the Queen's secretary, awaited my arrival. There was also a crowd of those curious people who waste their time because to them it is a commodity without value. A few reporters with cameras pointing toward me were there. Luckily, in spite of

the royal carriage, I did not look regal to them and consequently not worthy of their inquisitive machines. One fellow at the gate, unwilling to miss any chance at all, tried to snapshot me, but I threw my coat over my head and escaped an undesired publicity.

The house was literally filled with mourners and it severely taxed the resourcefulness of Lord Edward Pelham Clinton to accommodate them all. There was much confusion. The corridors were crowded with people moving about silently, and there were so many that it was even difficult to distinguish between the royal mourners and their attendants. I was shown into one of the rooms to wait until the King could be informed of my presence. He was besieged on all sides; first, as the chief mourner on whose shoulders rested every decision pertaining to the funeral; then as host to so many visitors of importance requiring his personal attention; and last as the new King of a vast empire.

A continuous stream of telegrams and mail poured in, some of them requiring replies which only he could give. So that when I was at last brought before him, I could well appreciate the magnitude of his task. I was ushered into his study. He was grave; never had I seen him so serious. He first thanked me for an expression of condolence I had sent the previous day, and then he spoke of a bust of his mother which he wished to have made and which should, as nearly as possible, represent her as she was in her later days. He asked if I had brought the materials necessary for the deathmask with me and what help I would require, if any, whereupon I begged that I be permitted first to see the Queen, after which I could report.

I was shown into the death chamber. There she lay, white as snow, her head covered with a lace bonnet, her hands clasping a tortoiseshell cross, which contrasted conspicuously with the white of the surroundings. Her regal profile looked more regal still in the serenity of death. Her marriage veil covered the entire figure and the bed was strewn with flowers, mostly lilies, which saturated the

room with their penetrating scent but did not conceal the heaviness of an atmosphere from which light and air had been excluded. A few candles burning near the bed were the only source of a sad, flickering light. Above her head hung a watercolor depicting her beloved husband on his deathbed, which only emphasized the tragedy of the scene. Beside her bed on the left lay a few photographs which had been handled so much that they were indistinguishable; they, too, were pictures of the Prince Consort, which she had carried with her ever since he departed from this life. The rest of the room was shrouded in darkness.

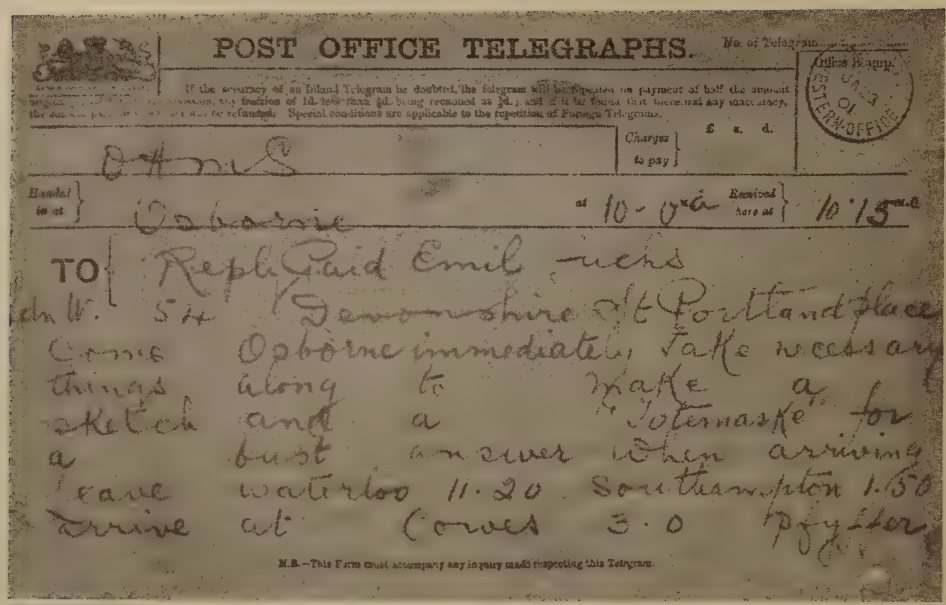
Princess Christian entered. Her eyes were red from weeping. First she introduced me to the nurse who was keeping watch in the back of the room, and then she asked what I intended to do. I showed her the telegram. She said that it had been the Queen's wish that her body should remain undisturbed after death and that the family desired to respect that wish; that, however, the final decision rested with the King. I replied that I could appreciate such feelings, the more so because also I had to lament the loss of my dear ones, the dearest in this world, whose wishes would be ever sacred to me. I had already decided, upon entering the room, that I should prefer to make my studies in black and white only, in view of the fact that the mask was to be used solely in modeling the bust, and my experience had taught me of how little assistance these death-masks are.

In reporting to the King I explained the reasons which prompted me to make drawings only, unless His Majesty should command me to do otherwise. He was satisfied to leave it to me, and I commenced my work.

It was dinnertime. The guests, one after another, were retiring to their rooms. I longed for the moment when I should be able to give myself up to my onerous task. Just when I was about to start, Queen Alexandra came in. She was overcome by her grief. I hardly knew what to say or do. She spoke of the Queen and what she had

Drawing of Queen Victoria on her Deathbed

Osborne, during the Night of Jan. 23, 1901



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Charges to pay £ s. d.

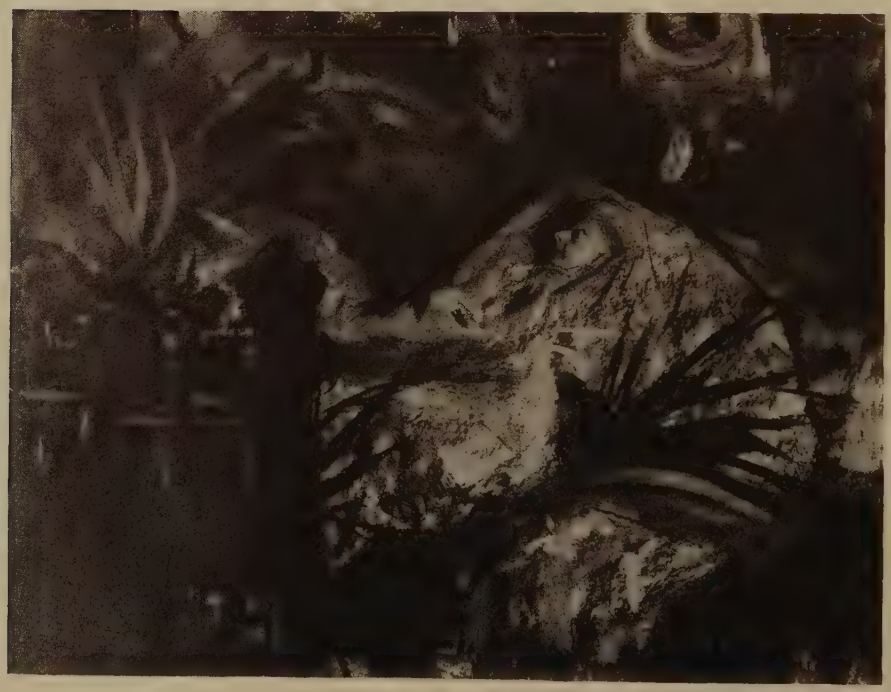
O H M S

Handed in at Osborne at 10-0 a.m. Received here at 10.15 a.m.

TO Reply Paid Emil Fuchs
Edn W. 54 Devonshire St Portland place
Come Osborne immediately take necessary
things along to make a
sketch and a "Totemaske" for
a bust answer when arriving
leave waterloo 11.20 Southampton 1.50
Arrive at Cowes 3.0 Pfyffer

M.B.—This Form must accompany any inquiry made respecting this Telegram.

The Telegram which called Mr. Fuchs to Osborne on the Occasion of Queen Victoria's Death



Queen Victoria

meant to her, of how majestic she looked and of the pallor of her face, from which Death had removed every trace of age.

When Queen Alexandra noticed my preparations for the drawing, she looked at me inquiringly. I explained to her what had been decided only a few minutes before. She seemed to be relieved of an anxiety which evidently had occupied the minds of all the relatives. I accompanied her to the door. When she bade me goodbye I bowed low over her outstretched hand and assured her that I should always remain the Queen's most humble servant, whereupon she pointed toward the bed and said, "The Queen—she is still with us." And I understood.

During the next few hours I was able to throw myself undisturbed into my task. The picture was so sublime that any artist would have longed to possess superhuman gifts for the portrayal of its majesty. Emotion and ardor struggled within me. But soon the image began to unfold. I felt a sensation as of being lifted up, far above the sorrows of a mourning world, and as though my hand were guided by a force I had never experienced before. Like magic the outlines evolved out of an indefinite mist and when at last I had placed the final accentuating strokes and was about to draw back to receive the impression of the whole . . . I found myself surrounded by an array of Royalty such as had never before been gathered together.

There was a deep silence.

The Queen was the first to move. She approached the bed, from which she took a few flowers which she entwined with a fern and handed them to me. Her silence was more eloquent than any words could have been.

Someone tapped me on the shoulder and, turning, I saw a pair of eyes like those of an eagle fixed upon me. The Queen, noticing my bewilderment, said, "This is the Kaiser." He looked quite different then than he did when I had seen him years before mounting and dismounting his horse. It was one of those rare occasions when he wore evening clothes. The broad blue ribbon of the Garter across

his breast and the sparkling diamonds of the star, contrasted vividly with the somberness of their background. He addressed me as if the minutes he had known me were so many years. He said, "Go on, Fuchs, you've made a good start, but you must accentuate this and that." I bowed respectfully. Then the King interposed. He also wore evening clothes with the Order of the Garter. He was more subdued in manner and far more sympathetic, and he said, "I feel that your suggestion was right. Such studies as these will be more helpful to you."

I ventured to say that with the King's permission I would like to work through the night, making a series of sketches and studies, such as would be useful for other purposes than the bust alone. There was no objection to this. The other visitors also looked at the sketch, but no one said anything. It was late. One by one they left the room and I was soon again alone in the middle of the night, surrounded by silence.

There was a light tap at the door and a messenger entered. He brought a note written in pencil, which read: "Please make me a sketch of our beloved Queen as she lies there on her bed surrounded by flowers she loved. A." It was from Queen Alexandra.

I now had ample opportunity to collect myself and resume my work, bearing in mind what I should require. The night passed quickly. Long before daybreak the Queen sent to inquire if I had been able to complete the sketch for her. I replied that I had made four smaller sketches and that I should be very happy if Her Majesty would select the one she preferred. Then came this note:

January 24, 1901.

My most grateful thanks for your touching words in your telegram on the loss of our beloved and great Queen—the loss is too overwhelming, the sorrow unspeakable. Thank you also for so kindly letting me have the choice of the four smaller sketches—I think the large one you did yesterday quite beautiful and very like.

Where would you like me to see the drawings, in her dear room or here in mine, where I might see them perhaps more undisturbed?

ALEXANDRA.

She chose from the four designs one rather elaborate in detail, one in which I had brought in as much as possible of the picture as a whole.

In the morning, Princess Christian was the first visitor. She told me that Professor von Herkomer had been sent by an illustrated paper to make a sketch and that the King had given his permission. She wished to suggest that I give him a choice of position when he arrived. As my work was finished this was no sacrifice to me. Soon the Princess brought him into the room and presented me to him. He was so impressed with the serenity of the picture that he exclaimed time after time to the Princess, "O, how wonderful, how wonderful!" I wanted to give him the benefit of solitude and was just leaving the room when the King sent for me. I took with me the remaining five drawings and asked the King's permission to submit them all and offer one to him. He selected the one he saw first the evening before and accepted this for himself.

On returning to the room I was informed that we must get ready to leave, as the preparations for removing the body to London would soon begin.

After the King saw Herkomer's hasty sketch he again sent for me and said, "Although Professor von Herkomer has been sent here it seems to me that if anything is published, it should be one of your sketches."

I replied, "With Your Majesty's most gracious permission I would like to submit, that the occasion is so solemn that I would prefer not to desecrate it by any thought of self."

Von Herkomer and I departed in the same carriage, we crossed on the same boat, but each kept to himself. As a member of the Academy and the more important of us two it devolved upon him to address me first, should he wish to do so; but as he remained

silent there was no occasion for me to do otherwise. And leaning once more over the rail at the bow, where I had stood only a few days before, I had plenty of leisure to reflect upon the impermanence of life and the sudden changes which often a single day, yes, an hour, brings about.

When we parted at Waterloo Station, we were still the strangers we had been in the beginning.

And here is an instance of what I meant when I spoke earlier in these pages of the human element which counts for so much: On account of always having lived a more or less solitary life, probably through lack of social talents, I have, no doubt, missed some of the small benefits which the kind word of a helpful friend will procure. On the other hand, it has given me ample opportunity to launch forth into the many branches of my art, in whose neighborly domains I delighted to wander. It matters little how one achieves one's happiness—but it is important that one should achieve it.

On the twenty-eighth of that month, the *London Times* published the following Court Circular:

"Osborne, January 26th. Professor von Herkomer and Herr Emil Fuchs have had the honor of making sketches for a portrait and a bust of Her Majesty, the late Queen."

Photographs of two of the drawings which I had made at Osborne were sent to the brother and sisters of King Edward and to the Emperor. The letter which the Duke of Connaught, the King's only surviving brother, sent to me, in autograph, is so touchingly beautiful that I shall quote it:

March 2, 1901.

DEAR MR. FUCHS,

Accept my very best thanks for sending me the excellent fac-simile of your sad drawings made at Osborne. I will ever value them as being the last likeness that could ever be made of my beloved mother, the Queen.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR.

Medal Commemorating the Termination of the South African War

Queen Alexandra as Princess of Pity
Reverse (Faith, Hope and Charity)

Official Coronation Medal
King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra

Flowers from the Deathbed of Queen Victoria

King Haakon of Norway
When Prince Charles of Denmark

Medal Commemorating the Signing of the Peace Treaty
June 28, 1919

As soon as the funeral ceremonies were over and the guests began to depart, I had an audience with the King, at which I submitted the medals of Queen Victoria which in the meantime had been completed. His Majesty had a few struck off the dies. I think three of the largest, one of which he ordered in gold to be sent to the Empress Frederick at Friedrichsruhe. Later, the King permitted copies of the largest size in silver to be presented to the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum in South Kensington and to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

On February twentieth of that year I received the following letter from Marlborough House:

DEAR MR. FUCHS,

I am commanded by the King to ask you to be here (at Marlborough House) on Friday next, the twenty-second instant, at 3:15 o'clock P. M.

Please send me a line in reply that I may know this letter has reached you safely.

Yours faithfully,

D. M. PROBYN.

The form and style of this letter, also the request for an answer, were somewhat unusual. It was more than ordinarily formal, but I soon understood the reason. When I arrived at the appointed hour and was brought into the King's presence, His Majesty handed me a small case and said:

"We have decided to confer upon you the honorary fourth class of our Royal Victorian Order."

THE TIMES, MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1901.

THE KING.

COURT CIRCULAR.

OSBORNE, JAN. 26.

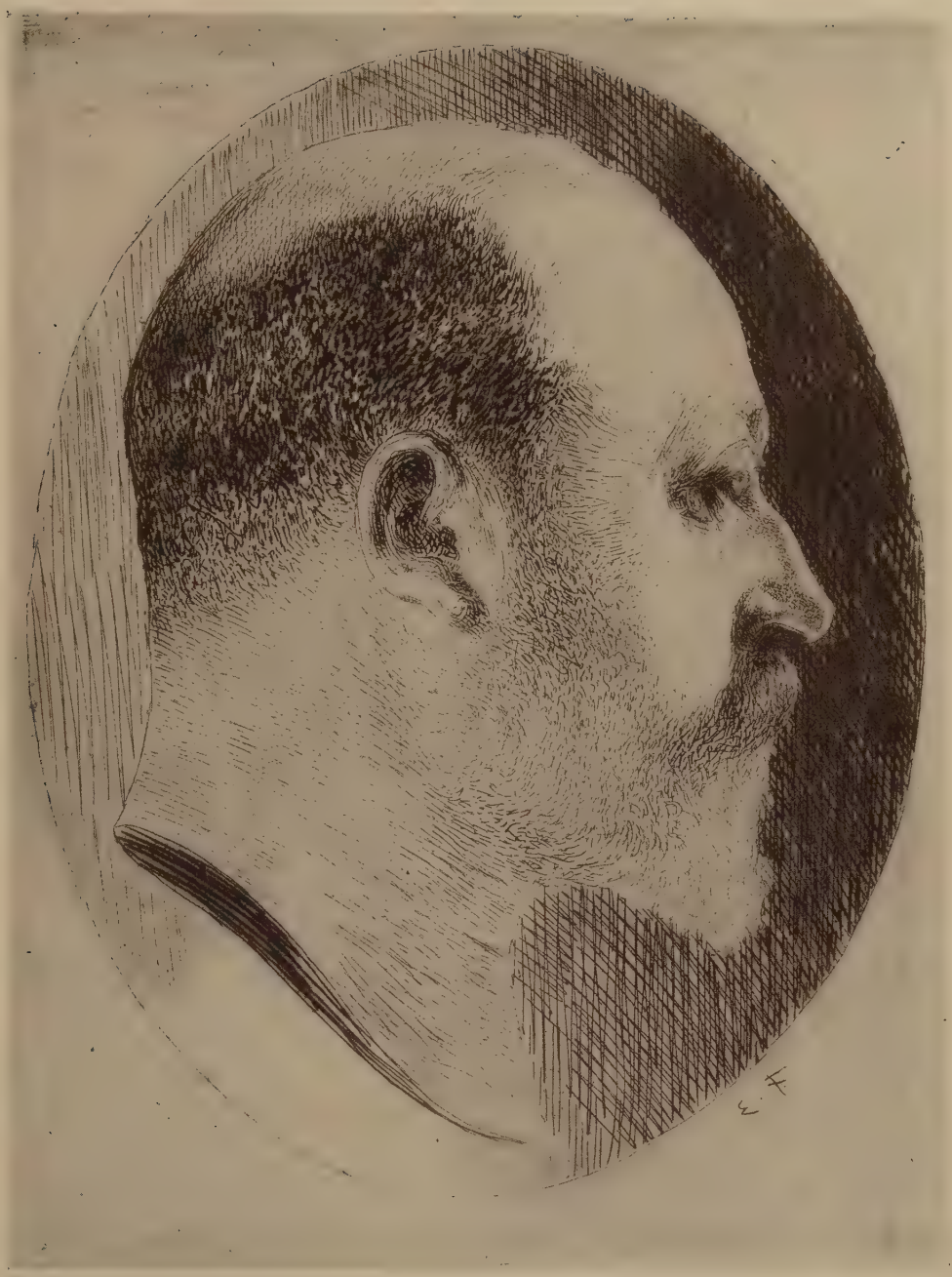
Professor von Herkomer and Herr Emil Fuchs have had the honour of making sketches for a portrait and bust of Her Majesty the late Queen.

CHAPTER XIII

"Grasps the skirts of happy chance." (Tennyson.)

SHORTLY after the ascent of the King to the throne, the firm of Thos. de la Rue & Co., Ltd., who for generations had made the postage stamps of the realm submitted a design which they had already prepared. It was taken from a photograph of the King in uniform. It did not meet with His Majesty's approval. He had quite definite ideas as to how he wished the stamp to be treated. Evidently the way the first designs were altered by De La Rue did not please him either, and he asked them to communicate with me and

to make the head I had modelled of him, with the free bare neck, the base for the design. They therefore sent a member of their firm to discuss the subject with me. So far I had made only a medallion, which was in sculpture. It could have been adapted for the stamp, but I suggested an entirely new drawing. My suggestion was accepted and the King intimated his willingness to give me the necessary sittings.



Head of King Edward VII for the Postage Stamp

(From an Etching by the Artist)

Molly

It may be of interest to read two communications received from Thos. De La Rue and Company, Ltd.; one in March, 1901, is as follows:

ENGLISH UNIFIED STAMPS

With reference to the designs for the English Unified Stamps which you are preparing by command of His Majesty the King, we would point out that the present issue is the outcome of a protracted inquiry made by a Joint Committee of Experts which was appointed by the Postmaster General in October, 1884, to consider the designs and colors of the Postage Stamps.

The principal point the Committee had in view was to obtain a striking distinction between the different duties of Stamps, not only by daylight but by artificial light, so that the sorters of the post offices could easily check the values of the Stamps, even when obliterated.

The difficulty in obtaining sufficient contrast between the Stamps is enhanced by the fact that only two colors of doubly fugitive inks, viz., purple and green, are available.

It is essential to use doubly fugitive inks, because the Stamps have to be sensitive, not only under a printed, but also under a written cancellation.

The distinction between the duties is obtained, partly by employing coloured papers and partly by printing the Stamps in two colours.

We submit that the 1½*d*, 2*d*, 4*d*, 5*d*, 9*d*, 10*d* and 1/- Stamps, which are printed in two colours, and the 3*d* Stamp, which is printed in one colour on yellow paper, are good in design, and that it would be most desirable to leave them as at present, inserting the crown on the borders, as shown on the accompanying designs.

We think that new designs might with advantage be substituted for the ½*d*, 1*d*, 2½*d* and 6*d* stamps.

Introducing new designs for these four duties would not in any way upset the object the Joint Committee had in view, provided the ½*d* is printed in green, the 1*d* in purple, the 2½*d* on blue paper, and the 6*d* on red paper.

The other is dated the nineteenth of April, 1901:

With reference to the Medallion which you are preparing by command of His Majesty the King for the embossing die, we quite understand that this is only to be used for the English, Indian and Colonial embossed stamps, and we undertake that it shall not be employed in any other way.

We shall be glad if you will kindly send us three plaster casts and we hope that His Majesty will be graciously pleased to initial one, as he did in the case of the design for the stamp, in order to give the necessary authority to the Government for its adoption.

P. S. We enclose two copies of the original design, and letter of approval from Windsor.

The designing of a stamp was new to me. The drawing for the head and the model for the embossed stamp are not all that is needed. The first has to be engraved in steel in the size required for the stamp and, as I was not familiar with the technic of engraving but knew how easy it would be to lose the likeness in the process, I asked the firm for a skillful man who would do the engraving in my studio and under my guidance.

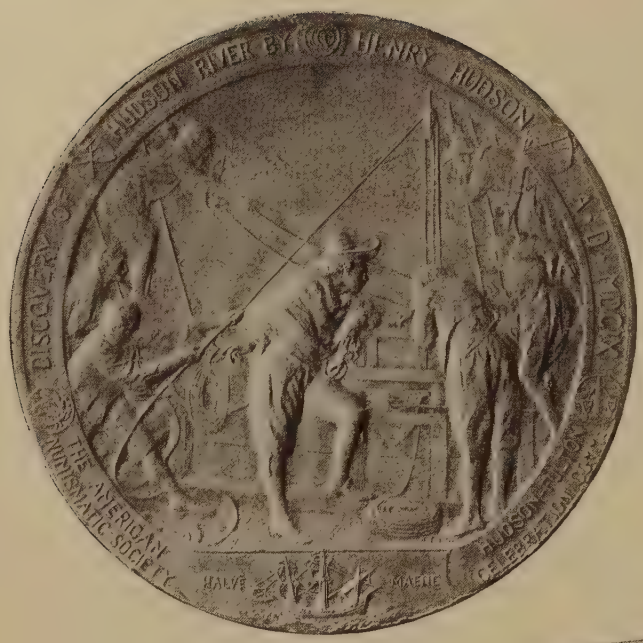
The process is quite difficult but interesting. He first made a photograph from the drawing in the size required and from that he did the work. Then he started his engraving on the steel die. It was all accomplished by the aid of horizontal lines, the different thicknesses of which constituted the modeling. The slightest error meant some loss of likeness. Sometimes it would take him a whole day to cut only part of a line. Once the entire head was on the steel, the task of copying the features as accurately as possible from the drawing proved quite intricate. As an illustration—to make a man realize the salient points of a feature is one thing; to make him interpret it in his work is another. If the engraver could have made portraits, he need not have worked for someone else.

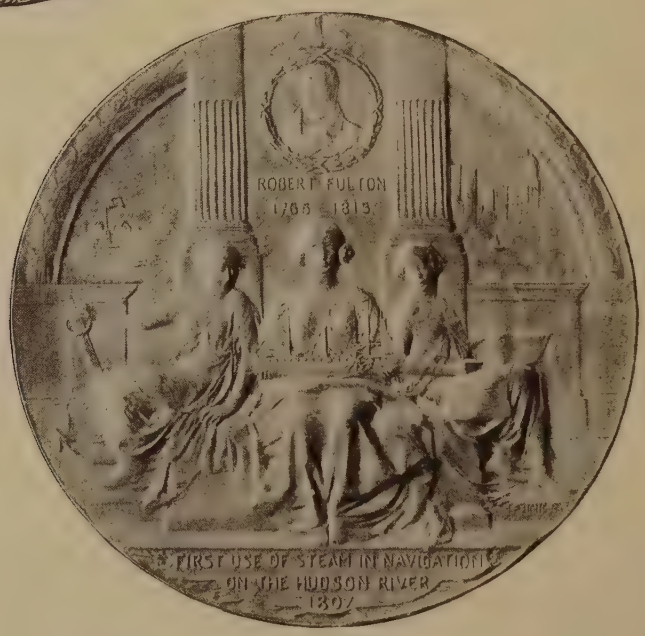
There was an inevitable loss of likeness, but I felt that the way we proceeded would reduce this to a minimum. Every few days we would take an impression of the engraving as it progressed. In this way we were able to note immediately any faults at the point where they occurred and could make our corrections before proceeding further. It made an interesting collection for my album, to which I soon added the designs bearing the King's approval. Of the drawing of the head I possess only a fac-simile; the original is the prop-

Queen Victoria

Medal Commemorating Her Reign in the Twentieth Century

First Approved Design of the Edwardian Postage Stamp





The Hudson-Fulton Commemoration Medal

erty of the Government and was sent to Somerset House, which is the office of Inland Revenue.

One day word came from Windsor that the King wished to see the stamp. It was then just in the preliminary stages. Not even the final colors were available. So we took an impression from the head and another from the frame and pasted the two together. The one-penny stamp, being the one most generally used, was the farthest advanced, and to convey the idea as it would appear in color, we made one impression in green and another in mauve. The King saw them and approved, and they were promptly added to the collection in my album. This is the letter from Sir Arthur Ellis which accompanied the return of the proofs:

Dear Mr. Fuchs,

I return the stamp and memo which I have submitted to the King. His Majesty likes the pattern best which he has marked, "Approved E R"—but thinks that the head is pasted on leaning too far forward and prefers the other which is marked X as to the uprightness and pose of the head; I have explained that this only arises from the slovenly way the head has been affixed to the design drooping forward.

His Majesty likes one-penny "A" in a straight line better than "B."

He thinks *all* the heads should in every case (whatever the value of the stamp) have the crown above.

In the case of the Victorian head, Her Majesty was wearing the crown —so this was not so significant.

The photo makes the hair *black! ! ! !* which is wrong.

To design a postage stamp was not an unmixed pleasure. Soon after it came out, the world seemed to be composed of only critics —critics among the artists, the collectors, my friends, and of course among my enemies. On the twenty-second of May, Sir Arthur Ellis sent me a little note which prepared me for the news that even in the House of Commons I had critics. He said,

"You may see that a question is to be asked in the House of Commons this evening and the reply which we have made out will I

think be complete and satisfactory. But it shows how much jealousy always exists!"

To have a question asked about one in the House of Commons is such an honor that I feel I should give the incident in full.

On Friday, May twenty-fourth, the *London Times* published under the heading "PARLIAMENT," the following report:

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Thursday, May 23

THE NEW POSTAGE STAMPS

Mr. Ellis Griffith (Anglesey) asked the Secretary to the Treasury, as representing the Postmaster General, whether the designs for the new postage stamps had been entrusted to an Austrian sculptor; and if so, whether this was due to the fact that there was no British artist competent for the work.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (Worcestershire, E.) It is the case that the portrait of his Majesty, which has been used in the preparation of the designs to appear on the new postage stamps, is by a foreign artist, there being in existence an excellent profiled portrait executed only last year by the Austrian sculptor, Mr. Fuchs, who is now a resident in London. It is not to be inferred that no British artist was considered to be competent for the work.

Mr. Ellis Griffith asked who had the right of selecting the artist.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain—I must have notice of that question.

Lord Balcarres (Lancashire, Chorley) asked how the unsuitability of British artists was determined.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain—I have expressly stated already that the unsuitability of British artists was not to be inferred from the choice made.

Dr. Farquharson (Aberdeenshire, W.) asked if the opinion of the President of the Royal Academy or other leaders of the artistic profession was taken before the selection was made.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain—I have already said twice that I must have notice of any further questions. (Hear, hear.)

Again, on June seventh, this was published in the *Times:*

HOUSE OF COMMONS

Thursday, June 6

The House resumed after the Whitsuntide holidays. The Speaker took the chair shortly after 3 o'clock.

THE NEW POSTAGE STAMPS

Dr. Farquharson (Aberdeenshire, W.) asked the Secretary to the Treasury, as representing the Postmaster General, whether, before the commission for designs for the new postage stamps were given to an Austrian artist, the advice of the President of the Royal Academy and the leaders of the artistic profession was obtained.

Mr. Ellis Griffith (Anglesey) asked the Secretary to the Treasury whether he could state who was responsible for entrusting the designs to a foreign artist, and whether an opportunity was afforded any other artist to submit designs; and, if not, what was the reason for such omission.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain (Worcestershire, E.) answering both questions said, —The responsibility for the designs of the new issue of stamps rests with the Postmaster General, who took the pleasure of his Majesty the King as to the portrait of his Majesty which should be used in the preparation of the design. The portrait selected by his Majesty was executed only last year by a gentleman who has long been resident in London, and whose work deservedly enjoys a high reputation in this country. As the portrait was thought to be particularly adapted for the purpose in question, it did not appear necessary to invite designs from any other artists. It was not thought necessary to consult the President of the Royal Academy or the leaders of the artistic profession on the subject, as the selection of the portrait to be used in the preparation of the designs was obviously a matter in which His Majesty's own wishes should carry most weight.

This was the last argument I heard on the subject of the postage stamps.

Truth published the following poem:

STAMPING IT IN

New stamps are wanted. Such a chance
  But seldom can occur,
For casting on poor British art
  So undeserved a slur;
Thus, if you please, Herr Fuchs they choose,
  An Austrian sculptor he,
To draw our English King!—oh, what
  An excellent decree!

Not seldom has the Treasury,
  Right glad to play its part,
Brought down its foot full heavily
  On slighted British Art;
But now as though to emphasize
  Its policy of spite,
The heavy foot put down before
  It "stamps" with all its might!

The making of a postage stamp is not the simple project casual consideration would assume it to be. When King George came to the throne and the question of a new stamp was under advisement, this time the Royal Academy was duly consulted and made its recommendations as to the most desirable artist. To him the work was given and, to ensure complete success, he was supplied with an assistant, the head of the school for decorative design, who was to have charge of the frame.

The issue of this stamp was awaited with the keenest anticipation. All the preliminary conditions were present to make it a great work of art. I still vividly recall how, the night before the coronation, June twenty-first, 1911, some of my solicitous friends urged me to take a little holiday, so that I might be spared witnessing the enthusiasm attendant upon the reception of the new stamp (of which they had seen a specimen), and also hearing disagreeable comparisons to the disparagement of my King Edward stamp. It pleases me now to recall how unfounded was the exceeding anxiety of my friends, and

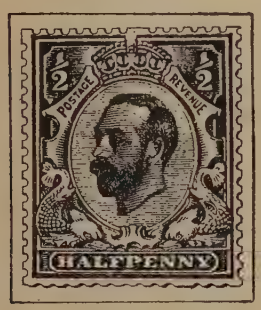
Alienne de Carrière

Mrs. Marshall Field III

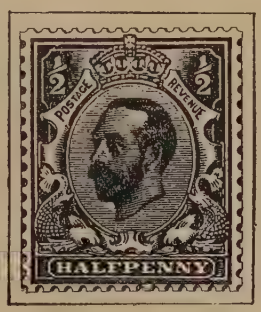
that a preponderance of curiosity impelled me to remain in London, where I could be *au courant* with the discussions in the House of Commons which started once more soon after the appearance of the much heralded stamp. It was not now the question of the artist being an Austrian or that the Academy had not been consulted, but the effect notwithstanding was that drastic changes had to be made in the design.

The following excerpt is from a book published in England in 1921, *The Stamps of Great Britain*, written by Stanley Phillips presumably in an official capacity:

On Coronation Day, June 22nd, 1911, the ½d and the 1d of the new Georgian series were issued, and in the storm of criticism which they evoked,



(A) Original Die



(B) Deepened Die

Enlargement showing the Two Dies of the First Georgian ½d from *The Stamps of Great Britain* (1911–1921), Stanley Phillips

the minor defects of the Edwardian stamps were forgotten. Few people could be found to say a good word for them, in regard either to design or execution, and so great was the outcry in the public press that, although great improvement was made in the printing of the stamps, the Postmaster-General was forced to announce that the designs would be altered as soon as possible, and, as a matter of fact, the dies had been deepened almost at once, giving rather better results.

On New Year's Day, 1912, the "improved" ½d and 1d Georgian stamps were put on sale, but the alterations in the designs were not great and did nothing to influence public opinion in their favour. The 2d stamp, issued in August of the same year, was, however, much more satisfactory, and better hopes were entertained for the remainder of the series.

The enlargements produced herewith showing the two dies of the first Georgian stamps may be of interest.

If these stamps did not prove as successful as everyone expected them to be, the cause is simple and evident. The artist entrusted with the design was an eminent sculptor and that part of the work which appeared on the embossed stamp, for the stamped envelopes, was far superior to the drawing on the flat stamp. As I have mentioned elsewhere, so few sculptors are good draftsmen and consider the value of light and shade as a painter would. This lack of emphasis is responsible for the effect achieved in the flat stamp. Of course I lacked the assistance of a professor from the Victoria and Albert Museum, but my knowledge of painting and drawing seems to have supplied the omission.

. . . . . .

When I was occupied with the memorial to the Duke of Coburg for Sandringham Church, the question of inscription and armorial bearing had to be decided. I submitted my designs and in reply received the following letter from Sir Arthur Ellis:

Dear Mr. Fuchs,

Personally I prefer the Gothic shields as more in harmony with the rest of the surrounding church decoration and the actual monument itself.

But your heraldic drawing is deplorable, my dear friend—your Russian eagle is a gruesome fowl—like a plucked turkey in a poulterer's window! Look for a piece of Russian money (rouble) or on the back of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage medal—*There* is a beautiful heraldic spread double eagle! which will put your miserable pullet to flight!

When I submitted my sketch for the Prince Christian Memorial at Osborne, the Duchess of Coburg wished me to make a bust of the

late Duke. She asked if I could progress far enough with the model to make it possible to bring it to Coburg that summer and finish the work there. To escape the dull season in London one would probably be content with a far less important excuse.

Coburg is a small town in Thuringia. It is in close proximity to the Grand Duchy of Weimar, better known on account of its having been the home of Goethe and Schiller and, later, of Abbé Liszt.

The court in Weimar had traditionally favored art and artists, which had made it famous. Like the Medicis, the Weimarians knew that art endures and, that they themselves might endure, they closely interwove their lives with the great men of their time.

Coburg leaves no such inheritance to posterity. Their ruling families have been related to almost all the reigning houses of Europe and have been so enormously rich, that this they considered quite sufficient to ensure to them "immortality." The castle in Coburg is a splendid building, commensurate with their great wealth. It contains nothing which differs much from other abodes of its kind. The room allotted to me was none too elaborate either in its decoration or its furnishings, which was only natural, considering that I was to work there in plaster.

The Court spent the summer not far away at Castle Rosenau, a rather simple house for royalty. I was asked for luncheon several times, which was served in a vaulted room of ample proportions leading into the garden. The windows were so small that the light it received from the outside was only that of the blazing sun reflected from the white sand. With the exception of the Princess Marie of Roumania, now the Queen of Roumania, the whole family was present.

The Dowager Duchess, a daughter of Czar Alexander II of Russia, was a lady of generous proportions whose English abounded with the idiom which is so attractive a characteristic of the Russians and which they seem to retain in spite of their superior linguistic talents. Three of her four daughters were there, all of whom were so beautiful that it has never been decided which was really the hand-

somest: Victoria Melitta, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who afterwards left the Duke and married the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia; Alexandra, hereditary Princess of Hohenlohe Langenburg; and the then unmarried Princess Beatrice, who later married a member of the Spanish Court, a cousin of the present King, thereby incurring the displeasure of their mother as well as of the King of Spain, on account of their difference in religion. She was Protestant, while her husband was Catholic.

Besides these there was the young Duke of Coburg, a son of the late Duke of Albany, who was the youngest of King Edward's brothers, and also the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, daughter of Princess Christian, in honor of whose son's memory I was designing the memorial.

The party was a happy one. The Grand Duchess was most amusing and always ready for a joke. Once at the luncheon table, she told one of her stories which was so funny that the servants could only with difficulty keep their serious expressions. When she noticed this, she and the others purposely continued to say laugh-provoking things until at last one of the servitors was compelled to place his dish on the sideboard, to regain his customary composure. They were all Russian guardsmen, each one a giant, who had probably been in the royal service all their lives. As it was a hot summer's day and the life at Rosenau so informal, they were in all white uniforms, a most imposing sight.

During my stay came the news of the death of Empress Frederick, which threw nearly all the courts of Europe into deep mourning.

The Duchess who was a great patron of music and especially of Bayreuth, where she was a regular attendant at the performances, offered me her tickets for *Parsifal.* I was to go with her chamberlain, H. de Vignau. To travel from Coburg to Bayreuth, although the distance as the crow flies is short, required considerable planning, on account of the side lines with poor connections which one had to use. We carefully studied the timetables and left early enough to

George J. Gould

Kingdon Gould

arrive in good time, for it was a rigid rule that the instant the conductor made his bow, the doors must be closed and no one, however exalted he might be, could be admitted before the end of the act.

Everything went like clockwork until we arrived at a station where we were to take the branch line which would bring us to Bayreuth and found that this connection had been abolished, and was of course not noted on the old timetable. This was hard luck, but we did not give up. Upon consulting with the stationmaster we learned that the distance was not great, only a few miles away. When we asked him to provide a special train, he looked at us with astonishment and said, "Have you any idea what this will cost?" We confessed we had not.

"It will cost you *one hundred marks*, paid in advance."

We smiled at him, placed the money in his hands and urged him to hasten, which he did. He had no coach available, but he had an old engine such as they use in the stations for shifting. To this he attached a cattle car with two chairs, and off we went, as rapidly as the steam would carry us. We looked alternately out of the car and at our watches. The engine seemed to crawl and the watch hands to fly. There were only fifteen minutes left, and we began to resign ourselves. Under the most favorable circumstances we could not have done better than five minutes late. When we reached the station, a crowd had assembled, for it was already known that a special train was due, which could mean only Royalty or a multimillionaire. The way was clear, but on account of the crowd which followed us, we had to take a cab, although our watches told us it was useless to hurry now, as we were too late.

But—when we arrived the usher was just closing the doors and he let us slip in. By a most unusual and rare coincidence, the conductor had been detained that day by an unavoidable accident which made him late too, an almost unheard-of occurrence, though much to our gratification and to the amusement of the royal guests when we reported it next day.

CHAPTER XIV

"Man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." (Wordsworth.)

THE South African War came to an end. With the defense of Ladysmith and Mafeking, England had proved that if she is called Bulldog, it is justly so as she has every claim to the title. In Generals she had added two names to the long list of her national heroes and her idols—Sir George White and Baden Powell.

Sir George White I first met when he was posing in my studio for a portrait which Làszló was painting by command of the Queen. His head in profile was even more interesting than full face. The features showed every indication of the ascetic life to which he was accustomed; deep, sunken eyes, a forceful aquiline nose and a determined mouth, habitually used to command and to exact obedience. His skull was remarkable; in profile especially could be discerned the unusual amount of brain-space; and, as if the natural flow of contour were not enough, he bore on the top of his head an additional eminence. The enthusiasm after his return and the eagerness of the entire populace to entertain and fête him was more than he cared for, and he often spoke of it as being so different from his hitherto rigid life.

"Have you any suggestion as to the reverse side of the medal?" I asked him one day when I had nearly finished my medallion of him.

"Yes," he replied, "I would like you to use my motto," and he wrote on a slip of paper—"Honeste Parta."

Sir Robert Baden Powell did not so much mind the adulation which fell to him as his share. He even enjoyed it. It reminded me of the famous actress who instructed her secretary to read to her only those criticisms which were eulogistic. One day the secretary said, "Do you still wish me to continue? Don't you tire of the monotony?"

"You have no idea," she replied, "of the amount of praise one can stand."

When I moved to my new studio in Regent's Park I saw much of Sir Robert. He was a clever draftsman, quite an artist, and an amusing companion. The Commonwealth of Australia presented him with two saddle horses, a white and a black, splendid specimens. When the black one was no longer useful for the saddle he placed it in my care. At about this time, Countess Deym, the widow of the late Austrian Ambassador, made me a present of the hansom in which her husband used to drive about town. The two combined made an admirable turnout and enabled the horse to enjoy many easy and comfortable years.

. . . . . .

The more I worked in oil, the more fascinating it became. It seemed to fill a gap in my existence. Many orders for portraiture could not be so successfully executed in sculpture as in painting. The moment color is the dominant factor, clay, marble and bronze cease to be the correct media, and if an artist employs them in these circumstances, it is only because he is not able to do otherwise. Fortunately, I was no longer compelled to do this, and soon was making a clear distinction among my sitters as to whom to portray in the one and whom in the other medium. Two commissions which I had on hand were manifestly problems of color. One was that of Maud Ashley, the very attractive daughter of Sir Ernest Cassel; the other, the Marquis de Soveral, who was the Portuguese Minister to the Court of St. James's. He was favored of the gods—not good-looking, but different from anybody else. His face was nearly

as round as a billiard ball and the few remaining hairs on his head were carefully parted. He had bushy eyebrows and wore a heavy moustache, most punctiliously turned up, and an imperial, all of which were jet-black. His cheeks were shaved, but the hair-growth was so strong that it gave his skin a bluish tinge, which earned him the nick-name of "blue monkey." He was an amusing and keen-witted man.

One night when he was dining at the house of Sir Ernest Cassel, the financier, who shared equally in the friendship of the King, His Majesty was present and suddenly called across the table:

"Last night I saw the revival of Oscar Wilde's *Importance of Being in Earnest.* Do you know it, Soveral?"

"No, Sir," was the reply, "but I know the importance of being Sir Ernest."

A party without him seemed incomplete. He was equally at home in Sandringham, at Windsor, Sunderland, Devonshire or Dorchester House. When the father of the present King of Portugal came on a visit to London, Soveral gave several parties at the Legation which were the talk of the town. At one of these, a dinner, the King made him a marquis. Shortly after this, a relative died and left him a fortune.

When I commenced his portrait, the question of uppermost importance was—dress; he was known as one of the best-dressed men in London. Men's clothing seems so simple that it was astounding what an infinite variety he achieved in frockcoats, light waistcoats, ties and spats. We went through his wardrobe to make the final selection and the quantity of suits it contained seemed incredible, veritably an embarrassment of riches.

The first pose he assumed was so characteristic of the man that I promptly adopted it. He was seated in a chair with his legs crossed and his hands resting upon one of his countless canes which, in this instance, was the King's latest Christmas gift and was crowned by an immense lapis lazuli. In his right hand he held the ubiquitous

Memories

Bronze

"In Maiden Meditation"

cigar, the size and quality of which was rivaled only by the King's own brand. The Duchess of Manchester, whose brother owned plantations in Cuba, arranged that they should both be supplied with the best cigars to be procured.

During his sittings there was never lack of company; visitors were so many that I was vividly reminded of Velasquez' immortal *Las Meninas.* As a natural consequence, criticism started with almost the first stroke of the brush. It was an easy way to show one's deep interest, friendship and devotion to the sitter, quite indifferent as to the feelings of the artist. Luckily, he was too well accustomed to such fulsome praise to have it affect his equilibrium, and he continued his regular and intelligent sittings, thus enabling me to make a good likeness of him.

Maud Cassel was the only daughter of Sir Ernest. The story of his life reads like another fairy tale.

He came to London when still a boy, and entered the banking house of Bischoffsheim and Company in an insignificant capacity. There he soon gave evidence of extraordinary ability and he advanced rapidly. One day the house was confronted with a difficult situation, the handling of which presented seemingly insuperable obstacles to all. Young Cassel suggested a solution which appeared to be feasible, and was entrusted with the task. Having accomplished it successfully to the complete satisfaction of his superiors, he was called into the office and informed:

"We are entirely satisfied with the manner in which you have discharged this undertaking and, as an indication of our appreciation, we have decided to raise your salary to five hundred pounds."

Young Cassel calmly replied, "I suppose you mean five *thousand* pounds."

Whereupon everyone looked with astonishment at everyone else, but Mr. Bischoffsheim retorted just as calmly and promptly: "Yes, sir."

He was soon made a partner in the concern, but the flight of

his imagination probably soared too high and his vision was too magnificent for them to follow; so they parted and he went into his own business. In a modest three-room office, his transactions embraced the whole globe. He negotiated for railroads in the most inaccessible parts of Sweden, Russia, Mexico; with Baron Hirsch, whose firm friend he was, he planned the complete system of railroads for Turkey and Anatolia. Loans of such magnitude were arranged that even the Rothschilds would have considered twice before entertaining them. No proposal was too big for Ernest Cassel. His name became a magic word in the world of finance.

One day so the story goes, a man approached Lord Rothschild with a scheme for the irrigation of the Nile Valley country. Since the days of the Pharaohs similar projects have been promoted. The Nile, like any other stream, is dependent for its water supply upon the moods of Dame Nature. Some years there is such an abundance that the banks overflow. In other years the drought causes a catastrophe equally disastrous. If only the supply might be regulated, it was believed that Egypt would know such an era of prosperity as only one's wildest dreams can conceive. This man, then, was received by Lord Rothschild who, after hearing his plan, said sarcastically, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"Such fantastic ideas find encouragement only with Ernest Cassel."

The man probably did not even know at that time who Ernest Cassel was, but he soon learned. Cassel listened to him and asked him to leave his papers for him to study, promising to return them in a few days, which he did. Then Cassel chartered a steamer and invited on a trip to Egypt a party of friends, financiers and others, including Sir George Baker, the famous engineer who built the bridge over the Firth of Forth, and Sir John Aird the contractor.

And while his friends enjoyed themselves, he spent his time investigating and planning and calculating. A few years later, this problem, which had baffled the engineering world for centuries,

was solved by the genius of one individual. And as was predicted, irrigation brought untold riches to the country. The cotton crops each year were uniform; the value of the land rose accordingly; and it would not be surprising to know that, in spite of his fabulous wealth, old Rothschild regretted he had not been a bit more generous with his time and attention when the little, unknown man laid before him the product of his fertile mind.

Ernest Cassel had many admirable qualities, the most important of which was his ability to remain silent. Every man knew he could go to Sir Ernest and confide his most precious secrets with the knowledge that they were buried, never to come to life again through any act of Sir Ernest's. He was lavishly generous and always headed any subscription list for a worthy cause.

For years he was in charge of the King's financial affairs, even while he was still Prince of Wales. He could be the best of good friends, but also he had his dislikes and in these instances he knew how to express them.

He lived in Grosvenor Square when I first started to work for him on his medallion and a marble bust for his daughter. Later he bought Brooke House, in Park Lane, from Lord Tweedmouth and redecorated it—actually, he rebuilt it—until it became one of the showplaces of the town. The entrance hall was in blue marble from a quarry which had just been discovered in Canada, and this was the first of it to be used. It resembled lapis lazuli, so the effect may be visualized.

The house contained an abundance of the rarest pictures. At about the time when he moved into the new house, he learned that Arthur Davis, one of the South African mining magnates, was in difficulties and was compelled to sell his collection, which contained choice Romneys and Reaburns, obtained before collecting had become the fashion and while he still had a wide choice. And he chose well. Sir Ernest (as he was since the Queen's Jubilee) bought up the entire collection, which appeared to far greater advantage

in Brooke House than it could have in Davis' flat in St. James Place.

During the racing seasons, twice a year, Moulton Paddocks, his house at Newmarket, was the scene of many notable parties. The King dined there often as well as in the town house.

His daughter Maud was the most sympathetic and delightful of women, absolutely unspoiled and with a full understanding of the needs and feelings of others, perhaps partly due to the fact that she herself had been a sufferer for much of her short life. Her husband was Wilfred Ashley, of the Shaftesbury family, and a member of Parliament. The marriage was an ideally happy one and she bore him two children, both girls, the elder of whom, Edvina, recently married Lord Mountbatten (a grandson of Queen Victoria) and last year visited the "States" with him.

Many artists were permitted to work for Mrs. Ashley, for she was devoted to art. Làszló and Zorn painted portraits of her, the better of which was that done by Zorn, and I likewise was granted this privilege, and made the bust of her as well. Alas! Like Lady Alice Montagu, her visit to this world was of but short duration and, in the prime of life, she left it. Her husband had a memorial placed in Rumsey Cathedral which he asked me to design. The group represents a woman seated on a cenotaph with a child on either side, whom she has taken into her protecting arms. Above is a medallion of Mrs. Ashley with the inscription:

> Once didst thou shine a morning star among the living;
> Now, no more, thou shinest an evening star among the dead.

The physician who cared for Mrs. Ashley as a child was Sir Felix Semon, a friend of her father, Sir Ernest Cassel. He was a throat specialist, esteemed as one of the best in his profession and consulted by Queen Victoria and the other members of the Royal Family. In a conspicuous position in his office a table had been placed containing a mighty array of photographs of royalties as well

Mrs. Courtlandt Nicoll

Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr.

as of celebrities of the stage and the opera, each inscribed with a flattering dedication to the physician. His wife was a singer of talent, a pupil of the famous George Henschel, who himself sang with much sentiment and understanding. Sir Felix was socially ambitious and he and Lady Semon could be seen at all the first nights, big concerts and public dinners of importance. He was an excellent after-dinner speaker and had a remarkable memory for funny stories. Often when he was called for attention to the King's throat which troubled him sometimes as a result of excessive smoking, he took occasion to repeat the latest jokes, to the keen amusement of those who happened to be present. One day he regaled the King and the Duke of Connaught with some of these stories, which were particularly funny and were met with roars of laughter. Emboldened by their reception, he ventured to tell of an incident at the Queen's Jubilee, when she raised one of the professors of the medical college to the rank of Physician in Ordinary to the Queen. The man was exceedingly vain and anxious that everyone should know of the event, so when he entered the lecture-room he took a piece of chalk and under his name he wrote his new title. After the lecture, when he was leaving, he turned again at the door for a last, proud look, and saw that someone had added—"God save the Queen." This story was harmless enough in itself, but not a muscle of the faces of his listeners so much as quivered, and Sir Felix discovered himself in a painful extremity. He bowed himself out and for some time his services at Court were dispensed with. Poor Sir Felix was much distressed but he was helpless to change matters, until one day Sir Ernest took occasion to tell the King that Sir Felix was slowly fading away with grief; so the King sent for him and forgave him. But he had had a useful lesson which served him for the future.

This little story reminds me of another which I hope is not too generally known to bear repetition. This occurred at Balmoral. After dinner, while Queen Victoria was conversing with an ambassador, her attention was drawn to a far corner where her gentlemen-

and ladies-in-waiting were assembled and from whence floated repeated outbursts of suppressed laughter, in which the Queen felt she would like to participate; so she inquired what it was all about. Dead silence. Again she asked the question. One of the ladies-in-waiting stepped forward and explained the little joke which, though also quite as harmless as that of Sir Felix, was not what the Queen had expected. With a stern face she announced, "We are not amused."

One of the most prominent women of that time was Lady Jeune, the wife of Sir Francis Jeune, President of Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, later better known as Lord and Lady St. Helier. Their house in Upper Wimpole Street was the rendezvous for many illustrious people, mostly in public life. One might call Lady St. Helier a Political Hostess. Her daughter, a really handsome girl, assisted her admirably at her receptions, and afterward married that Saint John Broderick so well known in Parliament and, later, as Secretary of State for War and for India. The marble bust I made of her husband has been permanently placed in the Law Courts.

Lady Jeune's sister Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale (who exercised her prerogative to this title only by courtesy, even after her marriage to Sir William Eden Evans-Gordon), was also actively engaged in politics but lacked that subtlety possessed by her sister. It would seem that her one political achievement was the bringing about of her husband's election to Parliament. She must have learned from her sister the benefits of extensive hospitality. Her dinner parties were far too large for the size of her dining room and she gathered together all sorts of people. The present John Pierpont Morgan was a guest at one of these crowded dinners and smiled good-naturedly at the efforts of the servants to squeeze through the small remaining space.

There was no comparison between the culinary offerings of the Marchioness and what one might confidently expect at the Bischoffsheim house in Park Lane, or in their country place, "Warren House," near Stanmore, where the viands approached the last word in gas-

tronomic creations. Mrs. Bischoffsheim modified the, probably to her, slightly more vulgar saying, to—"The way to people's hearts leads through their throats." She understood better than many hostesses the way to make her guests happy, the secret being to leave them to their own devices. Some played golf, while others motored or went on long walks with kindred spirits, or sat at cards the entire day. Mrs. Bischoffsheim stipulated only that they return for meals. I knew one councillor of the Austrian Embassy, Count B——, who, even after his transfer to Constantinople, spent his vacations at the "fleshpots," except that he preferred Stanmore's to those of Babylon, for which no one could possibly blame him.

It was at Stanmore that I first met Prince Francis of Teck, the brother of Queen Mary, probably the handsomest man I have ever seen. In all my recollection there was only one other who could compare with him and that was the late Archduke Otto of Austria, the heir presumptive to the crown. Prince Francis was not only good to look at but was a most agreeable man to meet. Absolutely democratic, he lived the life of a private gentleman in his flat in the Marylebone section and, as may be inferred, was the most popular bachelor in London. His interest in art brought him often to my studio and, in his spare moments, he would sometimes pose for me. I thought it a great pity not to preserve those manly features for the future. When he died, quite unexpectedly, Queen Mary asked to see the unfinished portrait, and bought it. Fortunately the face was done and work on the hands sufficiently far advanced so that the picture could be completed without much trouble.

CHAPTER XV

"Kind hearts are more than coronets." (Tennyson.)

ON April 22, 1901, I received the following note from Sir Arthur Ellis:

DEAR MR. FUCHS:

The King wishes you to come with me on Thursday next by twelve o'clock midday train from St. Pancras to Sandringham, for one night, to go over the question of the Church monuments, etc., and I am desired to let you know this.

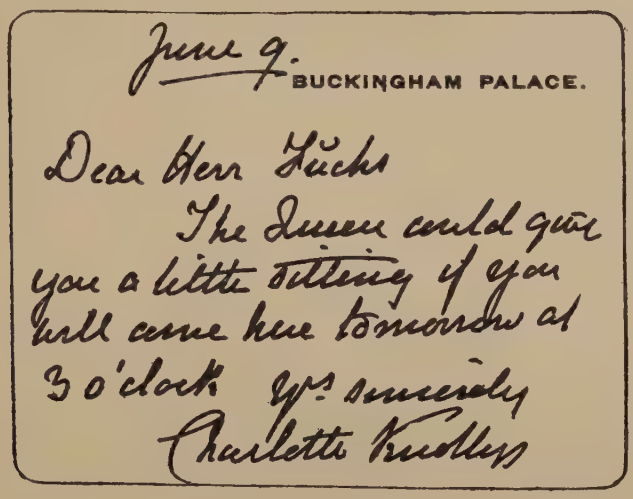
His Majesty had expressed the wish to erect a memorial to the late Queen, for which a space was to be cleared, and it was decided that all that part at the left of the altar should be reserved for the purpose, as this memorial would be more important than those which would remain.

When all these details had been settled, the King invited me to stroll with him in the grounds. In the course of our walk he turned suddenly to me and said:

"I would like to speak to you about the Coronation medal. The time is approaching when the matter will have to be given consideration. Have you any views on the subject?"

"I have, Sir," said I. "A few days ago while visiting Sir Arthur, I happened to notice a plain bronze medal which Napoleon the Great had arranged to have issued from St. Helena after his death to his former generals, the poetry of which impressed me: 'Napoleon, to

his companions in glory, his last thoughts from St. Helena.' It bore the date of his death, May 5th, 1821. A wreath of laurels was around its border. This seemed a little heavy for the medal itself, but should Your Majesty approve of the idea, I should be happy to submit designs of what I have in mind."


June 9. BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Dear Herr Lucks

The Queen could give you a little sitting if you will come here tomorrow at 3 o'clock Yrs sincerely

Charlotte Knollys

This was my first intimation that the King wanted me to design the Coronation medal. I was commissioned also to make sketches and drawings for medals for Art, Science and Music, all to bear on the obverse the image of the King and Queen. In fact, the year 1901 brought me a great volume of work for my royal master. In addition to all this sculpture I made two memorials of Empress Frederick who died that September—one for Sandringham and one for Balmoral; and also a bust of Queen Victoria for Balmoral.

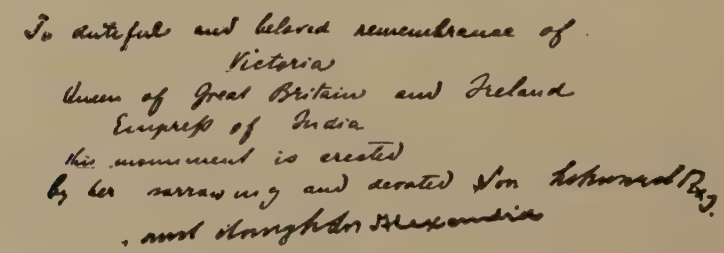
For the Coronation medal I had sittings from both their Majesties during the spring and summer. The reverse was to be plain, with only the initials "E.R. VII." This medal was accepted just as I submitted it. The border was composed of a delicately formed wreath of laurel surmounted by a crown, through the cross of which ran the ring to which the ribbon (dark blue with a purple stripe

through the center and two white stripes at the end) was attached. The demand for a coronation medal to be sold to the public became so universal that the firm of Elkington, who looked after the striking and finishing of the official medal, asked and obtained permission from the King to issue one for which they were allowed to use my portraits reversed—that is, they faced right instead of left. The wreath around the border and the crown were omitted. This medal gave me a chance at a more elaborate reverse side, although naturally it had to be treated more or less conventionally. I depicted Britannia resting on her shield ornamented with the royal arms, with Westminster Abbey in the distance.

This popular medal was to be issued in different sizes in gold, silver, copper and even tin and sold throughout the United Kingdom and in the Colonies. Schools would offer it for prizes; some of the gold specimens would be inserted in cups or plates to make distinctive and valuable gifts. Up to the time when it was announced that the Coronation would be postponed on account of the illness of the King, about 950,000 had been sold and, at the last moment, 40,000 were cancelled.

The medal for Art, Science and Music gave me excellent scope for the reverse. I had a free hand for the design and the one accepted was of three figures grouped around a fountain of truth and beauty, from which they drew their inspiration.

The medallion of Queen Victoria for Sandringham Church was somewhat larger than the others and was supported by the figures of two angels. When the legend for the inscription was submitted, the King altered the wording, the autograph of which I reproduce here:



During the month preceding his coronation, the King's duties pressed so heavily that those immediately about him wondered how he managed to survive the tax upon his energies. But in spite of it all, he took the keenest interest in the progress of the memorial to his mother.

When the day of the coronation approached, I received the official invitation to attend the ceremonies in the Abbey; but what immeasurably touched me was this note from Miss Knollys on June twentieth:

Dear Herr Fuchs,

The Queen thinks you may like to have one of her tickets for the Triforium in the Abbey for the Coronation.

In greatest haste.

In consequence of which I believe I was one of few who could boast of having two tickets for this rare and impressive ceremony.

One day, while painting Maud Ashley at her home, she received the call of Lord and Lady Normanton, whose country seat was in Somerley near Ringwood in Hampshire, where they spent the major part of the year. My portraits pleased them to the extent that they asked me to paint some for them, too. Subsequently I went down to prepare for my work there. Somerley comprised an estate of several thousand acres with an imposing manor in stone which closely approached the Italian renaissance in design. It was built by the father of the present peer who filled it with many beautiful pieces of furniture, china and silver, but took especial pride in his picture collection, which was so large and important that the walls of the Gallery he added to the house for the purpose were covered to the ceilings with paintings. He possessed the chiaroscuros for the window of the New College Chapel at Oxford by Reynolds, as well as his Miss Falconer by Moonlight. He had a large Sir Thomas Lawrence and a Constable, several Gainsboroughs, Guardis and Can-

alettos. Each article of furniture in this vast gallery had been selected with infinite patience and understanding and without regard to the cost. The present peer married a Miss Byng of the Strafford family, and she guarded all these treasures with jealous pride. She it was who, wishing to add to the group of ancestors, had invited me down to paint the Earl. The light coming into the gallery from the top changed throughout the day with the sun, which made it impossible to work there, inspiring as such a studio would have been; but conditions in the billiard room were better and, as it was little used, I painted there.

The generous permission accorded to inspect the pictures and art objects attracted many visitors. One day while I was working, Mrs. Herbert Asquith came over with a party from a neighboring estate and, after having made a tour of the house and gallery, came to have a look at the portrait. The sitter and Lady Normanton welcomed an opinion from so keenly critical an eye, trained among the priceless pictures of her father, Sir Charles Tennant. She cast a cursory glance at it and remarked to the châtelaine:

"Why don't you have your husband's portrait painted by a real artist?"

On September fifteenth I received this note from Balmoral:

Dear Herr Fuchs,

The King desires me to say that he should be glad if you could come here on Saturday next (leaving London on Friday evening), so that he may be able to discuss with you the designs of Craithie Church memorials.

Yours very truly,

Knollys.

The two memorials in question were to Queen Victoria and to Empress Frederick; the first a bust, to be placed in a niche cut in one of the monumental granite columns, and the other a medallion.

Balmoral Castle in Aberdeenshire (Scotland) belonged originally to the Gordons and then to the Farquharsons; it went afterwards

A Study in Blue and Gold

The Lady in Blue

to the Fifes, the last male descendant of whom was the Duke of Fife, who married Louise, daughter of King Edward. Balmoral was bought by the Prince Consort in 1852 and it was the favorite home of the Queen. They built the castle of granite in Norman style and completed it in 1856. The approaching visitor is greeted by the sight of the big tower with its snow-white turrets many miles distant. It is surrounded by mountains which protect it from the sudden onslaughts of an inclement climate. The interior is decorated with dignified simplicity and an eye to comfort rather than luxury, though this may have been only the impression produced by the general effect on me.

I spent most of my days preparing a series of rough sketches so as to have them in readiness for the King when he should arrive. There was a large house party including the Prince and Princess of Wales; Count Mensdorff of the Austrian Embassy; Sir Michael Herbert, British Ambassador to the United States, and Lady Herbert, who was a Miss Wilson of New York; Reuben D. Sassoon, the noted sportsman and friend of the King; Sir James Reid, private physician to Queen Victoria; Lord Mount Edgcumbe; Lord Farquhar and his deputy, Sir Charles Frederick and Eduardo de Martino, marine painter, who was a favorite with the Royal Family and was often invited. Whenever the King went on a yachting trip or to Cowes de Martino was asked. His art being so limited in scope, the King's entourage would buy his marines or have him paint pictures of their yachts. Lipton was one of those firm friends "who make salt sweet and blackness bright." Although slightly paralyzed, de Martino was always in good spirits and full of fun, always drawing little marines on the menus with a few well chosen lines, which he would present to a fair neighbor, adding a gallant phrase.

The night after my arrival, before going in to dinner the Royal Family held their usual little circle. I was standing somewhat at a distance, unobtrusively, when I noticed that the King, while addressing someone in front of me, had fixed his glance on my coat. Before

I could investigate to learn the cause of it, he called me to him and inquired why I did not wear the Coronation medal. I had to admit that I had received none. At this moment, the doors were thrown open and the party proceeded into the dining room. It was rectangular, as was the table. The guests numbered thirty-five or forty. The King sat at the center with the Princess of Wales on his right, while opposite sat the Prince of Wales with the Queen beside him. There were more gentlemen than ladies so that de Martino and I found ourselves together at the end of the table.

After we were seated a party of bagpipers entered, gaudily dressed in their Scottish kilts, and, playing their weird airs, marched three times around the table—quite an impressive ceremony.

The favorite dish of the evening seemed to be marrowbones, of a size such as I had never seen before. They were served daintily wrapped in napkins tied with ribbon. The marrow had been detached from the bone and replaced in it, and was eaten with specially made spoons with long handles. They seemed to delight everyone. De Martino too thoroughly enjoyed his and had scarcely finished when a servant placed before him a huge dish of spaghetti. Poor de Martino! He nearly fainted. At first he did not know what to do, but when he saw the King looking at him and smiling, he had to smile too and tackle his unwelcome course. Fortunately I alone heard his comments in Italian and was glad, because they were not suitable for everyone's ears.

This most considerate attention the King wished to pay him was not quite fully appreciated because de Martino, ignorant of the surprise in store for him, had helped himself twice to the marrowbones which, in view of their size, was a brave undertaking.

Next morning the King sent for me rather early and, before discussing the program of the day, he handed me a case containing the Coronation medal, saying, "I am sorry you should have been overlooked; it was an oversight and besides," with a twinkle in his eye, "you ought to have one since it is your own work." That

evening at dinner, the other guests wore their miniature decorations which is the correct thing to do when in civilian clothes, and I blazed forth with my large medal, by Royal command, but not in accordance with my own wishes.

During this short visit, I crowded all I could into my sketch-book of portraits of the notables present, who I am sure must have heaved a sigh of relief when I left.

There was an abundance of commissions for portraits, far exceeding my fondest expectations. They averaged twenty paintings to one single bust, and that probably of someone already departed. Not seldom had I to do the portrait in painting when I felt the subject was an excellent one for sculpture and so informed the sitter. But portraiture in sculpture somewhat resembles the taste for an oyster, in that both are acquired, except that so far the oyster still seems to have the preference. When people once learn to appreciate the difficulties represented by a likeness in marble or bronze and the art in it when it is a success, then I am confident this method will be more generally patronized. As to the difficulties—a face on canvas presents only one view which, if lifelike, is all that is expected of it. But a portrait "in the round" is a multiplicity of presentments from all angles. How frequent it is that the artist can obtain a good likeness in profile when the bust would be hopelessly unlike in full face, or the contrary; which explains why patronage is denied to sculpture. The risk of failure is too obvious. In this branch of art there is no possibility of impressionism. The few attempts to introduce such practices have proved their fallacies. Those masterpieces of portraiture which gave to Rodin his name and just fame were his early works, on which he spent extreme care and time to finish them with that incomparable skill in caressing the marble, which he understood better than almost any other sculptor. When, as in later years, he left most of it in the rough, Nature's divine hand was infinitely greater and preferable. One look at his Balzac will illustrate my meaning.

Some time ago I visited an exhibition of portrait sculpture by a man well-known here and abroad, all executed in that school which attempts to express boldness by indistinctness and slurring. To employ the chisel for an impression of sketchiness seems to me like speeding in a Rolls-Royce over a country road filled with cobblestones. Sketching is an art. It is the gift of expressing with a few well-defined strokes a hasty impression; and if each of these strokes testifies to the mastery of the artist, the sketch often stirs the imagination by its freshness and spontaneity to a greater degree than the finished work. But to look at a sketch by a dauber is like having to read a sentence with every word misspelled.

Some of my sitters of that early period were Mr. and Mrs. Moberly Bell. Mr. Bell was the assistant manager of the *Times*, a big man in stature and in mind. His head was large with an aquiline nose, a firm mouth and a bold forehead. I enjoyed painting him, although I wished myself sufficiently advanced in my technique to let myself go as I did in black and white. His wife's portrait presented those problems which confront each painter who tries to portray feminine beauty in its maturer form, without adding to his palette the two essential colors known as kindness and consideration. This picture was not appreciated by the family and forms part of my own collection. I console myself with the reflection that even the renowned Sir Joshua was not spared the disappointment of finding that some of his sitters saw themselves with "that inward eye" which differed so materially from his own.

An amusing old fellow was Martin Colnaghi, the picture dealer from Pall Mall. He was a type; small, nearly eighty years old, but as agile as a lizard; longish hair curled over his ears, full white beard and moustache; and tiny eyes which saw far more than one supposed. He had a remarkable flair for old masters and bought up Franz Hals canvases long before they began to be coveted. In fact, after he had accumulated them, he also understood how to arrange for their distribution. I considered it a compliment that

The Call from the Beyond

The Group

"Where Strength and Tenderness Unite, there Sound the Truest Harmonies"

he should have cared to pose for me, and a greater still that the picture should have been purchased by a client of his, who took it to Germany with the intention of presenting it to a museum. If this was ever done, the echo of its report has not yet reached my listening ears.

With our new enterprises, there are always critics galore—those kind friends who are so concerned for our welfare that they will stop at nothing to save us from failure and ridicule, for which they feel certain we are destined. They are the same friends who will be the first to welcome us into their outstretched arms if those predicted failures should turn out successes.

It is far from my intention to give the impression that I was one of those overwhelming successes. But once started on a clearly defined path, I persistently followed it, so far without regret. And my failures have been useful in teaching me what to avoid the next time. But in art, as in other walks of life, one has to go on satisfied with the happiness which every branch of creative occupation offers in such abundance and with the knowledge that when the time comes that final judgment is pronounced, however adverse it may be, we will at least be spared from hearing the decision.

But I must admit that I was filled with joy and pride and a world of courage when, in the spring of 1903, the King commissioned me to paint his portrait, which was to be presented to his German regiment, of which he was the honorary colonel, for their messroom. He offered me a studio in Buckingham Palace, where it would be easier for him to give the necessary sittings. His valet brought the uniform and decorations, and initiated me into their intricacies. But the uniform was of German origin; the sleeves were broad and clumsy and did not fit properly. Therefore the King suggested that Mr. French of Meyer and Mortimer, his tailors, come and look at them and recommend the changes needed.

Mr. French came promptly to criticize—and criticism it was! After he saw my poor sleeves, he left not a shred of them. I had to

paint them over and over again. They gave me almost more work than the rest of the portrait, because in his officiousness he took his task too seriously and the suggestion to *criticize* too literally. How I did wish that he would accept me as a customer of his so that I might have my little revenge!

Morgan Medal (reverse)

CHAPTER XVI

"Pride in their port, defiance in their eye." (Goldsmith.)

MAY, the month of the opening of the Academy, saw the King's portrait not quite finished. It is a long-established custom that the Royal Family selects an evening to visit the Academy privately and undisturbed. As a matter of courtesy, the council, headed by the president, assembles to receive its Royal guests and accompany them through the galleries. On these occasions their Majesties invite such of their friends whom they wish to honor in this manner. That particular morning I had a sitting with the King who, before leaving, handed me a ticket and said:

"We are going to the Academy after dinner at about nine o'clock. Will you please use this ticket?"

I bowed and thanked him, but during the day could think of little else. Knowing that since the incident of the postage stamps, I was *persona ingratissima* with the Royal Academy, which I could hardly explain to the King, I did not foresee an especially agreeable meeting. Nor were my misgivings unfounded. Almost apprehensively I presented my ticket at about a quarter to nine o'clock at the landing to the big staircase, at the other end of which waited in nervous suspense Sir Edward Poynter, in his presidential robes with the chain, and the other members of the council. The outpost in gold-braided uniform inquired my name, which he reported to the group above. Consternation was noticeable, even at a distance. But there was my ticket and my name, two indisputable

facts; and I was bidden to go up. The president bowed most formally to me; if the others did the same, it was imperceptibly. Sir Edward obviously considered this an inopportune occasion for presenting me to them. Sir George Frampton, whom I had met at the house of Lady Lewis, was present in his official capacity as a member of the council and came to shake hands with me, which was the extent of our conversation. Meanwhile the president and his council had retired to another position.

The next arrival was Sir Arthur Ellis, who was not long in discovering and appreciating the humor of the situation. Here was I, a guest of the Academy, so to speak, left to myself in a remote corner where I had to seek refuge in order to protect myself from the chilling atmosphere which surrounded me. He joined me and we went together to behold the exhibits pending the arrival of the Royalties.

With the appearance of the King, all was changed. With that exquisite *savoir faire* which was his own, he brought life into the assemblage. He spoke to everyone and, of course, made no exception of me. The Queen and Princess Victoria and their retinue all showed me greater consideration than did my fellow artists. When the visit came to an end and the Royal party had taken leave of the proud Academicians, I felt tempted to say to the president what a witty actress said once after a dinner to Hans Makart, known for his taciturnity, who had neglected her during the whole meal, "Now, Professor, let's talk of something else."

Not all artists took such an attitude toward me. The Royal Society of British Artists, of which Whistler was a former president, invited me to become a member, and I was happy to accept. The Langham Artists' Society also elected me into their Council and I can recall many pleasant hours spent with them. Even a few Royal Academicians kept up an intercourse which one should imagine to be natural among a community of artists. One of these was Alma-Tadema, known for his true fellowship. No artist was to him too small to

Mrs. Edmund C. Randolph

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.

When Marjorie Gould

extend his outstretched hand to. His studio was only a short distance from mine and sometimes on his way to town he would drop in.

He was rather a short man with a large head; his hair and beard, which had been golden, had turned almost completely gray. Always amiable, jovial and happy he was liked by everyone. His art was then at the height of its appreciation and at about this time he sold one of his pictures for twelve and another for eighteen thousand pounds, which contrasted sharply with the prices obtained by other immortals. His house in Grove End Road was one of the sights of London, probably even unique in the world. The studio was paneled in light wood richly carved; the ceilings coated with silver toned down to an agreeable gray. The furniture had all been designed by himself. There were seats along the walls like Grecian benches. There were vases, urns and colored glass in profusion. Beautiful tissues, from the daintiest gauze to the heaviest brocades richly interwoven with threads of gold and silver, lay about luxuriously.

From the studio, three steps of highly polished bronze led to a little atrium or cortile, in the center of which was a sunken basin lined with colorful mosaic, the same material with which the floor was laid out. At night this room was illuminated only by concealed lighting; and in the daytime the rays filtered through the colored glass windows lent it all that effect of Oriental richness which is the dominant note of Tadema's pictures. Here were the oleander trees with their blossoms of red or pink, which he liked so much to introduce into his paintings and so offset the cold whites of his marbles. A door of solid bronze, also highly polished, separated his studio from the rest of the house; it led immediately to a smaller semi-circled space, one half of it paneled in white wood, while the other half formed a sort of conservatory leading into the garden. These panels were covered with pictures, the offerings of his host of artist friends, and included a Sargent, Solomon, Poynter,

Boughton, Seymour Lucas, J. J. Shannon, Luke Fildes, a Mesdag, and many others. Through this miniature gallery one reached the dining room, richly furnished in carved oak, with old Dutch silver on the sideboards and shelves. The intimates of the house were also permitted a glimpse of Lady Tadema's studio on the first floor, a Dutch room with a high studio window, filled with a hundred and one articles of bric-à-brac, for the accumulation of which I should fancy that her friends were responsible.

Theirs was a happy family and a large one, too, because all their many friends claimed the Tademas for themselves. Once a week they would assemble there to feast the eye and delight the ear. It was one of the few places where Paderewski would voluntarily sit at the piano and caress the keys with his magic touch. The instrument was a masterpiece both as to quality of tone and decoration. The case was of carved rosewood in harmony with the furniture, and embodied those pure classical lines that appealed so strongly to Alma-Tadema. The cover bore affectionate dedications from Paderewski and those other artists who, unable to honor the host with palette or chisel, brought their musical offerings.

After the death of Tadema the family endeavored to dispose of the house in its entirety and it is a pity this could not have been done successfully, instead of its contents being sold piece by piece and once more scattered over the globe in all directions, to return perhaps whence they had originally been brought to form the treasure house of a reveler in colors.

Alma-Tadema's house was in the art colony to the north, in St. John's Wood, the colony to the south being in Chelsea. Both harbored great men, whose presence has made history and fame for those suburbs. Chelsea was more densely built up and on lower ground than St. John's Wood, which is on a higher, open plain, where every home has still its small garden, which is such a comfort to those who are compelled to remain in town throughout the year. Most of my friends were in the northern colony. Not all of

them were artists. One of them was Dr. Ludwig Mond whose house was quite near to mine.

I had known Dr. Mond since my early days in Rome. Like Sir Ernest Cassel, he was a self-made man. Both came to England from the Rhine province in their youth to seek better opportunities than Germany held for them. Mond was a chemist and perfected a process of manufacturing soda which made him rich at a time when he could indulge his love for the old masters whose works were then still at his bidding. He spent his winters in Italy, especially in Rome, and each year added to his representative collection which, now that his widow has passed away, has reverted to the National Gallery. It contains an early Raphael, two Botticellis and a Titian —today priceless treasures. In the assembling of his gallery he sought the advice and counsel of Doctor Richter, an accredited authority, whose daughter is now a member of the scientific staff of the Metropolitan Museum. With such a man to guide him, Doctor Mond was spared many of the pitfalls and disappointments nowadays so frequently encountered by collectors.

His son Alfred, later Sir Alfred Mond, became a pillar of the Liberal Party and was Commissioner of Works under Lloyd George—the same position which Lulu (Lewis) Harcourt held before in the Asquith Cabinet.

The latter was ideally suited for the position. He had love for art and understanding too. From the beginning of our acquaintance I had done work for him and his family. It was through him that I came to know the Sheridans, his cousins, whose mother was a daughter of the eminent historian, Motley. He brought Mrs. Sheridan, Senior (the mother-in-law of Clare Sheridan), to my studio and I designed for her a memorial to her two departed sons, which was placed in the little church at Frampton.

During the early days of the World War, when I found myself isolated and abandoned over night, Lulu Harcourt showed a sympathetic understanding and loyalty and stood by me in a manner

I shall never forget. The saying that "If once an Englishman is your friend, he is your friend for life" has never been more strikingly confirmed. Although then a member of the Cabinet, he never hesitated about coming to my studio, thus affirming his belief in my allegiance to England, which he had never doubted. When it became evident that the strife would be prolonged, he advised me to return to the United States to await his word to come back. He wrote frequently and proved by word and deed his unshaken faith.

After the signing of the armistice, I became restless and homesick for England and my studio, which I had religiously continued to keep against the day when I should be able once more to resume life in that abode which held enshrined my happiest memories. I wrote to Harcourt about this. I also deputed a friend who was just then returning to England, to discuss with and learn from Lulu his opinion about my contemplated return. To my regret I soon received this letter from him:

My dear Fuchs,

It was very kind of you to send me your peace medal, which was delivered to me personally by Sir J. Leigh Wood. I wrote to him and I dare say he will send you my letter, and said that you would be wise not to return here till perhaps late in next year. By that time the anti-foreign feeling will have begun to die down more than at present, and you will find things more comfortable. . . .

But apparently the fates had decreed otherwise. A short time after this, like a bolt from the blue sky, came a commission for a statue of the late H. J. Heinz of Pittsburg, toward the erection of which in the administration building, ten thousand workmen had contributed to honor the friend who had been a father to them. As the sketches progressed, the work increased in importance, a verification of those words of Schiller's:

And the much makes the more.

The late Howard W. Beal, M.D.

Head of the American Red Cross Hospital, Peignton, England

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson

In the final form the design had expanded to a memorial with architectural background and allegorical sculpture, and it took me the greater part of three years to complete it. It overshadowed and caused me to discard all my plans for the future. It made me feel that after many years I was confronted with a propitious opportunity to establish myself once more and, so to speak, take root in this new country, which I had been learning to love more and ever more. No flower will bear too frequent transplanting, and I had had a diversified experience in countries and people, as well as a variety of occupation. The time approaches when the *wanderlust* should have abated, that rambling spirit of youth, and we feel the longing for the calmer pursuits of life and for meditation and reflection.

In the meantime two other occurrences influenced my decision for the future; one was the loss, by death, of my friend Harcourt; the other was the termination of the Crown-lease on my studio, of which I had been the fortunate holder for twenty-one years.

Since the boundaries of my kingdom are the walls of my studio, and since the sun shines here as it does elsewhere, I decided that here I would remain. There are two forms of hospitality—the aggressive, perhaps the more welcome and, it may be, the more flattering; and there is also the passive, which allows for one's inclinations and respects one's idiosyncrasies, and it is that form which this country has lavished upon me, and for which I am deeply grateful.

In the beginning of 1903 the memorial to Prince Christian Victor, a sarcophagus surmounted by an obelisk, was completed in marble and placed in the Braye Chapel at Windsor. On the sarcophagus was seated the marble figure of the mourning Bellona. Her hands were crossed and resting on a sword entwined with laurels, the hilt of which was formed into a little "Victory." The monument contains two inscriptions, one on the obelisk which reads as follows:

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
CHRISTIAN VICTOR
PRINCE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN
CAPTAIN AND BREVET MAJOR
KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS
WHO DIED FOR HIS QUEEN
AND COUNTRY IN SOUTH AFRICA

BORN AT WINDSOR CASTLE
APRIL 14TH, 1867
DIED AT PRETORIA
OCTOBER 29TH, 1900

THIS MEMORIAL
HAS BEEN ERECTED BY
HIS DEVOTED GRANDMOTHER
VICTORIA R. & I.

In the steps were engraved these lines:

SOLDIER OF QUEEN AND COUNTRY, WELL HAST THOU
ACQUITTED THYSELF, BELOVED BY ALL AND BLEST:
SOLDIER OF CHRIST, WELL HAST THOU FOUGHT AND NOW
LIFE'S BATTLE WON, CHRIST BIDS THE WARRIOR REST—

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

Peace
June 28

Medal
1919

CHAPTER XVII

"My wants are few, I only wish a hut of stone that I may call my own." (Holmes.)

ONE spring day as I was passing Regent's Park on my way to Hampstead I noticed a sign announcing an impending sale by auction of a property which seemed to me desirable. Standing in its own grounds of about four acres and surrounded by immense trees, was a Gothic house, equally quaint outside and in. The floor was on different levels on account of the many additions that had been made at various times. The dining room was octagonal and looked out upon the park, which delighted me. From it led a rather imposing terrace into the gardens—a rare feature in a town house. The roof was gabled, which alone was a considerable attraction and added to the desirability of the house, and the whole impressed me as an ideal spot for the home of an artist. For more than half a century it had belonged to the distinguished Bunsen family, which boasted Von Bunsen, the scientist and inventor, and many other well-known members. Among these was a Prussian ambassador to Great Britain, a friend of Bismarck. One of his descendants is Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who concluded his many years in the diplomatic service as ambassador to Austria at the beginning of the war. I purchased the lease from his sister, Baroness Deichmann, whose husband was a remarkable man. The head of the old banking house of Horstman & Co., he possessed vast wealth, which permitted him to indulge in his hobby of owning fine horses. His carriage horses were so perfectly matched that he drove them four-in-hand at the club meets famous in Hyde Park.

His was a conspicuous figure; the thin, drawn face with short cropped beard and his big black goggles made him an easy and tempting subject for caricaturists. The possibilities in this direction were not overlooked by Spy, of *Vanity Fair*, whose efforts scored an unequivocal success. At their place in Belgravia were lavished on his horses all the comforts and luxuries which he denied to himself.

At that time I thought that a lease for twenty-two years was almost a lease for eternity and I readily built a studio for sculpture in a corner of the garden. But when I look back and realize how the years have flown, I only regret that I ever anticipated those troubles which never materialized and thus put a cloud between the sun and myself, when I knew how essential its rays are for my very existence. . . .

Like the telegraph poles flying by the window of the moving train, so the events succeed each other in undisturbed reduplication. "The eternal landscape of the past." Few happenings stand out forceful enough so as to detach themselves from the uniformity of everyday life.

Abbey Lodge with its surrounding garden and quaint layout offered attraction to many friends and visitors; they mustered in great variety; they formed a motley crowd as only the artist's studio can unite successfully, imparting thus something to its atmosphere which blends discords into harmonies.

One evening a friend, from an embassy, invited me to go with him to see Isadora Duncan who was dancing nightly at the Duke of York Theater. It was at the time when her classic interpretations, and those of Maud Allen, were the vogue, and they drew crowded houses. Isadora then still possessed her sylph-like figure.

After the performance we waited in her dressing room, to accompany her to the Savoy, where supper was served for four. With her was Lady Scott, the sculptress and widow of the explorer

A Modern Juno

The Japanese Pupil

of the Antarctic. The fair dancer was in exuberant spirits, hardly to have been augmented by the Pol Roger of choice vintage, to which she helped herself rather generously. When closing time came she refused to go home; to her the evening had just begun. According to regulations, however, lights were turned out and we crowded into a cab with the intention of driving to Lady Scott's studio. This suggestion of Isadora's recalled the fact that my studio was close by, so we descended and entered it. The dim lights of the large room, outlining the statuary in a mysterious gloom, the ingratiating airs which my companion wrung from the stoic pipes of my little organ, and the balmy breezes pervading the garden, were all too strong for the dancer's exotic temperament. She reached for some of the draperies which lay about, disappeared behind a screen, to emerge in an attire which even exalted purists would have excused because of that atmosphere, and danced in a way to display her art in its perfection. I never wished to see her dance again, so that I might preserve this picture of her art in its undisturbed beauty.

. . . . . .

At about this same time I met a most interesting man, Hector von Baltazzi, a Hungarian by birth, whose brother was Aristide von Baltazzi, the most important breeder of racehorses in Austria-Hungary. While I was still in Vienna, this name figured in the sporting columns every day. Hector was a dashing cavalry officer and rode his brother's horses to victory. He was one of the intimates of Kronprinz Rudolph of Austria, and because he was a witness of the tragedy at Meyerling, he had to leave Austria never to return again. He first settled in Paris where his fortune and name permitted him to lead a life of leisure.

It was there that he discovered Lina Cavalieri and her beautiful voice in a cabaret. At his expense she was educated and trained for opera. When I met him in London, his star was already on the wane. He had lost his nerve for riding; nothing could induce him

to mount a horse again. His money was all gone and his existence was a precarious one. Once when I saw him in Paris, prior to this, he invited me to go with him to see Cavalieri, who had just begun to sing in grand opera. She occupied a charming flat near Park Monceau. It was the first time I had seen her and I was struck by her beauty and by her voice. As if we had been old friends, we went through operas and songs, neither of us concerned with the hour or the engagements we might have had. Baltazzi suggested that I paint her and nothing would have pleased me more, but her engagement had just started and she was ambitious to make a real success, and the sittings were deferred. During the London season she sang at Covent Garden Opera. Her beauty made a favorable impression; her voice, however, did not carry well in such an enormous building. Still, she was fêted by everyone, myself not excepted.

One day I gave a Bohemian luncheon in her honor at my studio in Abbey Lodge, to which I invited some of her friends and admirers: Lady Charles Beresford, the Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Sutherland, Soveral, Count Mensdorff, Prince Francis of Teck and several others. It was the height of the season. London was immersed in gayety and enveloped in sunshine, to enjoy the charm of which luncheon was served under the great elm tree before the house, whose outstretched branches formed one of the main attractions of the property.

When we were seated and luncheon had commenced, the conversation became animated. Jests flew back and forth, Soveral's presence ensuring a goodly supply of them. No one was happier than I, when, suddenly, there was a scream and Cavalieri jumped up in evident terror. Nobody understood at first. I saw her counting us again and again, and then she said:

"It's no use, I cannot stay; there are thirteen of us."

Great consternation. At first we thought she was joking and wanted to tease us, but we soon realized that she was serious. I was at my wits' end. An idea flashed through my mind. I went into

the conservatory near by and brought out a little marmoset which had been given to me once on my departure from New York. He was not larger than a teacup, but he saved the day. We seated him on a chair at the table, where he partook of lunch with us, which for him consisted of bananas; but he played his part and served the purpose as well as if he had been a full-fledged gorilla. First there was some bewilderment, but when they recognized the erstwhile diminutive occupant of his small cage, there ensued a storm of laughter and cheers, in which Lina led. And the merriment continued long after the luncheon was over.

Soon afterward I commenced to work for Sir George and Lady Cooper; I was to paint a portrait of his eldest son as well as of Sir George, whose life story read like another fairy tale. In Chicago lived an old bachelor named George Smith, a banker. After the big fire, 1871, with singular discrimination he acquired land in the parts of town where values later increased. He divided his time between Chicago and London, where he occupied a small room at the Reform Club and, altogether, spent a most frugal life. When he died it was divulged that his estate was of a size transcending even American conceptions of wealth. He had bequeathed it to two of his relatives—a nephew in New York and a niece in England, a Mrs. Cooper, whose husband was a lawyer in Scotland. Both of these heirs understood better how to employ their uncle's money than he had ever known. James Henry Smith, the nephew, bought for himself a palatial mansion on Fifth Avenue and an estate in Tuxedo Park, which in exclusiveness rivals Newport. Then he proceeded to enjoy the life he had long craved.

His sister did likewise in England; her mansion was in Grosvenor Square, her estate in Hampshire, and her husband's extensive shooting grounds in Kingussie, Invernesshire. No less an authority than Sir Joseph Duveen was responsible for the vast accumulation of art treasures which filled their houses. James Henry in America was

equally fortunate in relying for his house and furnishing on the exquisite taste which made Stanford White such an outstanding figure of his time. The Crœsus-like entertainments of both were commensurate with their establishments.

Sir George's dinner parties were so elaborate that I sometimes thought he wanted to compensate for their lack during his earlier days. At one of these sumptuous functions, which reminded me vividly of the state dinners at court, I sat next to an unassuming, almost ascetic-looking gentleman with big eyeglasses and a demeanor which contrasted sharply with the opulence of his surroundings. I felt drawn toward my neighbor. His simplicity appealed to me. During the meal he sat in deep thought, with little interest in what was transpiring about him. Chance or intention made us regularly neighbors; not so surprising when it is considered that we were both present in a professional capacity only. Course after course appeared and was removed without his having partaken of it. His meal amid this epicurean feasting consisted of a few vegetables, fruits and a small tray of nuts. When I knew him well enough to venture to inquire about the cause of his abstemiousness, he explained that he was a member of the scientific staff of the British Museum and had been sent down to Hampshire to examine some objects that had been taken from the ground there, and which Sir George considered worthy of scientific investigation. He found his work so absorbing in character that the day was always too short and his strength insufficient for its accomplishment. His frail body would often revolt; he would feel tired; he would have to rest and lose much precious time; and so it occurred to him that a meager diet would relieve the body of unnecessary effort and energy which he could use to better purpose.

The logic of this struck me forcibly. I also had more than I could crowd into a day. Although not by any means of delicate physique, I nevertheless belonged to that class who are born tired. There never was time enough for all I wanted to do, and consequently

Roshanara

The Artist's Sister

I eagerly gave his diet a trial. It was not many months before I became convinced of its soundness, and this conviction has increased with the passing of the years. Material things of life meant less and less to me in inverse ratio to the growth of the spiritual side. Such living promotes well-being and contentment, and is of such fundamental importance that if greater attention were given to it much physical as well as mental and moral suffering would be obviated.

James Henry Smith spent his summers in Europe; when in England he often visited his sister, and it was there that I first met him. The work he wished me to do for him brought him to my studio, and he came there often. Doubtless the poetic quaintness of the place attracted him more than the personality of the artist. Among the friends he brought was the Gould family, with whom my acquaintance dated from that time. With the beginning of the shooting season Mr. Smith went north to his Lodge Dunachton, near Kincraig, and before leaving he invited me to be his guest during my vacation and paint his portrait. He had a succession of visitors belonging to the best-known families of both continents. During my sojourn there, word came from the extreme north of Scotland that another prominent American, Mr. William P. Clyde, invited me to paint his likeness, should I have the inclination and time. Painting under such conditions is delightful. After a few hours of working assiduously, one feels entitled to a long walk in the fields, filling one's lungs with refreshing air borne from the sea.

Nature is such a good companion; how resplendent the endless variety of her colors, how ever changing her light effects and glorious skies!

The ants busily occupied with their lifework; the butterflies, the bees, humming their pæans of praise and rejoicing over the nectar they gather from the flowers; the birds twittering as they play about in the sunlight—all radiate content, supernal happiness. Why can we not bring ourselves to enjoy life as they do? Why should not our existence be one long day of sunshine and our recall its crowning? Surely the

scheme of creation in its profound wisdom intended us to partake equally of our allotment of unalloyed bliss!

The average man in the passing throng seems oblivious to beauty. He chases a vague phantom which evades him like the horizon which perpetually recedes as it is approached, because: Happiness grows within ourselves. It is sown in us in childhood, but when we do not nurture it, it dies of neglect.

Instead of using our garden for fashionable parties, which are too numerous during the "season" to be appreciated anyway, my sister and I decided that our entertainments should be for the crippled children in a nearby institution. There were about twenty-five of them, all of tender age. In order not to be dependent upon the uncertainties of the weather, we held a Punch and Judy show under a big tree and served tea in the garden studio. Two things I noticed which illustrated the workings of the child mind. One was that as soon as these kiddies entered the gate (some had even to be carried), they would ask for Prinz, my great Dane, who was to them an even stronger attraction than the Punch and Judy show. The animal was so big that no adult stranger dared approach him, but it was touching to see how he was transformed into a different being when he came to greet these little tots, who could do whatever they pleased with him and he not only never resented it, but actually enjoyed the attention.

The other was a reflection on the psychology of human nature in general. In the beginning we used to give each child a little present, taking into consideration its age and small hobbies in the choice of an appropriate, though not extravagant, gift. But we were obliged to give up this idea. We heard from the nurse that when the children returned and compared gifts, each one preferred what the others had, and this created unhappiness.

Poor Prinz! My trips to America were not at all to his liking. He became more and more sad and I am grateful that I was not in England when he died.

When I first began to live at Abbey Lodge, the novelty of the grounds and the possession of a home all my own for the first time in my life, may have caused me to assume more leisure than perhaps I should have. As in the good old days at the Villa Strohl Fern in Rome, I lounged about in the garden, observing the growth of the flowers and the budding of the fruit trees. We had many friends among the little gray squirrels, who were so tame that they would come up and help themselves to the nuts which we kept for them in the dining room; with their heads they would raise the cover of the mug which contained their food. Such confidence shown by a little wild creature surpasses that of many humans. But animal intuition knows better.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Like the eagle free away the good ship flies." (Cunningham.)

I WAS unable to complete the portrait of Mr. Clyde, and when the fall came and he and Smith were about to return to the States, James Henry invited me to join him as his guest. As I still had that portrait to finish, I accepted with alacrity. I had several of my sculptures and paintings packed and sent over, intending to hold a small exhibition when the picture of Mr. Clyde should be ready, and at the end of October we sailed.

One's sensations on a first long sea voyage are peculiar and varied. For a while one seems content, probably induced by the pure salt air, and the monotony of the water, to give oneself up to complete relaxation with an utter indifference for the affairs of the world. But after a few days to awake on a fine morning in a sea so calm that the ship seems to glide along without semblance of motion, by and by instills in you the urge to be up and doing, to resume activities, an urge which increases in intensity with the approach to New York and its crisp, invigorating air. When at last the distant land is discernible with its imposing line of skyscrapers, like "Titans reaching toward Heaven" and forming a bulwark against the horizon, you feel like rolling up your sleeves and placing yourself on that powerful wheel which turns this new world, and to the progress of which you long to contribute your mite.

The formalities at the Custom House were speedily terminated, one might almost say dispensed with, for at that time the "courtesy

Master James Colwell

Captain Robert W. Hunt

of the port" was enjoyed by some prominent citizens, who could drive off almost unchallenged and unmolested. A few reporters interviewed me about my impressions of art and artists, but apparently my replies were not sufficiently controversial, for some of them did not even take the trouble to write them down, but looked over the passenger list to determine upon their next and more promising victim.

The impressions I first received in this new world were so different from any in my wanderings through the European countries that they remain vivid in my memory.

Already at the landing the contrast was evident. There was marked interest, if not to say curiosity, to learn the sensations which the newcomer entertained; notwithstanding that the interviewer could plainly read in the stranger's expression marveling and amazement he nevertheless felt impelled to have this confirmed by a flowing tongue. It looked to me like vanity; as pardonable a vanity as the debutante displays in throwing a last look in the mirror, more to confirm what in her mind she beholds than to discover any imperfections.

It was not only the scale and proportions of this new world which made me gasp but also the alertness of these new-worlders. Almost at the first day I was made to realize how much slower our brain works in cases of emergency; on boarding a crowded streetcar I felt a subtle hand deftly removing my wallet from my pocket. The man behind who was the perpetrator of the abstraction quietly pointed at a youth who precipitately left the car, prompting me in my bewilderment to start a hopeless pursuit. I feel sure that long before it dawned upon me that these two were confederates, they already had feasted on their spoils and over and above had a good laugh in the bargain.

Not seldom am I wondering about the cause of general hilarity in a play when, whilst disentangling the joke, I hear the audience already roaring at the next.

This smartness places me at a disadvantage. I would hardly dare to decide if exuberance of youth is the only cause for living in that

lighter vein, but it did strike me forcefully how, even so, everything in New York was brimming with life, progress, confidence, and hope.

My reaction to the first days of my American sojourn was one of immense gratitude for generous hospitality, astonishment at the versatility of this new and industrially active country and respect for a wall of Puritan moral caution into which I bumped almost the first week.

When we reached the Fifth Avenue mansion the size of old George Smith's fortune began to impress me properly. A marble hall with a winding staircase led into the dining room in pure Renaissance, with a ceiling transplanted *in toto* from a Florentine palace. Through the adjoining conservatory with its little trickling fountain, the magnificent Louis Fourteenth ballroom was entered. Every detail of the house was executed with mastery and taste.

It was at the beginning of the New York season, of which the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden was the opening event. We were a large party and had our own box. During the intervals we strolled about and our host greeted quantities of friends and acquaintances. Even I, a stranger in this country, met a friend, a member of an old noble Austrian family. He was with a small party in another box, the shining star of which was a lady of striking appearance —a veritable Juno with the features of a Venus. She was the Princess ——, the family of whose husband, the Prince, is known to everyone who has lived abroad as one of the oldest and richest of the feudal nobility of Austria, and the Prince was its head.

I was presented to the Princess and in turn presented my party. James Henry was so delighted that he suggested showing them over his mansion, of which the Prince said he had heard a great deal. To make the occasion worthy of the guests, he invited them to a dinner to be followed by a reception in their honor. The Princess asked me to make a sketch of her before she left for Europe. I was the guest of James Henry, so I begged to be excused from joining the house party over the week-end at Tuxedo, so that I might paint instead.

Monday at breakfast I sensed that something was wrong; and indeed there was. Soon the storm broke in all its fury.

"What do you mean by bringing such a woman into my house?" inquired Smith. "Do you know what is being said of her? And to spoil the Sunday of my servants and upset my household for such as she."

Here was an example of those subtle distinctions which separate the grand seigneur to the manor born from him who acquires his unexpectedly.

I quietly replied that the Princess was the wife of a man whose family is known and respected over all Europe and that since she was his legal wife, no one had the right or the privilege to delve into her past for such a trifling cause as a dinner and reception. This calmed him somewhat; he evidently appreciated the fairness of my argument.

"But," he returned, "what shall I do about the dinner? What will my guests say if they ever learn who it is they have been asked to meet?"

I begged that he would let me relieve him of his anxiety and allow me to provide the entertainment for the occasion. Feeling responsible for any possible embarrassment, I decided to again resort to "Music's golden tongue" and secured the services of a pianist, with whom I practiced some duos for piano and organ, and when, following the dinner, the guests assembled in the ballroom on the fateful evening, we gave our program. We had encore after encore until the servants announced the carriages. James Henry was all smiles. He had received many compliments for his novel and entertaining evening. He was spared the embarrassment he had needlessly feared anyway. And so all was well because it had ended well.

But that same day I had rented a studio in the Beaux Arts Building and, next morning when he went out of his way to thank me, I went out of mine to thank him for his hospitality. I added that artists and their sitters are too uncertain factors to be reckoned with in a well regulated household and that I was leaving for my studio that day.

He murmured some regret but I feel certain that in his inmost heart he was glad to be relieved of that touch of Bohemianism, obviously in too sharp contrast with the atmosphere of Louis Fourteenth and the Renaissance. When I was again my own master, I reveled in my regained independence which, after all, is one of our most treasured possessions.

And we continued our cordial relations unclouded until his death.

When I visited the palatial mansion of James Henry Smith for the first time, I was impressed by the harmony and beauty of it as a whole; also by the exquisite finish of each detail. There was but one discordant note—the pictures. Even a less well-trained eye would have noticed that they were not in keeping with the remainder of the appointments. No one would have dared to discuss it with him, however, for it was the one feature of the house for which he alone was responsible. When the place was sold to him completely furnished, he probably saw no reason for paying enormous prices for the pictures it contained, when an acquaintance he had made in Paris would buy for him all the masters he needed purely as a matter of friendship; consequently the paintings were eliminated in the sale of the house.

Having bought the mansion, Smith went abroad to call on his friend. He was very prosperous; he had a fine racing stable, and his home was a gorgeous show place, furnished with perfect taste, to attract the gullible American. The pictures on his walls were gems. Also the reputation of his father-in-law as a collector was world-wide. Here, thought Smith, was the man to locate some treasures for his New York house. And in due course of time, one picture after another found its way across the sea. Of course no one cared to offer an opinion as to their quality, for everyone knows that even when a criticism is asked it is expected to be one that will confirm the owner's preconceived estimate. James Henry even presented a painting to the Metropolitan Museum, where it adorns a wall, but in my modest judgment it is not characteristic of the great master it represents, and

Phryne

Bronze

Tamara

Pink Marble

bears none of the attributes which distinguish his work. Since I am not an expert and make no claim to expert knowledge, I trust no importance will be attached to these comments.

But this I do know: The same art dealer—that's what he really was—arranged a representative collection for one of the metal kings of America, to contain all the best in art, and for which he received an exorbitant price. I was invited one day to tea and to inspect the pictures. When I left, the friend who had brought me asked what I thought of them. There was no reason why I should withhold my views, so I told him I believed they were all faked, with the exception of one small Watteau, which appeared to be a genuine Pater. This was on an easel, carefully inclosed in glass and in a frame of the period.

My bold and impudent remarks some time after must have reached the ears of the metal queen. Years after, the man died, and in his will bequeathed these treasures to the museum upon the death of his widow. One day she came to my London studio and said she wanted to ask me a point-blank question if I would promise to answer it as truthfully as I knew how. I agreed, and she inquired if it were true that I had so adversely adjudged her collection. I did not deny it, but I stressed the fact that it was merely an opinion without ulterior motive and which I had hoped would not be repeated. My apprehensiveness evidently amused her, and she explained that before leaving for Europe she had prepared for a long stay abroad and had given up her Fifth Avenue mansion. To be certain that her priceless paintings received proper care, she made arrangements to have them insured. It was then that she had the first intimation that they were not worth insuring. When she reached Paris, she had an interview with the dealer-sportsman, who was sport enough to prefer to settle the discussion out of court.

Such matters are not confined to America. One day after lunching at the home of Mr. Alfred Beit, he displayed the latest addition to his collection. He was the criterion in art among the South African

millionaires. He and his partner, Wernher, were among the first to discover the rich gold reefs and the diamond fields. As they were rivals in wealth, so were they rivals in the splendor of their homes. The collection of Beit was small but unusually choice. His latest purchase was a sketch of a young woman by Gainsborough, which had been placed on an easel in the corner of his drawing-room, rather against the light. He was so accustomed to having his friends rave over his possessions that he instantly noticed my lack of enthusiasm, and commented on it, and I willingly explained. In the time of Gainsborough and Reynolds, for various causes many of their pictures remained unfinished. Some, nearly completed, were refused by their sitters; others, the artists did not wish to continue further. After the death of these men, an entire roomful of such canvases was auctioned off. When their work became more sought after and rose in value, dealers had these unfinished canvases worked over, and sold them as authentic. Under such conditions it is difficult to tell where the old master left off and the new one started. But to an experienced eye it was easily noticeable when the drawing was too amateurish for a master to do. This I was able to demonstrate on the picture. And back it went to the dealer.

Another instance involving the name of a well-known house, concerned the sale of a Cosway to a collector of miniatures by the same dealer. After a time the ivory began to warp. There was an artist who made small repairs for the amateur, to whom he gave this work. The artist looked in some surprise at the miniature and at last asked if it would be too presumptuous to want to learn more about it. The collector told him when and where he had bought it, and even mentioned the price he had given, whereupon the artist announced that it was he who had made it for the dealer. Because of the prominence of all concerned, this was hushed up and the thousand guineas promptly returned. The dealer was not greatly injured, for when he died his estate still aggregated several million pounds sterling.

The first portrait I undertook in New York was of a southern beauty, Mrs. Edward R. Thomas, formerly Miss Linda Lee. She was as considerate as she was lovely and her portrait gave me a rare opportunity. With it and one of Marjorie Gould, then a charming girl of eighteen, and another of Mrs. Marshall Field, who as Evelyn Marshall was not less so, I had a small collection of American beauties. These, added to the paintings of James Henry Smith and Mr. William P. Clyde, formed the nucleus of an exhibition at Knoedler's, which brought me publicity and commissions as well. That spring when I returned to London to resume work there, I left behind so much unfinished here, that I decided to come back in the fall. After years of London's foggy days, dark and gloomy, the American winter, abounding in sunshine, is an agreeable change.

The portrait I painted of Marjorie was the first I did for the Goulds. There was no more hospitable house, nor family that cared more for art, old and new, or who made an artist feel more at home.

Georgian Court, near Lakewood, was the scene of their hearty hospitality. Once welcome, always welcome, and "no questions asked." Among the guests were many artists, musicians and actors. Whenever an artist was introduced there, he received warm encouragement from the family.

It is some years since I have seen any of them; an artist's life has one great disadvantage. It might be compared to a greedy little child who is taken into a toyshop by its mother. It wants to stop at everything, and wants to have everything it sees; and its mother has to lead it firmly away. And so with the artist; he cannot linger, much as he would often like to. He must go on relentlessly, impelled by the force of new impressions which come with every day; new people enter into his life continually, but he must keep aloof so that his path shall remain free and he can give himself up to his work entirely and undisturbed.

Through some inexplicable causes, due perhaps to conditions of

the country, American women are among the most beautiful in the world, among "earth's noblest things." They are as indigenous to the soil of America as the grass of Ireland which is so beneficial to the breeding of race horses. Or, again, they are not produced elsewhere any more than the beer of Munich can be even approximated away from "its native haunt," however carefully it is brewed. What forcibly impresses one in New York is that beauty is not confined to the upper strata alone, but that all classes flaunt it in ever increasing profusion. This augurs well for the future, for the loveliness is not of the face alone but is shared by symmetrical bodies. With such material, I believe that in America will be evolved a type to compare advantageously with the statues of the ancient Greeks. Probably on account of the infusion of Spanish blood, the American girl has the smallest, daintiest, best formed, gracefully arched foot. With it goes a good hand, well groomed and with tapering fingers. In spite of what others may have said and the fact that I myself may be considered as being not in a competent position to judge, I believe she makes as capable and sensible a wife as any. If when choosing, she would bear in mind that—

> It is the secret sympathy,
> The silver link, the silken tie,
> Which heart to heart and mind to mind
> In body and in soul can bind—

the unions might be still happier and more enduring. She is an admirable wife, and the mother of those sturdy little chaps whom "but to see is to admire." I often regret that I did not come here at an earlier age, when I might have set up a hearthstone for myself. But I have paid my tribute by placing my art at the service of her immortalization to the best of my ability. I had many opportunities and am grateful for every one.

Here I also painted the portrait of Ambrose Swasey of Cleveland, who, from a humble beginning, without college education, has become one of the leading engineers of the country. With his life-

Catherine Calvert

Mr. Fuchs' First Portrait Commission in America

Mrs. Edward R. Thomas who was the Beautiful Linda Lee from Louisville, Kentucky

long friend, W. C. Warner, they founded a company for the manufacture of machine tools of precision. But their most important accomplishments were in the realm of astronomy, in the building of the telescopes for the Lick, Yerkes, U. S. Naval and other large observatories. Toward the perfection of these achievements they were assisted by the collaboration of Professor Brashier of Pittsburgh, who with indefatigable patience constructed the mirrors and lenses. When, after several years of hard work, he finally completed the large lens for the Allegheny Observatory, the trustees offered him, as a token of deep appreciation, a vault in the foundation of the big instrument which offer he accepted. To make certain that the epitaph should be worthy of the occasion, he was asked if he cared to make any suggestions, whereupon he wrote this line:

"*We have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night.*"

In 1900, on the occasion of the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States, a committee headed by Edward D. Adams offered him a luncheon, to which one hundred of the most prominent men were invited. To avoid all possible chance of injuring anyone's feelings, they were seated in alphabetical order and the committee had prepared a booklet enumerating the achievements of each guest, which they handed to the Prince. After luncheon, the Prince addressed a few words to each man. When Professor Brashier's turn came, he said to him:

"I am glad to know you, Professor; we also make some very good instruments at home and, should you ever come to P——, let me know and I will show you the observatory, which is one of our best."

"Thank you, Sir," was the reply, "I know it; I built it myself."

At that same luncheon, Brashier sat next to a brewer, to whom, in the course of their conversation, he mentioned his collection of photographs of the heavens, which had been gathered together with great care and which, to his regret, were housed in a wooden shanty, for want of something better. The brewer casually inquired what he thought a fireproof building would cost. Brashier mentioned a

probable sum. In the next morning's mail he found a check for that amount.

I also met Forbes-Robertson again after such a long while. The last time I had seen him was in London after the first night of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*. Following a series of failures he had produced this play, and it made one sad to go back and congratulate him on its performance when, judging from its reception, it was not expected to last either. But the extraordinary happened; owing to its mysticism, it was discussed by the clergy from the pulpits and in consequence attracted people who did not usually attend the theater. They liked it. They found in the character of the stranger-guest much more than the simple boarder. And the success of it was assured. It ran for over three years. Nothing could have made me happier than to know that he had found his "Passing of the third floor back," though I have still to find mine.

As long as Mrs. Benjamin Guinness lived in New York, her house was the meeting place for everyone who counted in art, science, literature and the theater, and also for that portion of society which, although belonging to the most select, did not disdain the touch of Bohemianism they found at eight Washington Square North. I had known Mrs. Guinness years before when she and her friend, Lady Colebrooke, had a studio together in Kensington, a suburb of London, where they studied sculpture. She was always exceptional —as girl, wife, mother and as hostess, too.

Her husband, a member of the house of Guinness, the brewers, of which Lord Iveagh is the head, is a partner of Ladenburg, Thalman & Co. The Guinness couple is unusually congenial, as their tastes move in the same direction. Her first Tuesday night, which I remember so well, was a strange mixture which only she could have brought together. There were Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Senior, Mrs. James A. Burden and Lina Cavalieri with her retinue of countrymen —the handsome Villarosa and his friend the Marquis Somni-Picci-

cardi and Bosco of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. Whenever there was a lull in the conversation, Bosco would fetch his guitar and sing Neapolitan airs to his own accompaniment and thus restore the conviviality so essential in a motley gathering like this.

The Tuesday evenings became an institution, where one met those one hoped to meet, and also some of those one did not care so much about. But there were always so many people and so much smoke and the buffet was so long, that one could hide behind a cloud or a plate or a conversation when one felt the need.

One night I met there Doctor C—— B—— who came up to me and said in an awed tone: "Do you know the latest?"

I confessed I didn't. "You don't?" he repeated reproachfully, and I shook my head.

"Imagine," he went on, "Melchers has received from the Kaiser the Order of the Red Eagle—den rothen Adler Orden," he kept on repeating.

I must say I drew a deep breath of relief and replied jestingly: "Thank Heaven, it could have been much worse." And he never forgave my lack of appreciation of the solemnity of such an honor.

Dear B——, he took himself so seriously. When first I came to this country he had just begun to write articles about artists which were published in *M——'s Magazine.* He had a facile pen from which flowed the most elaborate phrases. He could write for Mr. H—— a sparkling introduction for, say, the Sorolla exhibition, when Zuloaga's followed he displayed equal eloquence; he did as well for Paul Troubetskoy, and also for artists diametrically opposite, like Boris Anisfeld and some of the other modernists, whom he would praise to the skies and whose art he would paint in even more glowing colors than their own palettes contained. One day when he reads through his many monographs, I wonder if he will not be surprised at the amazing and varied revolutions that his views and opinions have endured. In his hand "the pen became a clarion"—"that mighty instrument of little men."

Once a minister was asked to preach a funeral sermon. Conscientious man that he was, he said:

"I will tell you right now—I have three grades. The first will cost fifty dollars, when I shall give free rein to my eloquence which will move you to tears. The second will cost twenty and is not so good, but I can still embellish the life of the dear departed to some extent. But the third, my five dollar sermon, this, Sir, I myself would not even recommend."

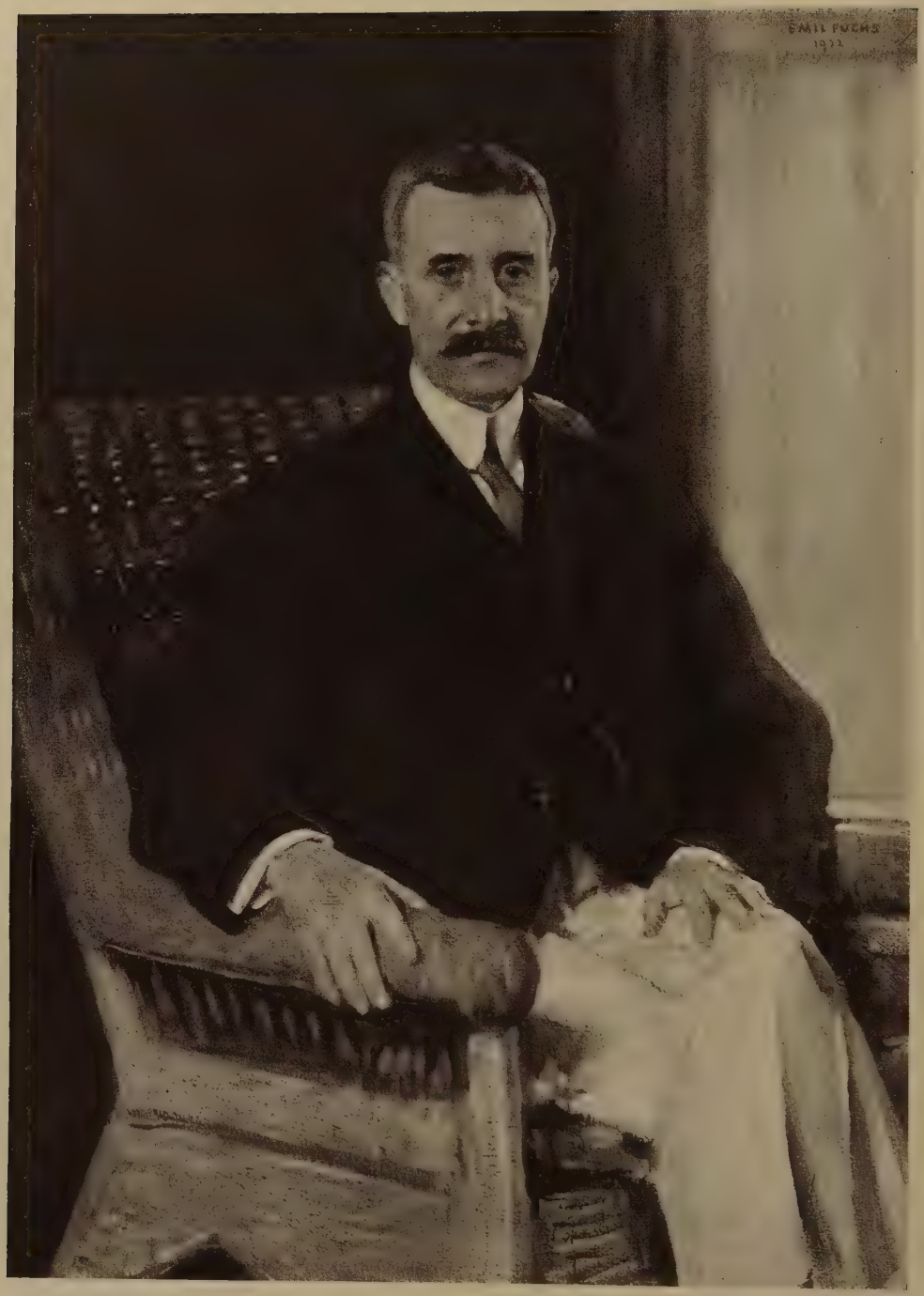
As the Tuesday evenings continued, the more interesting they became. There I met Mark Twain in his white flannels, with his inseparable cigar, removing it only to dance with Mrs. Burden or other friends, enjoying himself tremendously. There was also Travers Jerome, then District Attorney and a great favorite with everyone; Sorolla, the two Troubetskoys with their Princesses, and many, many others.

The hosts have long since returned to England; their house is closed, but the gap they have left is open still.

One of the portraits which I greatly enjoyed painting was Mrs. Robert Goelet's, who was Elsie Whelen of Philadelphia. Looking at her and her husband together at James Henry Smith's, one marveled at what these two could have had in common. She was tall, he small; she was stately and reserved in deportment, not he. When she sat in her corner box at the Metropolitan Opera House, she was an outstanding figure, in spite of the fact that jewels were denied to her, such perfect ornaments to those who know how to wear them. Although they were both lovers of music, her preference was for opera, concerts and the nobler themes of life. Small wonder then that "golden chains are heaviest."

Mrs. Goelet's sittings were recreation for me; she wished to know about everything pertaining to art; in fact, all beautiful things interested her and she also wanted to know all the people who accomplished them. They were welcome guests at her house. It was

Awakening of Spring



Mr. Clarence M. Clark

amusing to note the expression of her husband's face when he found dining at his ceremonious table a few artists or literary men in shabby clothing, which perhaps had even been borrowed for the occasion.

One day I invited Doctor Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, to the studio. I met him almost daily at the Fencers' Club, where we exercised at our favorite pastime. He was delighted to meet Mrs. Goelet, and she seemed equally pleased. Naturally everything he said enthralled her, so much so that he invited us both to go over the Institute with him. He was then working on that mighty problem of operation on the heart, which he said required an absolutely new technic on account of the exceeding brevity of the interval during which heart action might be suspended without disastrous results to the patient. But he was confident that ultimately it could be accomplished.

What he performed before our eyes bordered on the miraculous. He took a little dog which apparently had some valvular disease, bared the heart to our gaze, did whatever was necessary, and sewed it up again. The little animal he placed in a heated chamber, through the glass door of which we were able to note its gradual awakening. Before we left, after having inspected the building and the phenomenal experimental hospital adjoining, then in process of completion, we returned and found, to our relief, that the dog "felt as well as could be expected."

The Rockefeller name naturally calls to mind that of Morgan. It was in those dark days of 1907, after the Knickerbocker Trust failure, when Morgan had held that remarkable all-night session in his library, that a friend of his conceived the idea of having his portrait painted and presented to him, and suggested that I do it. He introduced me to Mr. Morgan who consented to pose. But after meeting him, I felt that the gulf between him and the mere outside world was immeasurable, and that no one would ever be permitted to bridge it. I should not have been able to approach close enough to penetrate behind that concealing mask, to make anything more

than a superficial presentment of his features. And I felt he was too important a personage for that. But his librarian obtained permission for me to sketch the interior of his treasure-house at night. This was a task to my liking. To be surrounded by the art of bygone days in the witching hours of the night, gave me far more pleasure than the dinner parties I thus missed.

Over the mantel in Mr. Morgan's study hung a portrait of his father, Junius Morgan, the work of an English artist who, being in need, showed his paintings to a picture dealer. He secured a couple of commissions for him, one of which was for the elder Morgan. But when he was expected to come and add the finishing touches, he had disappeared and no trace has ever been found of him.

As was to be anticipated, the Goelet union could not endure. They parted, to the lasting happiness of both. He clung so tenaciously to the material things of life, that he refrained from sharing them with even his wife. He probably consoled himself with the thought that Nature had so prodigally endowed her that to attempt further to beautify her would be but "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, to throw a perfume on the violet." . . .

Among those who came to me through my first exhibition were the Van Nordens. Warner Van Norden was the head of a trust company bearing his name. Of distinguished appearance, over six feet tall, bald, but with snow-white moustache and whiskers and smooth shaven chin, he resembled old Emperor William of Germany. He was a cultured gentleman and I greatly enjoyed his talks on all sorts of topics.

One day he spoke of himself and his favorite avocation, and then I learned that he interested himself extensively in missionary work. He was a friend and admirer of the late General Booth of the Salvation Army. But his hobby was the compilation of his family tree, extending over the continents and through the centuries. He carried on a lively correspondence with people everywhere whose names were

similar, in an effort to ascertain their relationship. This made me smile. I wonder if we have been as successful in breeding human beings as in breeding animals. I should doubt it. Perhaps the Orientals, who arrange the unions of their children, ignoring their inclinations, obtain good results. But this is certain: we do not yet raise thoroughbred humans.

Another client of mine was Edward D. Adams, one of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. All his life he has made friends among the artists and if today he can boast of Innesses, Winslow Homers and Blakelocks, he has moreover the satisfaction of having acquired these pictures from the artists direct when his patronage meant more to them than the advance in the value of their paintings could possibly mean to him.

I painted a likeness of his only son who had just died in the fullness of life, rich in promise and richer still in achievement in science and music. He was the happy possessor of a famous Stradivarius. It was one of the sorrows of the parents that the instrument remained unused and as a consequence might deteriorate. Still there was too much sentiment attached to it to permit it to be profaned by irreverent hands. I therefore got in touch with Fritz Kreisler, whom I had known in those early days in Vienna and again in London, and I invited him and his wife to my studio, and Mr. and Mrs. Adams with the violin. No sooner had Kreisler touched it than it began to sing under his enchanted fingers, and it sang so heartrendingly that he had to pause lest emotions overcome the grief-stricken parents. And the Adams' Stradivarius went to the master, Fritz Kreisler.

In the fall of 1915, when crossing again, there was on board a distinguished looking man to whom everyone paid respectful attention. This was Doctor Howard W. Beal, Director of the American Red Cross in England and chief surgeon of the American Women's Hospital at Peignton. Before we landed, his wife spoke to me about a sketch she wanted to have made of her husband during his vacation. He was

an interesting, a considerate and a patient sitter. His career of many years in the army had disciplined him to accept all things cheerfully even when not always to his liking. This was true of all my military sitters. Such portraits progress more rapidly and to the mutual satisfaction of artist and subject. Melville Stone was the victim of my inquisitive brush at about that time and if I make a comparison, it is with no intention of reflecting upon the posing of Mr. Stone. Doctor Beal's military precision was a contrast to Stone's conviviality. What the one offered in patience the other offset in flow of spirits. Mr. Stone is full of good stories. Small wonder that, at his fortress at the Lotus Club, he is always surrounded by a wall of humanity.

A short time after America entered the war, instead of returning to his administrative occupation at Peignton, Doctor Beal preferred the more active form of soldiering. He enlisted with the regular army and was one of the first victims on the battlefield. I am more than glad that it was my privilege to immortalize the features of the man who immortalized his name by his splendid patriotism.

During my many years in America I have had the opportunity to express my art through its different media. Many of my portraits have been executed in oil. However some heads were infinitely better adapted to marble. A young girl from the West came with her mother and posed for a bust which, after the exhibition at the Academy, was shown and reproduced under the name of Sylvana. Another girl appeared on the horizon with the features of a Greek goddess. Her beauty was so striking that every artist who saw her asked her to pose, and, during her meteoric existence on the artistic firmament (it lasted only a few months), many likenesses of her were attempted. Her profile was purely classic. Her forehead and nose were almost a straight line, a rarity. The oval of her face was as perfect as the profile, and so was her mouth and her chin with its little dimple. It was one of those heads whose beauty was so pronounced from every different angle and view that justice could only be done to

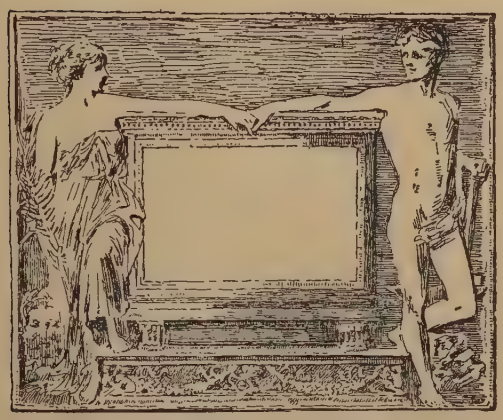
Betty

Marble

A Portrait Bust

it in sculpture. This bust was shown at last year's Academy. I called it *Modern Juno*, and, had I been able to arrange it, I should have had a short film made and thrown on the screen.

I have often considered how instructive and interesting it would be to show in this way the more important sculptures of the day.



Morgan Medal (obverse)

CHAPTER XIX

"The land where every weed is flaming and only man is black." (Chesterton.)

AT the beginning of 1912, I again sailed for America on my way to Cuba. I had some work to do there and also I was eager to visit the island of which I had heard so much. I took the sea route all the way. On arriving at Havana, although it was early morning, we were met by a curious crowd. It was the first time the Hamburg-American Steamship Company had sent such a large boat as the *Kronprincessin Victoria Louise* to Havana; in fact, she was the largest ship that had ever entered the harbor. The sight that greeted us as we slowly steamed into port was an inspiring one. The dark blue of the water against the objects on the shore gilded by the rays of a blazing sun, a delight to the eye, was augmented by the beautiful farewell airs played by the steamer band.

Our attention was first attracted to the wreck of the U. S. S. *Maine*, which still lay athwart the harbor and interfered with shipping. They were already working on the raising of it, and I had timed my stay so that I might be able to witness the impressive ceremony. The family whom I was to visit lived about three hours away by train from Havana. At the station I began to feel discouraged. It was nothing more than a shanty of most primitive construction. There were dirty wagons about, filled with a loud-talking, gesticulating, smoking crowd. Outside and in the trains as well were people carrying fighting cocks under their arms which made nearly as much noise as their owners. Everywhere were

invitations to play the lottery, a vice rampant all over the country, which prevents people from saving money. Little work is done and that little under stress of necessity only, the majority trusting to the fertility of the soil and its abundant productiveness.

To my surprise and relief I was met at the station by a carriage drawn by a splendid pair of Kentucky steppers. This was encouraging. But here was an incongruity—the equipage was superb, but there was no road. We jolted over the stubble fields as well as we could, but it was not easy. I shudder to contemplate the pilgrimage during the rainy season through a red pool of mud. These corrugated furrows extended nearly to the house, but when we reached it, we entered a paradise on earth. The villa in Moorish style was built around a court planted with tropical flowers. Palms that reached far above the roof stretched out their shady leaves invitingly. The interior of the house was amazing. There were suites of luxurious rooms that were the last words in decorations and furniture. The baths, hot and cold, were perfectly equipped. It was a revelation.

The owner and his beautiful wife met me at the entrance. With them were a daughter and son-in-law. Mine was the agreeable privilege of painting Madame's portrait; and as I live over these enchanting days, they seem to have been all too brief and like a dream.

Sometimes we would drive to town to call at the villas of friends. I had an opportunity to see the famous Villa d'Abreo situated at the outskirts, and prominent in the distance. Every visitor to the island coveted the favor of an invitation to inspect the place, so I appreciated the honor of being shown over it by Madame d'Abreo herself.

The garden luxuriated in those plants and trees characteristic of the meridional countries, but the extraordinary feature of it was her collection of monkeys of all sizes. Some were her personal favorites. There was a gorilla and his consort inhabiting a truly palatial cage. When they observed our approach, still distant,

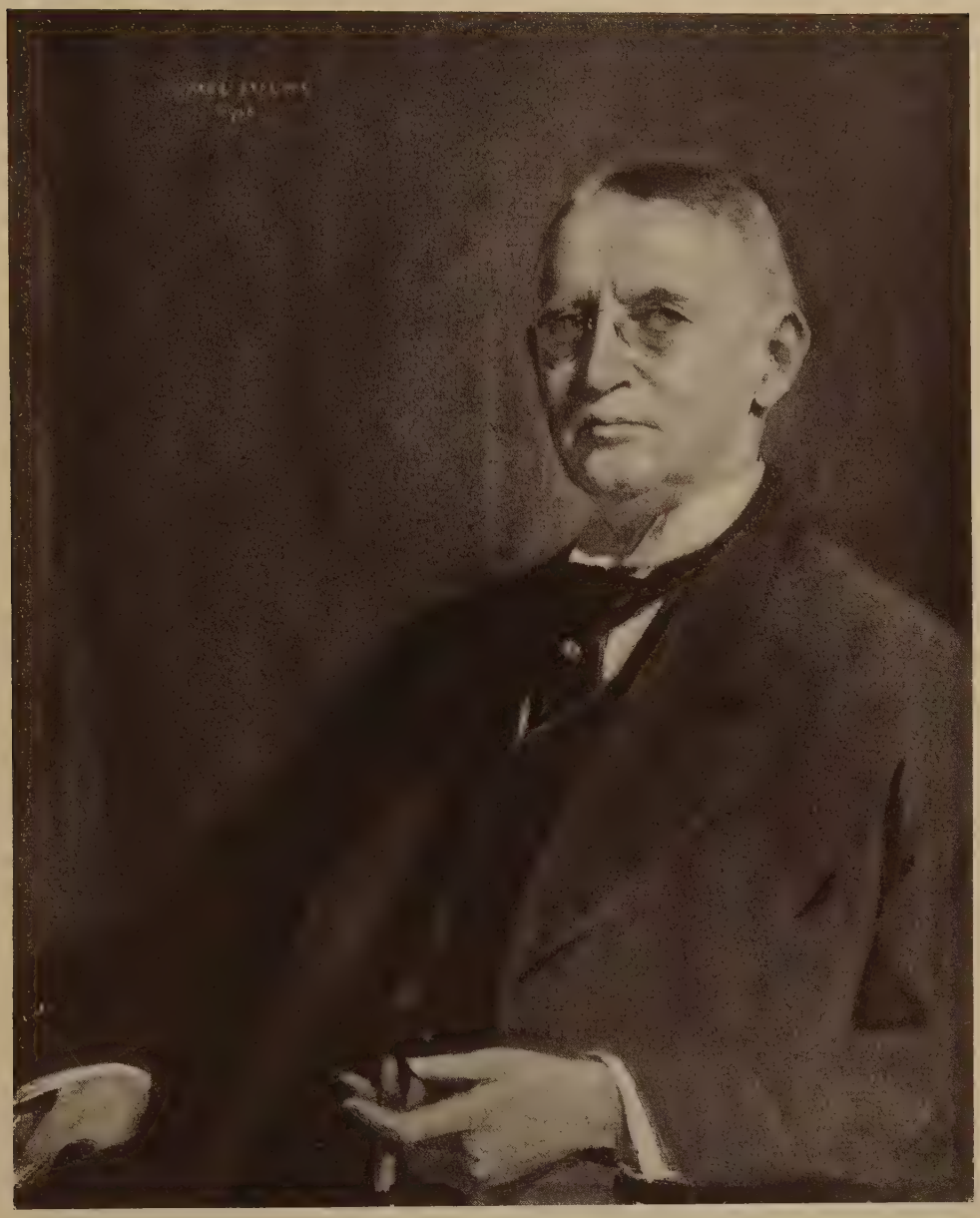
they shook the bars with such force that I thought they would break. Madame d'Abreo opened the door and invited them for a stroll in the gardens. She offered them cigarettes to which the female greedily helped herself with no sparing hand. She lighted them gracefully and enjoyed each puff while walking at the side of their indulgent friend. They slept in a room next to her bedroom and their behavior was beyond reproach.

It was a novelty to note how the cigar-makers lighten their weary hours of toil. "O thou weed, who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet." On a platform in the center of a room of huge proportions, a man with stentorian voice read fiction, poetry or history, to suit their diversified tastes, while the workers kept at their tasks in uninterrupted and flattering silence.

Each afternoon at a stated hour a saddle horse would be brought around for me, and I would ride to a neighboring estate which resembled more a virgin forest than a garden. Fastening my horse to a tree, I would penetrate into the thicket and listen to the thousands of voices which seemed to greet me like a friend. I walked amid caimitoes, mangoes, tangerines, oranges and breadfruit, and rare orchids crept along the trunks of trees. The picture was as varied as the songs of the birds.

When I returned, my hosts awaited me on the veranda in their comfortable chairs. A dinner much too elaborate for the climate would be partaken of to the music supplied by some exotic bird, accompanied by the chirping from millions of crickets, while the blue of the sky merged into night. . . .

After returning from Cuba I embarked on the *Lusitania* for London to resume my work. It was that season of the year when many interesting people are traveling. On shipboard the theater was represented by Marc Klaw and Morris Gest. Mr. Gest's main purpose in going over was to obtain the rights to the "Rosenkavalier" of Richard Strauss; Klaw's aspirations were in lighter vein. The men



Melville E. Stone

General Manager of the Associated Press

The Art Dealer

Martin Colnaghi

appeared to be on the friendliest terms, but in their personal conversations there seemed to be a constraint, a barrier, preventing either from discovering the intention of the other in crossing which was evident and highly amusing.

Another passenger was the late Alexander J. Hemphill, of the Guaranty Trust Company, to whom I was introduced. He presented me to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and to his friends. During the voyage, Sir Thomas consulted me about a portrait of himself, to be hung in the new meeting room of the board of directors of his company, and asked me to paint it. Before leaving London he repeated his offer, and I promised that I would go to Canada that fall. If I needed any further inducement, this was a new country which I was eager to visit. And in the late fall of that year I started on my journey to Montreal.

Sir Thomas gave me the sittings in the large board room, adjoining his private office, which was to be the permanent home of the portrait. Since the railroad had been in existence, it had had but five presidents. Paintings of the first two were posthumous works; the third was a full length of Lord Strathcona; the fourth was of Sir Robert van Horne, and the fifth was to be by me, which honor I thoroughly appreciated, trying to live up to it.

As the sittings occupied only the mornings, Sir Thomas suggested that I paint in the afternoons, Sir Robert Holt, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, for which he offered the use of my improvised studio in his offices, and where I consequently spent some happy days.

I arrived in London at the end of that year and threw myself into my work with the enthusiasm which comes of being one's own master again! knowing that the likeness is not the chief desideratum, permits of undivided attention to composition and execution. Under such conditions the hardest work is done. The dawn of each day brings new joys with that sense of independence and unrestraint which makes one doubly appreciate Pope's poetic sentence:

> Oh let me live my own and die so too.

But evidently unclouded happiness on earth has fallen to no human's lot. When Bellona's trumpet blasted over the continents and kindled the passions of mankind, its echo reverberated even in the tranquillity of the studio; it resounded a thousandfold in that delicate instrument the euphonies of which we distinguish by the name of Art.

There was no more peace within oneself when everything outside breathed strife; the walls of the studio seemed like the barriers of a prison. The time had come when one felt that to linger on would mean to overstay one's welcome.

And I returned to the States.

People had, rightly, placed patriotism above all else, so I knew there were not many of my old friends who would have cared to see me.

Clare Sheridan and her husband were different, and on a bright autumn day I went out into the country to bid them farewell. Their home was about an hour from London, a little house with a picturesque garden of wildflowers and rocks and a beautiful view. There I found them with their baby daughter Margaret. Wilfred Sheridan had completed his training and was about to leave in a day or two to join his regiment in France. A short time later when a son and heir was born to him, Winston Churchill, Clare's cousin and then a member of the cabinet, succeeded in sending a messenger to the firing line with the cheering news. A few days later a bomb ended his fine life.

Shortly after, I received in America a letter from Harcourt, who had retired and been made a lord. He told me about what had occurred and later he wrote me again, saying that conditions were such that Clare Sheridan would have to earn her living and was going to try to do some modeling, which she had done all these years as an amateur, and asked for the loan of my London studio. I was happy to offer it, whereupon I received the following letter from her dated July 2, 1916:

DEAR MR. FUCHS,

I can't get over it, that you will lend me your heavenly studio this winter to work in. It is too splendid and generous of you. My parents have taken a dear little house just inside the North Gate of Regent's Park, and I am furnishing it with my furniture from "Mitchen" (as I am selling the little place), and we are all going to live together, for as you know probably, I depend largely upon a Government pension, which isn't enough to do anything with.

I am earning with my humble modeling efforts enough to dress the children. And a little more besides. And I do want to work hard and get on. I shall also go to a school of art this winter. It will be splendid having an opportunity to work. Nothing else counts. The work and the children occupy one's thoughts, and it is better not to look back, for even happiness hurts to recall, when one knows it's past forever, and the future frightens one a little. So I just work and live in the present, and enjoy the babyhood of the children, and I thank God that we have not yet arrived at the education stage.

The present isn't bad at all. The parents are perfectly dear to me and they adore the babes, and they seem quite happy to have me back. Their lives were rather lonely, and the babes make all the difference. I think we shall all make *très bon menage* together.

The kindness of friends is overwhelming. I never realized before that friends really count in one's life. I thought friends were just incidents! But I found, on the contrary, that they are the very furniture of one's existence. . . .

I am staying here a few days with our beautiful friend, Marianne. Margaret is with me. I wish you could see her. She is growing too beautiful! I will in a short time send you a divine photo of her.

Now about your studio. I will be most careful of everything. I shall work there every day, starting at nine or ten every morning, just coming home to lunch with the children, and then back again to work till dark. My air and exercise will be the walks to and fro.

I hope you are happier in America, away from the war atmosphere that used to make you so unhappy. I don't think it is so bad now in England, or in London, as it used to be. One feels in the atmosphere a feeling of calm confidence and optimism. It's a hard struggle and by no means over yet, but one sees daylight ahead—do you know what I mean?

Besides, we British are a curious race, very slow to awaken, slow to grasp a situation, slow to move to action, hard to rouse, but once roused, once awakened, we become active, very thoroughly so, and our hearts and souls

enter into business. We hardly talk of the end of the war now, or look for it. It seems to have become a habit, the war does, and the sacrifice and restraint and discomfort and the courage that are our everyday life now, we have got used to it; we are getting into a habit of it. One can hardly remember what peace was like—one can hardly fancy what peace will be like—we are battling, and we can go on battling! Everything is working like clockwork. It's, so to speak, no trouble to go on!

People talk quite calmly of the pictures and heirlooms that will leave the great families and be sold after the war to America, but no one cares, not even those who may have to part with them. Beating militarism is all that counts, and we will pay any price to accomplish it. Even the price of life.

I am so proud of my splendid Wilfred who, with everything to live for—love, happiness, children, and with so much beauty and charm—just gave it all for duty. Having never had any military training, he set to work to become a soldier, and became so efficient an officer that he was promoted to Captain in a regular battalion (not the new army) and was ordered to lead the bombing attack. He was splendid, bless him, and he is so much nearer to me now than when he was in the trenches that I can sincerely say that I am not lonely!

Oh, I wish you could see my son—a real monarch among babes. I love him passionately. I fed him for five months, all during those first miserable days, and he just made the whole difference to my life, and helped me to be calm and to have something still to live for. He has, in fact, already "done his bit!"

But she could not make use of my workshop after all, much to my regret. It was filled with all my belongings, and I suppose it lacked the atmosphere conducive to work. So she took a studio nearby and began making portrait busts. At first some of her friends, mindful of the gallantry of her husband, gave her orders. Soon, however, she encountered that prejudice which everyone experiences who attempts to do anything, no matter how sincere his intentions are. People prefer to patronize those who have "*a reputation behind them and a future before them.*" I assume she had plenty of sitters but no buyers. Moreover, portraiture in sculpture is not popular. To many, the lack of color is a detriment; it makes them think of a memorial. But Clare Sheridan possesses the necessary talent and

Ethelmary Oakland

The Child Actress

Children of Mrs. Sidney Whelan

Portraits in Oil

can make a likeness, and a good likeness at that. Her work has vigor and freshness and, as displayed in the little bust of her boy, sentiment, too. Equipped with such gifts she has greater justification for selecting sculpture as her profession than many others have.

When I heard she was coming to the United States, I was more than pleased. A couple of weeks had passed before she could find time to come to my studio. When she did, she confided in me her sorrows. People would not take her ambitions in art seriously enough; and as that seemed to hurt her most, I took it upon myself to write to people I knew could do something for her. One letter was to the editor of a popular magazine which caters to the vanity of the fair sex, who entertained her ostentatiously. Another was to a lady well-known in society and as a sculptress. I had greater hopes of her because she was known to be the patron of deserving artists and understood how thorny the road is. Not so long ago I saw an exhibition of her work. In some pieces are bared all the difficulties with which she had to contend, while others show the execution of a master's hand. It seemed hardly credible that the same fingers should have fashioned these sculptures so different in quality, conception, execution and rendering of form. Appreciating from my own experience that the incessant labor requires "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull all together," I had cause to feel that my entreaties would not be in vain. But if silence is golden, theirs was not of that kind which would have helped my poor Clare.

It makes me smile now when I remember how some of the busiest persons wasted precious hours hanging about my studio when she posed for her portrait, just as if they had nothing else in the world to do. If instead, all the masters of the Renaissance had been alive and assembled there, those same men would not have had a moment of their valuable time to spare them.

> She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore may be won.

CHAPTER XX

"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." (Shakespeare.)

THE mention of Clare Sheridan's posing brings me to a rather engaging subject: sitters and sittings.

I would divide sitters into two classes: those who know how and like to pose, and those who do not. If a man has a family whom he tenderly loves and they persistently beg him to have his portrait painted, he will give thought to the subject and perhaps conclude that, painful as the operation may promise to be and comparable only to a visit to the dentist, still he must go through with it. Since his daily occupations do not allow for much more time outside of the office than the trip there and back, with an occasional fling on the golf course, he does not know how to go about selecting the artist. There are two ways he may do this: consult a friend or a dealer. To go to an exhibition would rarely occur to him. The friend will probably advise him more impartially than will the dealer. He may refer him to an artist who has done a portrait he can show him. In such cases, the only consideration is the likeness; it does not matter if it is painted over a photograph or is the work of a dauber; in fact, these have the best chance.

Father will make a quite businesslike appointment to meet the artist and will probably greet him with the remark that, "I don't know much about art but my people want my portrait. How much will it cost?" The artist names a sum which seems reasonable and the poses begin. He is usually as prompt in his appointments for

sittings as he is in his other transactions. He will rush in, jump right up on his martyr's throne and light a cigar. "You don't mind if I smoke?" This is only a matter of courtesy, for the cigar is already lighted and is securely imbedded in the corner of his mouth. He pulls out a paper and, if the artist can allow him to, starts to read. Generally at this point it is advisable to suggest deferring the reading. All this places a sheet of ice between the sitter and the artist. The sitting over, he rushes out as precipitately as he rushed in, without even a glance at the canvas. It is not a subject of interest but of necessity.

After a few sittings, he will bring his wife and kiddies along. The first thing his wife says is: "Listen, John, but why do you look so serious? Mr. Artist, can't you make him smile?"

"Why, yes, of course I can," says the painter. And he takes the brush and makes a feint at painting a few strokes. "Now, isn't that better?"

"Just a little more, Mr. Artist, please." He smiles faintly and does as he is directed. "Now, please stop; I don't want you to spoil it." She holds up the baby and asks: "Who is that?" The baby says "Popper," and that settles it. Everybody is happy, the artist more than anyone else.

Then there is the other class—those who know how. To them the portrait is a matter of importance, of concern and worthy of consideration. They may consult with some dealer, obtain a few names, make appointments and carefully scrutinize the work submitted. They discuss it intelligently and at the same time measure the mentality of the artist. Price is a matter of secondary importance and is probably not even mentioned. The main item is the quality of the work.

Once the question of the artist has been determined, the sitter will subordinate everything else to that one all-important undertaking. He will give the artist an opportunity of becoming better acquainted and to familiarize himself with his personality. He will

inspect the progress after each sitting and discuss it. In fact, he will go out of his way to convince the painter that he is his partner, for the time being, and not merely a subject. These are the portraits which compensate for the humiliations suffered from the first-described type, and they give the artist his chance, if he knows how to avail himself of his good fortune.

To choose portrait painting for a livelihood is quite different from following it as a means of producing a masterpiece and less meritorious. The more strongly the sitter senses the independence of the artist, the more anxious he will be that it be not exercised in his case. When a portrait painter is great enough to be in a position to "pick and choose" from among the aspirants who consider it an honor to sit for him, then he may be sure that they will endeavor to give him that intelligent posing which in itself often constitutes success or failure.

It is far more difficult to paint women than men. Their features are less rugged and pronounced; if not, the artist must know how to subdue them. While the portrait of a man should be a vigorous, bold and fearless piece of characterization, that of a woman must be a more poetic and harmonious composition of color and grouping.

Line is most important and receives less attention usually than it should. So many portraits are ruined on account of the angular placing of the arms, which prevents an agreeable flow of line. When they are permitted to fall stiffly and unnaturally, they more plainly show up the difficulties encountered in painting them.

The story goes that at a dinner his fair neighbor asked a famous portrait painter: "Will you please tell me which is the most difficult in a portrait, the mouth, the nose or the eye?"

"The other," was his prompt reply, meaning the problem of matching the two harmoniously.

Women are generally the better sitters because they seem more patient, and also because of a certain pardonable vanity. One often hears said: "I do not mind if it is not so like me, but please make me

Girl with Fan

Statuette in Marble

The Dancer

Bronze

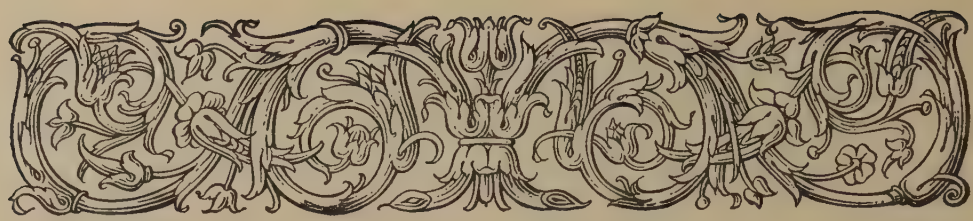
Dawn

Bronze

good looking. I want to be handed down to my children and grandchildren as an attractive ancestor."

To satisfy some people is a task beyond the power of even the gods. Apropos of that, a well-known portrait painter on the day of final inspection arranges the canvas on the easel and leaves his studio. He thus spares himself the necessity of listening to a distressing number of unreasonable comments.

Sublime an art as it is, judging from the splendid examples handed down to us, it becomes the lowest form if practiced by those who mechanically turn out one face after another, only because it finds a ready and overpaid market on account of the appeal to humanity's most sensitive trait—vanity. And those are the artists to be pitied most, for while the material profit may bring them even luxuries, they are actually only lookers-on in that busy little community of those who create and produce, who are a part of that noble edifice whose spire soars ever upward 'til it reaches into posterity.



CHAPTER XXI

"Wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." (Charles Phillips.)

IN December, 1918, the entire Beaux Arts building was in a state of wild excitement, when it became known that Mr. Maeterlinck was on his way to the United States and had accepted an invitation to be the guest of Mr. Anderson. The studio-suite he was to occupy adjoined my own, so my eagerness increased as the day approached when I might be permitted to peep behind the veil of mystery which had always shrouded his personality. Long before his arrival, the apartment resembled a flower-garden.

At last he came with his party, and after that there was no end to the visitors and invitations. His manager was a man I had met before. His name was Russell. Originally he had been a teacher of singing in London where I had seen him last in the home of Mrs. Carl Meyer. Through some chain of circumstances he became the manager of Mr. Maeterlinck's American tour, and he was fully conscious of the importance of his position. No one could see or talk with Mr. Maeterlinck without Russell's knowledge and consent, and so Mrs. Maeterlinck was always and everywhere accompanied by Mrs. Russell. No invitation was accepted unless it was extended to his adlatus.

Soon differences developed between the American agent and the European agent, and poor Maeterlinck was the sufferer.

On Christmas Day, Russell rang my bell and asked if he might invite Mr. and Mrs. Maeterlinck and himself and his wife for lunch-

eon. I need not say that for such a pleasure, I would have offered the Russells warm hospitality for the rest of their stay. Fortunately, I had a French cook who was equal to the occasion of doing honor to my illustrious guest. He entered shortly before the luncheon hour. He is quite tall, fully six feet, just on the verge of portliness—the French so fittingly call it "embonpoint." He has a round, smooth shaven face and grayish hair, apparently beginning to thin but so combed over from the side as to cover the head. He has a well shaped nose, determined mouth and a pair of eyes which look far away into the distance. He wore a most attractive white flannel coat with blue stripes, which was becoming to him.

His wife came in with him. She was very young, perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four years old, dainty and petite. She reminded one immediately of a little model from a dressmaker's shop. Her hair was dark golden, but Nature seemed to have had a little assistance here. She was well gowned, polite and rather shy. They all went first into the studio where Maeterlinck showed a keen interest and, in a quiet voice, made comments and asked questions. To the others, the studio meant little beyond the fact that it was a well appointed room.

Luncheon was announced, and I selfishly seated the guests so that the poet faced me. It was a temptation to study that face which was a world in itself. The conversation was in French. He said:

"Monsieur, I am glad to have the opportunity to escape for once from the round of festivities which are so trying to me."

And I: "I must apologize for the simplicity of my entertainment, for which I have but one excuse to offer—it is Christmas Day and tonight I am dining out. But I do hope that there may be other occasions when the master will permit me to show him some more befitting courtesy."

He became more communicative. He inquired about the surroundings of New York. One of his admirers had placed at his

disposal an automobile, but it was a closed one and used principally by the ladies. I ventured to ask if he would care to have me take him round in my little car and show him a few places of interest. I told him of the beautiful open-air theater owned by a friend of mine, near Huntington, Long Island, and of the performances given there for the Red Cross during the war. I told him of the stage, which is actually an island separated from the audience by a little stream, on which there are swans majestically floating about; and of the improvised curtains of steam rising from pipes concealed about the stage, which is lighted by a multitude of cleverly arranged color effects. He was eager to see it and ready to come with me. When Russell learned that mine was only a runabout, he interposed an objection right there and said: "The master cannot go. He must use all the spare time to work on his English with my son."

There was no conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Maeterlinck. He treated her as if she were a mere child; and indeed, she seemed not to have the faintest idea of who and what he was.

The talk turned to Poldowska, which is the name under which the gifted daughter of Weniawsky writes her charming songs. She had just composed some lovely music to Maeterlinck's poem "Et s'il revenait un jour," far more beautiful than that written by others, but he said he took little interest in music, that all the rights for composing songs to his words had been disposed of and when she came to his cloister for his permission, he had to refuse her.

When luncheon was over, Russell took me aside and asked me not to invite Maeterlinck, as he could not arrange the time for it. Obviously I had put myself in his bad graces when I suggested the drive.

Soon after, the unpleasantness commenced for Maeterlinck. Russell's jealousies placed him in awkward situations. One after another the veils which had shrouded him in poetic mystery were torn asunder by a ruthless hand. Poor Maeterlinck was not aware of it until too late. The visitors became few and fewer, and to judge

Clare Sheridan

Miss Reba Owen

from the peace on my floor, one would have assumed he had already left. To my unspeakable joy I met him one evening in the corridor when we were both waiting for the elevator. It was about the second week in February.

"Hello, Mr. Fuchs," he said. "How are you and what are you doing? How is it that one never sees you?"

"I hardly ever move out of my studio," I replied. "I find there all my happiness in my work."

He heaved a deep sigh and said, "I can appreciate your feelings. I only wish I were back home in my own studio, too."

While descending, I took advantage of the opportunity to ask him to sign my album, which I explained I had not had the courage to do after Russell's admonition. A few days later he came in and did this for me.

In June of that year Clare Sheridan and I dined at a house where the company was so dull that we entered into a conspiracy to leave as soon as we saw a propitious moment. Poldowska was there too, so we decided we should have a little music in my studio. On the way, as we passed the Capitol Theater Building, I recalled that I had promised a friend to go in and listen to some worthwhile singing in his apartment. We all went in. As we entered we heard the strains of a French song accompanied by the piano. The singer was a lady of middle age with golden hair, artistically gowned in two halves of blue velvet held together by silk cords. The tightness of the lacing accentuated her graceful lines. She sang beautifully but was unable to repress an emotion which emphasized the significance of the words. The audience was small and intimate. There was atmosphere and understanding and, to the delight of her hearers, she gave full expression to her feelings. She was Madame Georgette Le Blanc, Maeterlinck's first wife, who, after twenty happy years spent with him, gave him his freedom so that his happiness might continue unclouded.

A most captivating man who was almost within reach of but who still escaped my aggressive pencil, is Belasco. He received me in his tusculum over his theater; and a museum it was. From the instant I met him I was fascinated with the prospect of sketching him among his treasures. His face is clean shaven with sensitively marked features crowned by a wealth of silvery hair. He was in black velvet and wore a collar which effectively denoted his position of high priest in his temple of art.

He greeted me with cordiality, saying, "I have recently had a sort of premonition that an artist was coming into my life and that he would do something of me."

I was naturally elated, and replied, "I am happy to have the privilege of placing my art at the service of such an eminent man, a prince in his domain."

He bade me follow into his anteroom, where he presented me to his secretary in these words: "Curry, this is Mr. Fuchs who wishes to make a portrait of me. Please see that the necessary time is made available, and that the sittings are undisturbed."

His behavior was so adulatory that the suspicion arose within me that perhaps he was confusing my name with that of another artist whose work was much before the public just then. But to make certain that such was not the case, I invited him to my studio to see some of my accomplishments. He accepted and named day and hour. When the time came, some important matter prevented him from keeping the appointment. Another date was named by Curry but not quite so definitely. In fact, the visit never materialized, nor did the portrait for my album. The excuses became more vague—engaged on a new manuscript, or a new production or out of town, or indisposed, or any of a thousand and one reasons which every portraitist recognizes as the product of an unwilling sitter's fertile brain—and finally they ceased altogether. One member of his staff, a young woman of unusual ability, afterwards came to the

studio frequently and tried to impress upon me what a busy man Mr. Belasco was, working day and night. . . .

I regretted the chance I had missed, or rather, that had not been quite within my grasp. Upon making inquiries about my qualifications as an artist, Mr. Belasco must have been advised to let me alone. I was after all not the subject of his dreams. And shrouding himself once more in that mystery which so well becomes him, he drew the curtain between him and me which separates our two worlds and relegated each back into its own.

It is a lofty vocation to impart to the rising generation what has been handed down to us as a sacred patrimony, but comparatively few possess the gift of expressing themselves with sufficient comprehensiveness so as to enable the pupil to derive the fullest benefit from the teachings of his master. Many great artists are quite incapable of adequate expression and teach solely by demonstration. Some however can explain how to do things altho' unable to do them themselves. For the beginner, it would seem to me that this latter type is preferable, and the former for the advanced student. But the most we learn from our fellow-student, inferior as he may be.

The Beaux Arts Institute of Design maintains a free school of sculpture for beginners and advanced students. Well-known artists are invited to visit and give their services during a period covering three months, and this has been productive of excellent results. It induces the student to "be himself."

One of my pupils was a Japanese. Viscount Kato, the present Prime Minister of Japan, sent me the son of a friend who wished to study in England. It was an interesting experience. He, like so many of his countrymen, had a facility for copying most minutely and precisely, but he showed little imagination. After six months he returned to Japan. I came to America. A few years later he revisited Europe and traveled via New York. He brought several pictures which were so incomprehensible that he found it expedi-

ent to issue an explanatory pamphlet, from which I quote a few extracts:

We are now standing at the critical moment of humanity. There are few born now whose spiritual and intellectual capacities represent the ages of a thousand years hence. . . . In my art I have attempted to reveal the processes that have led my art from artificial creations to super-artificial-growing creations, and so I have styled it a mediumistic school.

The more advanced painting of the present age has so far progressed as to be able to delineate mental phenomena. But these schools of painting are unable to exhibit anything decisively and analytically as to the origin of all things, and the substance of the mind. I who found it impossible to comform to this state of unreason have at last arrived at this, my art, Reitherism or Spiritico-etheric art; I was thus saved.

Reitherism is an artification of human life, a beautification of all things material and immaterial. It is a beautiful manifestation of Spirit, et cetera, et cetera.

He came from a distinguished family, spoke and wrote the English language fluently with a touch of poetry. He was one of the few playmates of the Crown Prince during his schooldays, and while he was our guest in London, he received many calls from prominent Japanese who vindicated what some one had said about each country being almost like every other when judged by its upper ten thousand. Being of independent means, he was unhampered in working out his own salvation in art. Here is one of his letters to me:

My dear spiritual father,

I am more than sorry I worried you so much. I hope you will forgive me. I have found much courage through your letter. The man ought to stand indipendently on this world. It is more respectable to wear broken jackets by one's own hand than beautiful dress by other's help. Please forgive me to ask you so many troubles. I hope you will understand my inner truth. And let me come and see you soon.

Yours ever,

T. K.

La Dame aux Œillets

Semone d'Herlys

The Beautiful French Model

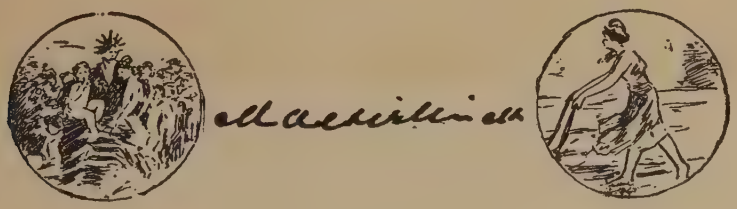
Little Jane and Her Mother

The "troubles" were that, after his return from Japan, I advised him to work more and play less. I must admit that when I saw the results of my teachings, I decided to give up. My little pupil had given up too.

He gave an exhibition in New York, which no one could understand. All day he waited for visitors and when one would finally arrive, he would try to explain what his weird pictures meant, only to have the person disappear before he was well started.

One Christmas Day he brought me what he considered a spiritual representation of myself, which I reproduce herewith because, not only do I think it is a good likeness of my features but, in so far as I am able to divine, of my soul as well.

He wandered restlessly over the globe; when I last heard from him he was at home once more. Since then, I have learned that he was one of the earthquake victims. But long before, he was morally lost to art. He belonged to one of those numerous societies which sprang up in Japan and wanted to modernize everything, adapting Europe as their standard. Sometimes he would send me an illustrated catalog of the Imperial Academy Exhibition in Tokyo. Looking through all these reproductions of paintings and sculptures, done with a Japanese mind and a European surface, causes me to appreciate the importance of every country, like every human being, preserving its own individuality. If Europeans were to work in the spirit of the Orientals, the same feelings would no doubt be produced in their minds. It would seem that the whole movement is to be regretted; they may lose their own art without gaining another worthy of cultivation.



CHAPTER XXII

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected." (Lowell.)

AFTER my return to the States I felt that the time had come when I should get away as much as possible from commissions. Generally our best work is that done by inspiration instead of to order. I was also anxious to know the influence of my many years of painting on my sculpture and if it would have the effect I hoped for. I had several sketches for pieces of scope. One was for a group of two figures, which presented a problem that I had rarely seen successfully solved: When is a composition suited to the round and when for execution in the flat? It seems to me that when a group or a single figure has more than one view worthy of perpetuation, on account of its flow of line, distribution of masses, or its expression, then the round is the form clearly indicated. Where the theme presents one good view, all the varieties of bas-relief are offered, from the highest, bold, masses—like the frieze at the Parthenon—to the lowest, the flattest, almost a mere suggestion.

Rodin's *Kiss* and his *Hand of God* will illustrate my meaning. These are a splendid solution of a composition in the round. Fully to appreciate it, one must go carefully around it and admire the multiplicity of lines which are intertwined in endless variations. His *Age of Bronze* and *The Thinker*, although single figures only, are no less admirable compositions for the round; but I doubt if his *Citizen of Calais* or his *Three Shadows* would not have been better suited to high relief, emphasizing the one view as its excuse for existing.

The Laocoön group, and *The Dance* by Carpeaux, at the Opera in

Paris, are other examples of groups in the round, the first perhaps showing the more superb harmony of line and grouping.

In my composition which I called *The Group* and which I decided to execute in almost life size, this was the problem which interested me most. And as it has always been my habit to work on a variety of subjects at the same time and so preserve the freshness of eye, I chose a few friends for portrait busts, the men mostly for bronze and the women for terra cotta or marble. A girl of about eighteen, who posed professionally and had excellent features, sat for a head for me which I executed in pink marble. This stone, which really is of granite formation, very hard and brittle, came from the quarries which furnished the walls for the Dome of Milan. From time to time a piece sufficiently free from black veins would find its way into the sculptor's studio. Such pieces have a beautiful pink shade almost flesh color, which is still further enhanced by a certain transparency. In order to work such stone, one must resort to the drill whenever feasible, on account of the extreme brittleness, but the result recompenses a hundredfold for all the hardships it entails. This head I called *Tamara* and set it on a base of Parian marble, whose bluish-gray still further enhanced the warmth of the pink.

Almost simultaneously, I chiseled a Mother and Child. Though the generations succeed each other with monotonous regularity, the beauty of this relation retains its purity throughout the ages. It has ever been the refuge of the artist, the poet, the musician when he seeks a nucleus around which to spin his tissue of lines or rhymes or chords. To Melchers it offered countless motifs for his paintings and, old as it is, somehow the interpretation is always new and young.

A vital question to an artist is, quite naturally, his models. What studies of nudes could Rembrandt not have made if he had had the use of one such model as we have today in such number. Even without this assistance, however, his etchings are incomparable and we look at them with unmixed delight. The lifting of art to a higher

plane tends more and more to place artists in a class by themselves, through whose eyes we are learning to see and understand Nature.

Ever since the beginning of civilization, the development of mind and body has been the primary aim. The Greeks were the first whose intellectual development soared so high that their influence in art is still felt. To them the human body was the *Ultima Thule* of beauty. If their statues are still beyond our comprehension, it is because they viewed nature differently. Their custom of transacting their affairs in their vast bathing establishments, was the means of familiarizing them with the entire body as completely as we are now acquainted with only the head and hands.

But they were not content merely to *reproduce* the body; they aimed at its idealization. The result was a product of knowledge, science, and imagination. In construing their gods, they created a type far beyond the reality. With their remarkable intellects, they built a figure with all the natural and actual characteristics, but in such manner as to indicate the road to perfection. Their facial angle of almost ninety degrees indicated that the largest space was reserved for the brain.

Of equal importance was their establishment of the relation between head and body which they fixed at the scale of one to eight, and that is the standard at which we aim today, imparting the sense of harmony, so noticeable in their statues.

With all due reverence to our models and their beauty, youth and intelligence, we are not yet arrived at that stage where in simply copying them, we can produce perfection. As a race we are no doubt improving. Since we have taken up the culture of the body with gusto, the human figure has shown marked advancement, due to the difference in climatic conditions, although not in equal degree in every country.

In Italy most of the models come from a little village called Saracinesco, situated on the slope of the Alban hills. The act of ascending and descending these hillocks has produced a superb race.

Mrs. Lewis Chandler

When Mrs. Philip Benkard

Mrs. Edward W. Clark, 3rd
of Philadelphia

The closer we approach the Poles, the slower the development. Girls of Sweden and Norway preserve their youthful figures in a remarkable degree.

In Rome I was fortunate in that among the callers at my studio was a young French girl, who was willing to help me out. The pathos of my Mother-Love group made a strong appeal to her and, although the pose was too severe a tax to be held for more than a few minutes, she gave me ample time to make a study of its main points.

As to the child in the group, as soon as the word was passed that an artist needed a baby model, Italy being the land of children, my studio was the scene of an actual invasion.

If the baby seems to rest naturally and easily in its mother's arms, it is chiefly attributable to imagination and studies. To behold the group in its entirety as I had conceived it was not possible on account of the arduity of the pose.

The English girl has generations behind her who went in for some sort of sport and bequeathed her a slender and supple body, though her feet and hands are more generous in size than those of other countries, where golf and tennis came into vogue much later.

The French model is quite another type. In France the masses are just beginning to show an interest in physical development and sport. Prior to this it was limited to some few men who restricted their exercise to fencing. Consequently the bodies of French girls are not yet so well proportioned as are those of the English. In speaking of proportion, I refer chiefly to two items—the length of the limbs in comparison to the whole body, and the relation of the head to the figure.

What the French model lacks in perfection of form is fully offset by the quality of her posing. I do not mean that she sits motionlessly or more quietly, but I allude to her grasp of the spirit the artist wants to inject into his work, and for the expression of which the model is half responsible. The French girl with her inborn love for art, inherent in the entire nation, will put herself out to help the artist, and so identify herself with his work and his success, if possible.

Of course there are exceptions. Occasionally in one individual will be united all those attributes of mind, face and physique which constitute the embodiment of the perfect model. Such a one came into my studio one day. She was a French girl who had been famous as a dancer in Paris. Shortly after the war broke out she came with her mother to America to escape some of those hardships of a war-ridden country which were already affecting her profession.

Owing to her meager knowledge of English she was unsuccessful in securing an engagement, so she joined the ranks of the desperate ones who, unable to earn a living otherwise, knock at the artist's door, certain of sympathy, understanding and help. She was of a rare beauty; ivory skin, a symmetrical body, even lovelier than suggested by her youth; her golden hair contrasted with dark brown eyes, her sensitive mouth and finely chiseled nose—all conspired in the consummation of one of Nature's masterpieces.

Strangely enough, beauty of face and figure are seldom combined in one person. An artist who has a good model for the head will often waste time and effort in persuading her to pose for the figure, only to be sadly disappointed at the imperfections disclosed. It would seem to be the operation of that fundamental law of compensation toward an equal distribution of gifts. With the return of that happy day when we shall have learned to look upon the body with the unprejudiced eye of the ancient Greeks, the hidden beauty revealed to us will be startling, and the admiration hitherto denied to its possessors will be meted out to them in fullest measure.

My French model posed with understanding; even her criticism had a value on account of its spontaneity and unpretentiousness, because she had that flair for the best in art, peculiar to the French and Italians. And she was prompt and regular in keeping her appointments. A girl with such qualities was an offering from the gods, but I felt that they would not let me have her long. In France she could not have come my way at all, and I knew that it was only a matter of time when the enterprising eye of some manager would espy her. And

so it was. The genial Morris Gest, that blending of vision and expediency, discovered her all too soon and made a place for her in his production of the Cocoanut Grove on the Century Theater roof. For him no obstacle to her appearance existed. What need for Semone to speak in halting English when she could smile in perfect French? Again, why try to adorn a figure that required no embellishment, that was in itself an exquisite garment? She lay in a hammock as the curtain arose, and played her silent rôle so attractively, and she so completely filled the eye of the spectator that he hardly noticed anything else on the stage.

When the theatrical manager shows an interest, the artist may as well resign himself to the loss of his model. The mere sound of the word "rehearsal" is like a call to arms ringing through the studio. At this word of command the poor girl gives up everything else to spend weary hours, days and weeks holding down a chair in the breezy atmosphere of the stage if she is a newcomer there. At the end of four or five weeks the munificent reward is a glorious thirty-five or forty dollars a week, out of which she must repay what she has borrowed to keep her going during all her idle time. That insidious lure of the boards, and the fervent hope of some day being discovered as a Pavlowa or a Galli-Curci! Still one must admire these brave, struggling souls who go on year after year, keeping up their courage, spirits and hopes.

So many artists complain of the dearth of good models, but the fault is largely in themselves. There is a proverb—"A good name goes far and a bad one farther." If an artist has a reputation for sincerity he may have all the models he needs, and more. They are numerous and come from everywhere. Jealousy seems not to exist. A girl who enjoys her work in a studio will bring her friends, and so, one way and another, one may choose from all types and ages. Sometimes a sylph from the opera ballet or even from Ziegfeld's company finds her way into the artist's workshop. Not all are attracted by the monetary compensation; some have a genuine liking for the artistic

side of life. They may have a figure which they feel is "here today and gone tomorrow" and are willing to have it perpetuated through the medium of art.

Quite recently I worked with a young dancer from the Follies who delighted in the most difficult poses and in her eager enthusiasm insisted on curtailing the periods of rest. To such a girl the fee is a secondary consideration.

The remuneration for posing varies in different countries and for different models. Like everything else, it has increased materially in the last few years. As students in Rome, we paid five francs a day, which was generous, at that time equivalent to about a dollar. For this sum the models cheerfully devoted a few hours to cleaning the studio or cooking, if need be. As time went on, the price increased to three or four dollars a day, and is now five to ten. On account of the scarcity of really good models, some artist would engage one to work for him exclusively. I was never in favor of this custom, not solely because of the selfish feature of it but also because of the rapidity with which the figure alters in its youthful transitions. Sometimes even before a big statue is completed the model's features have changed. Too slavishly copying from life, however excellently executed, imparts to the finished work the character of a study and does not reveal the freedom it should. As in riding a bicycle where absolute equilibrium is essential to prevent vacillation, so too in art complete coordination is necessary in living up to the dictum: "The perfection of art is to conceal art."

The sculptor who cannot draw has to make his sketch in somewhat unwieldly material. Alterations are complicated, tiring and costly, so that not infrequently he resolves to compromise with his conscience, to the detriment of the quality of his work. Were he accustomed to chalk and pencil, he could fix on paper with a few lines some good features of a new model, as well as contemplated changes for comparison with the work as far as it has progressed.

Often the criticism of a friend in whose opinion we have faith

"Nondas"

From a Lithograph

Studies of Nudes

will prompt us to dig right into the clay and make changes we afterward regret.

America supplies the best and most useful models; here one finds that delightful admixture of beauty, proportion and intelligence. This can only be attributed to the climate, which is responsible for many differences in the various countries.

In the Latin countries the tendency is still toward bodies too long for harmonious proportion, but in this respect each generation shows a marked improvement in the American girl.

With all due respect to Mr. Ziegfeld and his judgment of feminine pulchritude, I should not like to be obliged to accept as the epitome of perfection any member of his ballet or chorus chosen at random, any more than he would care to have me choose his galaxy. Dancing has made their legs rather muscular, and their breasts tend often to overdevelopment, which in the English girl are among her chief beauties.

For years I had cherished an idea which I hoped some day I would be able to put into form. I only awaited the advent of a suitable model. My conception was of a young girl standing with arms outstretched and eyes closed, listening to a distant voice—"The Call from the Beyond."

It was at the beginning of the war when I was working hard in my London studio in the attempt to dispel my unhappiness, that a frail little woman entered, accompanied by a girl of about fourteen with blue eyes, red cheeks and a wealth of dark hair flowing over her shoulders. She was a widow with three daughters, who had brought her youngest child in the hope of obtaining some posing for her. While painting a study of the girl's sadly beautiful features, I became more and more convinced that here was the longed-for model.

One day I mentioned this to the mother. I explained my idea and then hesitatingly showed her my sketches. After consulting with the other daughters, to my intense joy the little girl came in and took the pose, without even a word. It was so momentous to me that I

could hardly await each coming day to resume where I had left off the day before. Like an apparition she would arrive, take her pose, her face enveloped in unspeakable sadness, her thoughts far away, and rarely uttering a word.

While still at work on my model in clay, a lady with her young daughter visited me. She seemed to take a lively interest in the various objects about my studio, but for the young girl there existed only the statue on which I was working, and in which she was completely absorbed. She asked question upon question about it and the title and its meaning. Next morning I found a note slipped under my door, with these verses:

Listen, through the woodland valleys
Comes a whisper to my ear,
Like some fairy voices calling
From a wondrous higher sphere,
Calling softly, ever softly.
Let me follow, O my heart,
To hear the tale of mystic beauty
Of which this world is but a part,
Let me follow and respond
To the Call from the Beyond.

The little girl who posed for the statue has died long since, a victim of the malady that carried off her father and her mother—"that dire disease, whose ruthless power withers the beauty's transient flower."

A few years ago when the Architectural League held its spring exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I ventured to send my *Call from the Beyond.* It was assigned a flattering position and commended by those who distinguish between sentiment and sentimentality. Also, the membership committee of the League extended to me an invitation to join, a compliment which I fully appreciated because, in the old country, we have learned to wait for these honors to be offered to us. It may take a lifetime or two, but their value seems the greater for having been presented.

CHAPTER XXIII

"And Beauty draws us by a single hair." (Pope.)

IT was in May, 1914, that I became restless and decided that it would be an excellent plan to take a hurried trip through Europe, stopping only at the principal centers of art to bathe my eyes in beauty. I would take in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Venice, Milan, Genoa and back through Paris, which should be sufficient to enlighten me about the progress of art and free me from those prejudices which we so easily form in our own favor if we work too long without criticism.

At Berlin my old master, Schaper, was still alive, and welcomed me warmly. Since I had met him in Pittsburgh, where he had been sent by the Kaiser as his representative at the opening of the first international exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, our relations had changed from master and pupil to that of brethren in art. In his studio, to my regret, I noted that he had altogether discontinued his work. He had outlived himself in his art. His classic style, which found its supreme expression in his monument of Goethe in the Tiergarten, brought him not only the order of the Red Eagle but the order of Merit as well. This order was not conferred in approval of the taste of the All-Highest War Lord, but was bestowed by the chapter itself. The membership is limited to twenty-three, and whenever a vacancy occurs they choose the successor. It can readily be comprehended what an unusual honor this is, because the selection is the judgment of artists, themselves appointed in like manner.

I found Schaper depressed, and I pitied him. He was like many other sculptors who regard their profession solely from a commercial viewpoint, and he had continued to build monuments to Emperors William and Frederick, which, in his prime, were erected all over the country and were now, one by one, sinking into oblivion. Also, his primary objective, the vast fortune he had set aside for his family, after the war dwindled to almost nothing with the depreciation of the currency.

His most gifted pupil, a classmate of mine, looked much farther ahead and soon aligned himself with the modernists. All of Germany was already imbued with a sense of its greatness. In school the Germans were taught that they were the leaders of the world. They also wanted to prove that they were the leaders in art. The good old art was not good enough. France was starting all sorts of isms. It must be outdone. Everything had to be superlative. In fact, the word "superman" originated in Germany. And this young man, with his opinions and his genuine talent, forged ahead. At a comparatively early age he had surpassed his master in honors, commissions and popularity. When I went to see him, after years of separation, he was polite, but with that air of superiority which is better concealed even when justified.

After exchanging a few opinions about art in general, he exclaimed, "How can you talk about art? Last spring I went to London to see the National Gallery with my own eyes, but it made me so sick that I left it hurriedly, and I never want to see it again."

Well, that precisely expressed my feelings about him, too, and that's just what I did. I left for Munich the next day. But these views of his extended to music, the stage, and even architecture. Only a few weeks ago an architect from Berlin sent me here some designs for furniture, and asked if I could not give him the names of some other architects in America whom he would regularly supply with new ideas. He was also willing to consider accepting a chair in modern architecture at one of the leading universities if I could se-

Portrait of Mr. Fuchs by his Japanese Pupil

This is not only a likeness of his features but supposed to be of his soul as well

Etching of an Italian Woman

Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park

Mr. Fuchs' Studio in London

cure a contract for a period of years. That it might prove interesting for those who engage such services to see what he had to offer did not occur to him. I sent him the last catalogue of the Architectural League, with a few lines saying that he evidently thinks because this country is young, that it still sleeps like a baby, so I thought it might interest him to see for himself just how wide awake they are here. I haven't heard from him since. . . .

About thirty years ago a movement started in Germany, the main objective of which was the elimination of detail as much as possible. This big reaction was inevitable after the baroque with its overdecorativeness, followed by that era, especially noticeable in Germany, when there was difficulty in procuring enough sculptors to produce all the patriotic monuments which were springing up like mushrooms, or the period of revival of mythological statues of the Greeks and Romans. Most of them were so bad that the mediocre ones shone by comparison., The older sculptors were still under the influence of Thorvaldsen and Canova, who, after all, did no more than imitate the classics. These puppets are as discouraging to look at as are those monuments in the Genoa and Milan cemeteries, where the figures have been clothed in modern fabrics and laces, carefully copied in marble. All of which proves what a great and difficult art sculpture is and how poorly prepared the students are who enter its career.

Last year when the National Sculpture Society arranged its memorable exhibition, it was the intention to set aside one room for the display of studies and sketches in drawing. Of more than two hundred exhibitors only a dozen availed themselves of this opportunity. This lack of the fundamentals is one of the reasons why sculpture is so little appreciated.

Since the Renaissance I believe I would have difficulty in naming half a dozen sculptors who knew how to make a portrait. Those few who did make good busts stand out so prominently that they are numbered among the best of all time—Carpeaux, Houdon, Reinhold,

Begas and Rodin. As for Rodin, I long for the time when a sound and sane appreciation of his work will understand how to differentiate between his sublime and his ridiculous achievements. The group of admirers of his early, magnificent work—which had secured him a permanent position among the great ones—who conceived the idea of assigning to him one entire pavilion at the 1900 French Universal Exhibition, did him a poor service, because in trying to fill it they stuffed it with everything, good, bad and indifferent, that he had ever done. Why not have selected his masterpieces and let him be remembered by those alone?

When as students we went to Rome, we arrived with those preconceived notions obtained in schools, which at first proved only a constraint to the admiration of what was really good, though in many instances we had our personal doubts and misgivings. We stayed on and talked these questions over among ourselves, which led to the discovery that our unbiased opinions were by no means so isolated as we had feared. This was our first rude shock as to the infallibility of those who, for what reason I cannot conceive, decree the fashion in art, as Worth, Poiret or Callot Sœurs of the Rue de la Paix are the arbiters of style in women's clothing.

In the present tendency in sculpture in America I notice a leaning of a group of gifted young sculptors towards Byzantinism, if I may so call it. I believe it as great a waste of their energies, their time and their talents as it was for Thorvaldsen and Canova with their imitations of classicism. In both, in my humble opinion, there is nothing on the part of the leader beyond a desire to be different, and an obliging servility on the part of the followers. It cannot lead to anything good or useful because the fundamental conditions which created the huge monuments, like the Sphinx, the Niobe or the frieze of the Parthenon no longer exist. The artists of those times produced them under the prevailing influence, religious or æsthetic or both. The result was stupendous because it was a homogeneous product and a monument to the times. To create such works after the lapse

of several thousand years is like warming over a meal; no matter how well it may be cooked, I shall prefer plain bread and butter, and it would be more wholesome too.

Since my early days at the academy in Berlin I have realized the futility of æsthetic discussions on art. We had so many of them during class and after. Some of them waxed so hot that a large sign was put up at the classroom, which read: "By high order: No discussion in art, religion or Richard Wagner." Also in Rome at the Trattoria delle Colonette, the pensionnaires of the German Government assembled each night to settle the important questions in art under the influence of Chianti. They ended in nothing more than a few scraps, into one of which I was drawn against my will, and it was my first intimation that it would be better to continue with my work and keep my views to myself.

Hans von Marees, the artist, who was really nothing more than an æsthetician, held his daily exchange of views on art in the Trattoria. They formed the foundation of a school which produced a Hildebrandt, Lenbach, Boecklin and Tuaillon, since which no one has had much success with such discussions. But it must be admitted that these were the greatest artists Germany could boast of thirty or forty years ago.

In America, where I have been able to follow the art movement during the past twenty years, I have noticed great changes. The first year after I arrived, Chartran, the portrait painter, was my neighbor in the studio building. His success had been phenomenal, due to his speed, his achievement at a likeness, but chiefly on account of his happy affiliations with a well-known art dealer. His star had then set, or was in the descendant, and one day he came in for a neighborly chat.

He sat down and, after watching me for some time while I labored painstakingly over a detail, he said regretfully, "I wish I had kept at such methods and did not do as I did. Never crowd too much work into your day, for the quality is bound to suffer."

His advice was sincere, but I did not need the warning.

The public attitude has changed considerably toward visiting artists from abroad, my reference being chiefly to painters. A while ago the simple term "foreigner" was magic to many; and if an artist could secure a commission to paint one notable lady or gentleman, this would bring him in enough orders to keep him busy an entire season. Before the sitters discovered that they had been duped, the artist had disappeared. Although such cases are rare now and becoming more so all the time, I was much amused to be in close proximity to the happenings of the following incident:

One morning the papers announced on the front page the arrival of an artist who had come over here to paint fifteen of our most beautiful girls. This was a novelty. He was besieged with applications from willing sitters, as well as for interviews. My curiosity as to his work was aroused.

One evening I attended a reception, where I was presented to the foreigner, who was just holding forth on his views to an admiring circle. I welcomed the opportunity to learn. Later, when he heard that I was an artist, he invited himself to see my studio. We arranged a little luncheon for the following Sunday, to which we invited another painter whose work interested him. That Sunday in the rotogravure section of one of the papers appeared the reproductions of three of his beauty series. They were dreadful. And it was very painful during the meal to juggle the conversation so that neither art nor newspaper nor anything else was referred to which might have touched on the delicate subject. My relief when it was over was pronounced. Immediately after this, he left for California on an important "err-and," and he also left a splendid studio behind. He is probably still "err-ing."

Rarely does the artist know how his work affects the public, for he is not confronted with it as the musician is. Sometimes, however, little notes are received which are very amusing. Here is one:

Mr. Fuchs' Studio in New York

Corner in Mr. Fuchs' Studio in New York

DEAR MR. FUCHS,

Please pardon a stranger writing you. Today I went up to the R—— Gallery to see your picture and they told me it had gone to your studio, and that perhaps if I wanted to see it, you would allow me to do so.

Briefly—the picture solved a rather big difficulty for me when I saw it first. I have had a story waiting for a beginning and a satisfactory ending for nearly a year. When I saw your canvas, immediately the entire story came to me. By chance, I saw the original head in R——'s window and it deepened all I had hoped for from it. Coming to a rather difficult point in my story today, I went up to R——'s with the result as I have given it to you. Could I please see it again? If I were able, I would buy the painting from you, but I am a horribly poor person and on but the very first rung of the steep ladder to attainment in writing. If I am asking an entirely impossible thing, I am sorry, but I would like to see the picture once more. I would very much appreciate permission to do so.

Of course I wrote her that she might draw all the inspiration she wished from my sketch, and I sincerely hope it did not prove to be a disappointment after all.

Tradition

CHAPTER XXIV

". . . So runs the round of life from hour to hour." (Tennyson.)

TWENTY years is a long time to a country so vigorous and enlightened, so accustomed to forge ahead as America is. Many artists of distinction have appeared on its horizon. The one-sided partiality for foreign art has given place to a preference for native artists. It is right that this should be. Prejudice formerly obscured the vision to the merits of their own younger generation, just growing up. But this is no longer so.

For half a century American artists lived abroad, where they received more ready recognition; but one after another, like the prodigal son, they returned to their native soil—to the country of unlimited possibilities. From now on I believe they will take the lead in other branches, as they already have as illustrators. A few of these, like Maxfield Parrish, Charles Dana Gibson and Joseph Leyendecker, are in a class by themselves and have developed styles striking in their originality.

America was the first to use art to beautify its posters, which are in themselves an education. While riding in a crowded subway train the eye longingly seeks the relaxation denied to the body, and finds it in the advertisements, in which the fine arts and commercialism are drawn together. The combination should prove to be helpful to both. England was quick to grasp its importance and followed right in line. Recently a campaign was inaugurated there for the improvement of their posters in railways, to which the leading artists lent their as-

sistance. What was started during the war as a matter of patriotism is now continued for a cause no less important to posterity, the awakening of æsthetic feelings in the masses. This is not so vastly different from the olden times, when art was enlisted to enhance the beauties of the Gospel and its teachings, and I hope I may not be guilty of profanation for so closely linking the two.

New York has advanced another step in promoting intimate collaboration between the arts and crafts, which, because of its excellence, will doubtless be followed all over this country as well as abroad. It is the founding of the Architectural League, an institution, whose members are architects principally, but which includes also sculptors, painters and men prominent in the allied crafts. Their exhibitions compete with those of the National Academy and are perhaps more generally patronized. The variety of their exhibits permits of a rich display of form and color. Large architectural drawings and models are set off by precious tissues, the finest that home industry can produce. Skillfully wrought iron objects and statues in bronze are cleverly interspersed with exquisite glass, stained and moulded into delicate shapes. Furniture, fashioned in such perfection as to defy the criticism of the artist eye, is arranged against a background of modern tapestries in harmonious colors and of infinite variety. There are also drawings, murals and cartoons from the hand of the best artists in the land.

There is an entire room reserved for the Prix de Rome students, who use every endeavor to make a feature of it. Recently the League extended its usefulness by inviting architects from other countries to join in making the exhibitions a more complete survey of the activities and progress in architecture during the year. Last year there was a splendid consignment from England, containing the work of some of the foremost men in the profession. Next year, according to an advance notice just sent out, there will be an architectural and allied arts exhibition at the Grand Central Palace, international in character.

These are important steps toward giving this country the coveted lead in art.

Today America is fertile soil for the delicate plant, art, to grow into a tree of importance. It may even become the Renaissance of the twentieth century. Here is wealth, and quantities of it, which, although in itself it has nothing to do with art, can and does create the opportunities for the study and practice of it, such essential factors in its growth. Here are also many appreciative people, increasing in number each day, who return from the Old World where they have noted what an important part art plays in culture and civilization. Religion invokes its assistance in reaching that tenderness within us which prepares us to listen to our better selves, to that voice we all hear faintly, but which is too frequently drowned in the clamor of everyday life.

Here are the museums. Their rapid growth, due to the generosity of many high-minded collectors, makes me feel that the day is not far distant when they will be the shrine of art worshipers of the world. Visit the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday afternoons and be convinced that art and beauty will be the gospel of the future, and the museum its place of worship. Its teachings can never be made a subject of controversy, because the facts are before our eyes, tangible and intelligible to the meanest understanding. But we must watch the high priests in whose charge we place the temple.

To many people music is nearer, more comprehensible. The constant increase in the number of classical concerts and in the size of the audiences, testifies to the fact that they are more and more becoming an institution, ready to take hold of one's mind and exert that influence which makes us better beings. And music is that form of art which reaches the heart through the ear instead of the eye.

In the past fifty years or so there were many deflections from the big straight road. The Old World, in its desire to revive interest in art, indulged in many forms which, under as many isms, found small groups of adherents chiefly because to many of them contradiction is

The Artist's Studio in New York

The Artist's Studio Entrance in New York

a necessity. These deviations from the great movement are nothing more than little outlets, which will never alter the steady course of the majestic stream.

In 1915, just before returning to America, I visited an art gallery in New Bond Street, in London, which had been hitherto crowded because it showed the modern and the newest in art. To my surprise the rooms were nearly empty. Near the entrance I recognized a couple who had been noted for their interest and support of the latest movements. I was curious to hear their comments, and was astonished when the lady said to her husband, after having looked at a few of the exhibits, "Let's go away; I can't stand it any longer."

Today we hear far too much about technics, surface and brushwork. It gives rise to the impression that these are the final aims in art. A cleverly brushed canvas stands an infinitely greater chance of being hung in an exhibition than one which expresses a thought, an emotion.

In music the reaction has come. Not so very long ago a pianist with nothing beyond a brilliant technic, still had a fair chance of success. Today the reproducing piano, with its faultless and even rendering of a composition, has taught us to appreciate the artist who can offer us something besides mere pyrotechnics.

Because a man is a good landscapist does not make him a good judge of figure subjects, and to be compelled to submit such canvases to a jury, the majority of the members of whom are landscape painters, would seem to be unfair. Just as sculpture is passed upon by juries of sculptors, so should paintings be judged by two distinct types of juries.

The brilliance and ease of Sargent's brush have produced a host of imitators; I could name a dozen well-known artists who have suppressed their own individualities to cater to fashion and the fleeting humor of public taste. And while they might have succeeded superficially, closer inspection reveals that that genius is lacking which, combined with untiring industry, is shown by every stroke of the

master hand. They would have served art better had they remained true to themselves.

The institution abroad of the master-studio seems to me worthy of consideration. Most of the academies there invite the prominent artists to accept a few pupils who wish to round out their education under such guidance. The tuition is free; the academy provides studios and material and a variety of teachers, all of first rank. To teach under such conditions is an honor that but few would decline.

But all these matters are insignificant in relation to the main issue. It is like pushing a train in motion to make it go still faster. And this country does move.

Looking back over the years, I experience the thrill of ascending a hill on a bright spring day and being caressed by the gentle zephyrs. In the distance we observe the sun rising from behind the mountains, slowly enveloping the country in its rays. Its warmth pervades us. We would like to embrace the universe. Hope and happiness, those essential factors so often dimmed in our everyday life, return with renewed force and vigor, and we feel better because we have again worshiped at Nature's shrine—Nature, the great friend, the great consoler.

By and by the American will draw away from the material side of life. Having acquired all his worldly needs, he will drift toward the spiritual environments. He feels the impulse of bettering himself, and instinctively he does this by contributing to the betterment of the world. Hence men like Rockefeller, Morgan, Frick, Huntington, Altman, Albright, and others, are mile-stones in America's existence. Highmindedness and generosity on such a scale have never before been known. There have been and there are rich people on the other side, rich indeed, but what they do for others is infinitesimal in comparison to what is done by Americans for America. The cause of the contrast is obvious and simple. Europe is old and lacks the superabundant confidence of youth, that impulse which is its mainspring

and causes it to act without much premeditation. How otherwise would it have been possible that some philanthropists went so far in their generosity that they themselves suffer today?

I wish I might glance into this world a hundred years hence and revel in the realization of a dream which I see as an apotheosis of our present life—"in vision beatific!"

Plaquette in the Pedestal of a Portrait Bust of a Lawyer

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Osborne.

Please make me a
small sketch of
her beloved Queen
as she lies there
on her bed surrounded
by flowers she loves

V.

Helena

Kaiserin Elisabeth

Freifrau v. Oberndorff

Prinzessin Clementine

Prinzessin Alice

Prinzessin Louise

Prinzessin Victoria

Prinzessin Victoria Luise

Prinzessin Victoria Luise

Prinzessin Victoria Luise

...uas Selyn Warwick. Victoria Prinzessin zu Schleswig Holstein

...rank A. Munsey

Warner M. Van Norden. R. L. Baden

...rcher M. Huntington

...ine Cornwallis West Wm. Seward Webb Thos. G. Shaughnessy

J. Londonderry.

Edmund Lincoln Baylies

Hélène Vacaresco 1901

Anita Stewart

Edith Gould Daniel Chester French.

Consuelo Marlborough. Sallie C. Gould

Howard W. Beal M.D. Thos. Nelson Page Linda Thomas

Olga Petrova Leopold Graf Berchtold

Geo. J. Gould

Grace Harriman

Geo. L. Van Norden

Jeanne Granier

O. M. Schwab Takaaki Kato

Albert Mensdorff Charles Reuss Marterlin etc

Alexandra Erbprinzessin von Ivy M. W. Clews

Edward D. Adams Hohenlohe Langenburg.